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THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

ITS LEGITIMATE MISSION.

"Nothing can be unworthy of being investigated by man, which was thought worthy of being created by God."

THE endowment of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, by means of the munificent bequest of an English votary of knowledge, desirous of its increase among men, and, at the same time, ambitious to connect his own name with its diffusion for all time to come, is, we trust, destined to mark an all-important era in the history of science in America. Not that the amount bequeathed is in reality so large, in view of the magnitude of the work to be done. Its annual income is not half as much as the amount each year appropriated by Congress for the publication of the reports of the Patent Office. However colossal as the private fortune of one individual, even half a million yields but a limited income for the great work set before it, by the founder; the increase of knowledge, and the diffusion of that increase among all mankind. The importance of this bequest lies not in the amount of funds appropriated. It is to be found only in that vital principle of active progress inculcated by that one brief but comprehensive sentence of the Will of Mr. Smithson—"to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The increase and diffusion of knowledge among men! Nothing can apparently be simpler or plainer than these words. Yet the diversity of their interpretation in their practical fulfilment, by different minds, can hardly be exaggerated. Even at the present moment there is a great difference of opinion among well-informed persons, as to the actual intentions of the founder, and the true signification of his will;

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while, among most of our countrymen, so vague and ill-defined an idea of this foundation, its object and aim, seems to prevail, as to call for an exposition of what, as it appears to us, all must admit to be its intended mission, when the life, the character, and the opinions of Smithson himself are well considered, as indices of his undoubted wishes and intentions in framing the bequest.

For we must bear constantly in mind that the Smithsonian is not a public but a private institution. It was founded by the exclusive bounty of one individual, and the United States have no right but as trustees. The trust could have been declined, had the object sought to be accomplished appeared unworthy consideration or undesirable. But, having once accepted the trust, our government is bound in honor to fulfil it, in good faith, and in strict accordance with the apparent wishes of Smithson, as well as they can be ascertained by the best light obtainable. The very brevity and simple conciseness of his Will, made this at first no easy task. A conflict of opinions for some time embarrassed and delayed its execution. This was not surprising. Nothing is more common than the error which confounds the *diffusion* of knowledge with its *advancement*, though nothing in reality can be more distinct. It was this substitution of the idea of the mere diffusion of the knowledge already in our possession, among a wider circle, for that evidently contemplated by Smithson, and expressed in his Will, the discovery of new truths, and new laws in science, which led astray many of those who at first sought, doubtless in good faith, to ex-

ecute his bequest. It is so important that this distinction between the actual increase of the knowledge in the possession of the world, and the mere dissemination of that already in existence, should be kept clearly before us, to enable us to appreciate the exact significance of Smithson's words, and the objects he had in view, as thus indicated, that before we proceed, we ask our readers' attention for a moment to this point.

What is it that causes any particular year to stand out more prominently than others, and to mark an era in the annals of science? What causes the names of certain men of science to appear to us in the dim vistas of the past, so well defined, and so distinct to the minds of all of us? Is it not because that particular year is associated with, or those great names have been hallowed to the world by new and important discoveries in regard to the laws of the universe? Such, for instance, as the discovery of the circulation of the blood, that of the law of gravitation, the motion of the heavenly bodies, or such names as Harvey, or Newton, or Galileo. They may have been derided in their day, for they were in advance of their times. Their discoveries may have been hooted at and ridiculed. Yet posterity awards to both the highest places among the great names as well as the great epochs of science. This is the true test of their intrinsic worth. With no disposition to under estimate the value of the general diffusion of all knowledge, we must still, in order to appreciate the significance of Smithson's expressed will, bear in mind that it is quite distinct from its advancement or increase, and that the one may be as distinct from the other as shallowness from depth. That search for knowledge which, aiming at the highest objects, strives for the discovery of new laws, or seeks to investigate difficult and intricate questions, in the eyes of the world, is often deemed as valueless as its subject may be abstruse and uninteresting. The world gives the preference at first to those who can render science pleasing and popular. Mankind are but too apt to over-estimate at first the study of those branches of science which can at once be brought to bear upon the physical wants of society, and to under-estimate such as are purely intellectual, or the connection of which with the immediate necessities of mankind are remote and obscure. That this is as natural as it is short-sighted; that it is perhaps unavoidable, only renders it the more important that they who seek to

conform, in good faith, to the expressed wishes of Smithson, should not attribute to him the same confusion, or an inability to make proper distinctions between the abstract and the practical, between advancement and mere extension of knowledge, when his whole life attests that no one more thoroughly appreciated these distinctions than he. Not to anticipate, however, and before we attempt any deductions in relation to his evident meaning, from what we know of his pursuits and scientific aspirations, let us briefly refer to what is known of the leading and prominent points of his life and character.

James Smithson was the illegitimate son of Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, niece of Charles, Duke of Somerset. Many of the peculiarities of his character may be traced to the conflicting feelings of pride, in the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and an extreme sensitiveness with regard to his birth. He was educated at the University of Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his attention to the study of the physical sciences. He was reputed to be the best chemist in that university, and was especially successful in analytical chemistry, having been among the first to adopt and to practise upon a successful system of minute analysis.

In evidence of his proficiency and expertness in this branch of chemistry, Professor Henry, in a recent lecture before the Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute of Washington, relates that, on one occasion, he caught a tear as it was trickling down the face of a lady, and, though he lost one half of it, succeeded in analyzing the remainder, and in detecting in it the presence of several salts. He devoted himself with constant zeal and assiduity to the investigation of the physical sciences, chiefly chemistry, mineralogy and geology; and in connection with these studies, prepared and read before different learned societies of England about thirty scientific communications. To these he owes, in a large measure, his scientific reputation. He by no means, however, confined his studies or researches to these, or even to the merely physical sciences. It appears from the writings he has left behind him, that hardly any department of human knowledge escaped his attention. He was retiring in his habits, sensitive in disposition, and ambitious of establishing an enduring scientific reputation. This he at first sought to do by his own scientific researches, and, in after life, by such a disposition of his property as would most

permanently associate his name with the advancement of knowledge. With this view, it was at first his intention to bequeath his property to the Royal Society of London. Owing to some misunderstanding between him and the council of that society, he subsequently relinquished his design, and left it to his nephew, at whose death it was to revert to the United States of America, in trust, for the foundation of an institution bearing his name. Mr Smithson was never married, and all his waking moments seem to have been devoted to scientific studies. Although not a little proud of the fact that the best blood of England flowed in his veins, he was yet a cosmopolite in his views, and held that *the true man of science should know no country, that the whole world is his country, and all mankind his countrymen*. He evinced the sincerity of these professions, as well as his expressed convictions of the superiority of the institutions of this country over those of European nations, by bequeathing all his possessions, in trust, to our charge, to fulfil a specified object. His views and intentions in this bequest may be in part inferred from the following declaration, which was discovered among his papers, and which also occurs several times, written with slight variation, on different scraps of paper found among his personal effects. "The best blood of England flows in my veins; on my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's I am related to kings. But this avails me not; my name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct or forgotten."

The whole amount of property bequeathed by Mr Smithson, and realized by Mr. Rush, the agent of this country to prosecute the claim, at first a little exceeded half a million of dollars (\$515,000). It was improvidently invested by the United States government in state securities, that subsequently proved worthless. Nearly eight years were allowed to elapse before any attempt was made to fulfil the trust committed to the United States, by founding the institution designated in the will. At the expiration of this time, after repeated unsuccessful endeavors, Congress was induced to replace the amount originally received, both principal and interest, which had been thus misplaced in worthless investments. The Smithsonian Institution was organized in August 1846, under the direction of a board of Regents, and in the more immediate charge of an executive officer, denominated its Secretary, who was allowed, with the

consent of the Board, to employ such assistants as might be required. In July 1846, the whole of the process of the Smithsonian bequest, amounting, principal and interest, to the sum of \$757,298, was placed under the care of the Regents.

The act of Congress establishing this institution, contemplated the expenditure of the whole of the amount (viz. \$242,000) that had accrued in interest, upon the building erected for its use, together with such portions of interest on the original bequest as remained unexpended in any year. Desirous of husbanding their resources to the utmost, the Regents resolved to invest the building fund, and not to finish the building immediately, but to extend the time of its completion until \$150,000 of interest should be saved, to be added to the principal.

This plan, originally proposed by Professor Bache, has been carried out by the Secretary; and though the building has cost \$300,000, it will be finished within the present year, and the original principal increased from \$515,000 to \$665,000.

The improvident investment of the original funds by the United States in worthless stock, was, on some accounts, an unfortunate circumstance. It certainly delayed the establishment of the institution itself. It made it necessary for Congress to interpose, and to redeem our good faith by refunding the money thus thrown away. This act of simple justice, without which we would have stood dishonored as a nation, in the eyes of the world, seemed, in the estimation of many, to give to Congress a quasi right to interpret Smithson's will so as best to suit their own ideas, rather than the evident intentions of the founder. Various conflicting schemes were broached, and nearly all seemed more or less inclined to make use of the money to defray the expense of their own hobbies, or to pay for sundry purposes, desirable, doubtless, in themselves, but which Congress should provide for with money drawn from the national treasury, and for which it certainly had no right to make use of Smithson's bequest. Some thought it would be a nice opportunity to establish an agricultural bureau, and that the funds could not be better appropriated than for a purpose so pregnant with beneficial results. In what way could more knowledge be obtained, or more good done to the country? Now, far be it from us to question the need of such an institution. Our government is deserving of just reproach, that it has not long since been created. But it clearly was not a disposition of his

money contemplated by Smithson, who embraced *all kinds of knowledge*, and not the mere practical art of agriculture, and who meant to diffuse knowledge to men of all nations, and not for our countrymen merely. Others wanted a gallery of fine arts, a limited form of knowledge for which Mr. Smithson is not known to have had any taste. Though not, perhaps, excluded by his will, it certainly was not exclusively contemplated. Nor was the scheme of a great national library at Washington, any more likely to have been in his mind when he sought to increase knowledge among men. A library however large, select, or valuable, keeps, preserves, but hardly diffuses, certainly does not increase knowledge. It must, of necessity, be local and limited in its benefit. Mr. Smithson's lights were intended to shine for all mankind.* Others strenuously called for a great national museum, on the plan of the British Museum, or something like it. A most desirable object doubtless, and one which cannot too soon be organized by Congress from the national treasury; and invaluable as an instrument, a place of registry or a field of study for those who seek to discover new truths in science, but it is nothing more. It is not, clearly, what Mr. Smithson left his money for, to the exclusion of other purposes. And when we bear in mind the constant tendencies of mere collections, without an active living organization, to become stationary, too much precaution can hardly be taken to guard against a condition that arrests both the increase and the diffusion of knowledge.

It was unavoidable that all these conflicting opinions, unfortunately aided by the necessity that existed for calling upon our national treasury, should have delayed, for several years, the fulfilment of Mr. Smithson's will. It is, upon the whole, a matter of some congratulation, that, out of so great a conflict of minds, so much of the true spirit that dictated the bequest should have been preserved, as may be found in the programme of organization adopted by the Board of Regents, December, 1849. It certainly was most fortunate, that for the executive head of the Institution their choice should

have fallen upon one so thoroughly imbued with the true animus of its founder. Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton College, the gentleman selected by the Regents to inaugurate this infant institution, was, like Mr. Smithson, himself devoted to the study of the physical sciences. Thoroughly understanding the mission he has undertaken, sensitively appreciative of the design of Mr. Smithson in the increase and advancement of scientific knowledge, watchful and zealous in his endeavors to execute the important trust confided to his hands, and enjoying the confidence of the scientific men of the country; no one could have endeavored, with more religious fidelity, to fulfil it in the exact spirit of its founder, than he appears to have done.

The Smithsonian Institution, as finally organized, by act of Congress, was accompanied by certain requirements which, as we shall take occasion hereafter to show, are in conflict with the spirit of Mr. Smithson's will, inasmuch as they directly diminish the means of executing it. This act contemplated the formation of a library, a museum of natural objects, a gallery of fine arts, and an expensive building. We shall speak of each of these presently.

The plan of organization adopted, was, in point of fact, a kind of compromise between those who sought to exact the fulfilment of the founder's will, and those, more latitudinarian in their construction, who wished to make the funds available for their own ideas of the best means of spreading knowledge. A counterpart of the British Museum was evidently contemplated by many. As we have said, perhaps we ought to be thankful that the former were able to retain so much of the founder's aims, in their attempt to harmonize conflicting opinions. Nor was it to be expected that any plan adopted, even under the most favorable circumstances, could be found quite perfect in practice. It was of course at first rather a trial, a provisional suggestion of details, than a permanent adoption, though they have been thus far, for the most part, adhered to.

In the first report of the Secretary to the Board of Regents, we find certain guiding principles upon which the plan of organization was based, worthy of notice,

* Since the above was prepared, we have received the recent report, made by Senator Pearce, in behalf of the special committee appointed by the Regents in relation to the distribution of the fund. The following passage is so pertinent to this point, that we copy it in this connection:—

"The terms of Smithson's will requires that Washington should be the locality of the Institution; but, if this section had reference to a public library, absorbing almost the whole interest of the fund, would such language have been employed? If a library at Washington was to be established, it was wholly unnecessary to provide that the business of the Institution should be conducted there, since the business of a library must be conducted where it is placed. The use of this language would seem to imply active transactions, and not to refer to books."

and which we shall briefly give. The bequest is not for us merely, but for mankind; the United States is but a trustee to execute the testator's design; the institution is an individual's, not a national establishment; its two-fold object is to increase the existing stock of knowledge by new truths, in the first place, and then to disseminate them;—all branches of knowledge are entitled to attention, there are no restrictions; its aim should be, as far as possible, at such results as cannot be produced by existing institutions; in view of the wide field to be cultivated and the limited means, the strictest economy to be observed; unnecessary expenditures or local objects would be a perversion of the trust. Such were the principles as then laid down. They are sound and not to be controverted. Following them out in the plan of organization, it was proposed, by rewards for memoirs containing new truths, to stimulate to original researches; to make annual appropriations for particular researches; to publish periodical reports on the progress in various branches of knowledge, and separate treatises on subjects of general interest; these memoirs to be in quarto form, for convenience in the size of accompanying plates, under the title of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," to be carefully examined by a suitable commission, before acceptance; in appropriations for special objects of research, all branches of knowledge to receive a share. At the same time, suggestions were made, as objects worthy of research, of meteorological observations upon the laws of storms, explorations in natural history, geology, magnetic surveys, chemical analyses, statistical inquiries with reference to physical subjects, ethnological researches, &c. Among the subjects to be embraced in the reports, were named physics, natural history, agriculture, the application of science to arts, ethnology, political economy, philosophy, survey of political events, bibliography, modern literature, &c., &c.

In order to meet the requirements of the act of Congress establishing the institution, the Regents resolved, at first, to divide the income into two equal parts, one to be appropriated to the immediate increase and diffusion of knowledge, by means of researches and publications, the other to the formation of a library, a museum, and a collection of fine arts. The library was to be chiefly composed of the proceedings of the learned societies, and such current periodicals as might be necessary in preparing the reports. The collection was to consist of objects to ver-

ify the publications, instruments of research in experimental science, casts of the most celebrated articles of sculpture, models of antiquities, and objects of natural history. Especial attention was also to be given to the collection of catalogues of foreign, as well as domestic libraries, as a means of bibliographical knowledge.

The above is a brief synopsis of the plan of operations upon which the institution was based at its first organization, and upon which, up to the present moment, it has been carried on. Before we take into consideration how far all the matters contemplated by the act of Congress, are compatible with a faithful observance of Mr. Smithson's wishes, it will be interesting to observe what has been done by the institution during the six years of its active existence.

The publications issued by the Smithsonian, are of two sizes, quarto and octavo. The former embrace the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, and this size has been preferred because of its superiority and economy for the plates which may be required to accompany the original papers, to which this series is restricted. Six of these volumes, containing twenty-four separate memoirs, have been published. Of these the first is occupied by an elaborate work by Messrs. Squier and Davis, devoted to the ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley; the fourth contains a grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language collected by members to the Dakota mission. The other volumes are occupied by original papers, by various gentlemen of high scientific attainments, several of which deserve to be noticed more particularly.

Copies of the volume on the monuments of the Mississippi Valley, were distributed among the principal literary and scientific societies of the world, and to all the colleges and larger libraries of this country, and has every where met with commendations. It has been instrumental in directing attention to American antiquities, and has not a little contributed to collections of all the facts that can be gathered, in regard to the ancient inhabitants of America, before it is made too late by the obliteration of their monuments and other traces, in the onward tide of civilization.

The grammar of the Dakotas is deemed a work of great interest, both to the ethnologist and the philanthropist. Its publication, and the distribution of directions for collecting Indian vocabularies, has led to the production of a similar work on the language of the Choctaws, to be also issued under the auspices of this Institution.

It has been examined by competent ethnologists and its publication warmly commended.

* Among the papers contained in the second and third volumes, our space will only suffer us to refer to a few. The contributions of Mr. Harvey to a history of the Marine Algae of North America deserve particular mention. Its author, Professor Harvey of the University of Dublin, is a botanist of the highest authority in this branch; 'who not only made a collection of the marine plants of our coast, but furnished drawings and descriptions of each species at his own expense. This work is warmly commended by our best botanists. Two numbers have been published and the third is in preparation. It is a work of great merit, interest, and scientific importance, and not without a practical value in agriculture and the chemical arts. If the Institution had been able to publish nothing else, it would have no reason to be ashamed of its instrumentality in giving to the world a work of this standard character, and which, but for their aid, would perhaps never have seen the light.

Ellet's contributions to the Physical Geography of the United States is also a contribution of much interest, and one that has excited much attention among those to whom its subject is one of peculiar attraction. A very elaborate and thorough series of researches into the anatomy of the frog was prepared for the Institution by Professor Jeffries Wyman, of Harvard University, throwing much new light upon the organization of this class of the animal kingdom. Interesting

and valuable researches in regard to the aboriginal monuments of New-York, by Mr. Squier, and of Ohio, by Mr. Whittlesey, are given in these volumes. Scientific accounts of the botanical collections made in Texas and New Mexico, by Mr. Wright, under the direction of the United States Survey, have been furnished by Professor Gray, and their publication commenced in the third volume.

The late Professor Sears C. Walker, of the National Observatory, was aided by the Institution in the completion of those remarkable astronomical triumphs, which attended the closing day of that truly great philosopher. His calculation of an ephemeris of the actual places of the new planet Neptune, perhaps, without exception, the greatest triumph Astronomy has yet achieved, we owe to the bounty of the Smithsonian, which thus assisted in giving the honor of the interesting discovery to our own country. If the Institution had done only this, it would have richly earned the grateful consideration of science.*

Among the reports on the Progress of Knowledge, in octavo form, have appeared a most valuable history of the recent improvements in the Chemical arts, which has been much sought after; a history of the planet Neptune by Professor Gould; notices of all the public libraries in the United States, by Professor Jewett; and a complete catalogue of the Coleoptera of North America.

These publications are sent by the Institution to all the first class libraries, and literary and scientific societies in the world, as well as to all the colleges and

* The following account of Professor Walker's discoveries we have found, since the above was written, in a lecture delivered by Professor Henry before the American Association for the advancement of Education, is interesting in this connection:—

"A few years ago a new planet, now known by the name of Neptune, was discovered in a remarkable manner. Its place was indicated by mathematical deductions from irregularities observed in the motion of the planet Uranus; and when the glass of the observer was pointed to the heavens in the proper direction, the planet was found in the precise place which had been predicted. The news of the discovery and the manner in which it was effected, produced a lively sensation throughout the world. The predictions which led to the actual discovery were made simultaneously, but independently, by two mathematicians—Leverrier in France, and Adams in England. They not only pointed out the direction in which the planet was to be found, but from *a priori* considerations, gave the dimensions, form, and position of the orbit which it described around the sun. The direction indicated, as I stated before, was the true one, but the form and dimensions of the orbit were widely different from those subsequently found to belong to the real orbit of the planet.

"Mr. Sears C. Walker, of the National Observatory, was particularly interested in this discovery, and immediately commenced a series of investigations in reference to it. After the motions of the planet had been accurately observed for about four months, during which time it had passed through less than the 60th part of its whole circuit round the sun, he calculated an orbit from these observations of its actual motion, which enabled him to trace its path among the stars of the celestial vault, through its whole revolution, and to carry its position backward until it fell within a cluster of small stars, which had been accurately mapped by Leland about the close of the last century. After minute and critical investigation, he was led to believe that one of the stars represented on the map of Leland, which had been observed by him on the night of May 10th, 1795, was the planet Neptune. The weather at the time this interesting conclusion was arrived at was stormy; the heavens had been clouded for weeks, when he placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Institution a sealed package containing an account of his results, and others were given to different persons. On the first clear night the telescope of the Observatory was directed to the heavens. The result was, all the stars mapped by Leland fifty years before were in place except one, and that was the one which had been fixed upon as the planet Neptune. Professor Pierce, of Harvard University, visited Washington at that time, and was sceptical on the subject. He examined the map drawn by Leland, and observed a query (?) affixed to the missing star. To remove this doubt, a request was made that the original records of Leland, deposited in the Observatory at Paris, might be examined. It was found that Leland had twice observed the star which he had recorded, and not obtaining precisely the same results each time, and not dreaming that it was a planet,

public libraries of any magnitude in the United States. In return the Institution receives from all the learned societies abroad a full equivalent in the transactions, and other publications, of those societies. In the course of a single year (1852), the number of these reciprocal contributions amounted to nearly five thousand.

In connection with the publications of the Institution, we must not omit to make honorable mention of the arrangements adopted by it, in connection with their distribution abroad, to establish a general system of exchange of literary and scientific productions between this and foreign countries. With this view it receives packages from societies and individuals in all parts of the United States, transmits them to Europe, and, through its agents, distributes them to all parts of Europe. In return it receives articles sent to this country and forwards them to their address. These exchanges, by arrangements with our own and other governments, are made free of duty. In carrying out this magnificent plan of scientific and literary exchange, the Institution has received the liberal co-operation of the British government, and of the Royal Society of London. The latter has adopted the same system, with reference to Great Britain, and other parts of the world, aided by the Smithsonian Institution, in their distribution in this country. During the year 1852, 592 packages, containing 9,195 articles, were sent abroad, and 639 packages, with an unknown quantity of articles, besides nearly five thousand for the Institution, were received. Professor Baird estimates that at least three fourths of the Scientific exchanges of this country pass through his hands, as agent of the Smithsonian. The expense incurred by the Institution is considerable, but is regarded as trifling in proportion to the

good accomplished in the diffusion of knowledge.

Researches into the phenomena of meteorology have been extensively prosecuted under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. These have been systematized, with the design to embrace, as far as possible, the whole surface of North America under their observations. Observers, in different parts of the country, record the various changes in the sky, the direction of the wind, the changes of temperature, &c., &c. In this the Institution has been aided by Congress, by appropriations from New York and Massachusetts, and by observations from officers, both in our own, and the British army. The State of New York made liberal appropriations for meteorological observations, and the whole system was organized under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. Something similar, though on a smaller scale, has been done by Massachusetts. Important services have also been rendered by the Institution in the introduction of improved instruments for conducting these observations. Valuable results have been obtained, in several instances, by exploring and surveying parties, furnished by the Institution with instruments. At the present moment, several hundred observers are distributed over the entire continent, more or less being in every State in the Union, all of whom have been supplied with new and superior tables and directions for observing, and many of them accurately compared with instruments. In this way has been collected an extended series of facts yielding deductions of great interest in regard to the climate of the country, and the meteorology of the globe.

Although the condition of its funds have not, thus far permitted much to be done in regard to researches in natural

subject to motion, he selected one of the observations for publication, and, like a true philosopher, he placed a query after the star. Want of time, or some other cause, prevented Leland from examining it again. Had he done so, he would have discovered the new planet. Mr. Walker next calculated what the motion of the planet ought to be during the two weeks of interval of the observations of Leland, and found it exactly to agree with the two places which had been recorded by that astronomer. He now had observations embracing not a few months of the motion of the planet, but that of an interval of fifty years. From this data he proposed to deduce the true elliptical orbit, or one which the body would describe, were there no other planet in the system. He had left the Observatory, and could not afford the necessary time to the mere numerical calculations which would be required. The Smithsonian Institution came to his aid, and undertook to defray the expense of the investigation. It advanced about \$800 to complete the research. Professor Pierce investigated the action of the other planets on Neptune, and his results enabled Mr. Walker, by means of his elliptical orbit, to calculate an ephemeris of the actual places of the new planet, which has been received by all the astronomers of the world as the only one which exhibits with precision all the motions of this new discovered member of our solar system, and which enables the astronomer to follow it from night to night in its path among the stars.

"The Astronomer Royal of England has made a series of observations, to compare the predictions of the Smithsonian ephemeris, as it is called, with the actual place of the planet as determined by observation, and has stated that the ephemeris gives the place with so much precision, that no difference could be observed with the most powerful telescope between the place of the actual and the theoretical planet. From this account it is evident the Smithsonian Institution has assisted in giving the honor to this country of completing one of the most interesting discoveries in astronomy of the present century. But, alas! this triumph has been gained at the expense of a sad bereavement. The labor of the investigation was too much for Walker, and science has to mourn his untimely loss. Peace to his memory. He was a man,—take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

history, geology, &c., the Institution has not been idle. Assistance has been rendered to the exploration of the botany of New Mexico, and to that of the fossil geology of Nebraska. It has defrayed the expenses of exploration in relation to erosions of the earth by rivers, and other geological phenomena. It has promoted astronomy, by aiding the researches that discovered the true orbit of the planet Neptune, as well as by the instruments it furnished Lieut. Gillies, in his Chilean expedition. It has furnished annual lists of occultations of the principal stars for the determination of longitudes. It has prepared tables for ascertaining heights with the barometer. It has furnished instruments for determining the elements of the magnetic force, to the various exploring expeditions. And last, though by no means least in this list of good deeds, it has perfected, under the supervision of Mr. Jewett, a plan of stereotyping catalogues of libraries which, if generally adopted, will render effective aid to the whole country.

Since its organization the active operations of the Institution have been much embarrassed, and its means of usefulness diminished, by the original mistake of appropriating so large an amount to a costly building. It was an unfortunate error, on the part of Congress, not to use a less mild expression, to be thus prodigal of these funds, when a simple building, costing only a sixth of the amount expended, would have been abundant for all its wants. The original estimate required an expenditure on the building, &c., of \$250,000, but it was found necessary to incur an increased expense for fire-proofing the interior, of \$50,000.

It appeared from the last annual report made in January, 1853, that the number of volumes in the library then amounted to 9,707, of which 2,598 were added in 1852; that other articles, including pamphlets, maps, &c., amounted to 11,994, of which 7,208 were also received in 1852.* The chief of these accessions have been derived from exchanges, and demonstrate, that, to a very large extent, the Institution may depend upon this return from its active operations, for a valuable scientific library, as many of the books thus received in exchange are of the first importance to a scientific student. Although the unfinished state of the building has rendered it necessary to

confine the collections for the museum to a limited space in the basement, where they could not be publicly exhibited, that department has not been neglected. Prof. Baird has actively exerted himself to its increase, by his personal researches, by stimulating others, and by carefully preserving those received. In the departments of herpetology, ichthyology and mammals, its collection is already remarkably rich. In the single item of serpents, the Institution possesses twice as many North American species as were given in the great work of Dr. Holbrook. It is also rich in undescribed species in various departments, but more especially in regard to fishes and reptiles. Large and important additions may be looked for from the various exploring expeditions, both on land and sea, and constant donations are received from officers in the army and the navy. Indeed the value of Washington as a central point for the means of stimulating researches, and collections in all directions, and in all the various departments of knowledge, as well as of redistributing to all the various scientific associations and colleges its surplus wealth of duplicate specimens, has been well attested by what has already been done by this institution, even in its infancy, and when one half its income was each year applied to the stone and mortar of its costly edifice.

For a gallery of fine arts the only articles that have been collected, in accordance with the act of Congress, have been a valuable series of engravings by the old masters.

The act of Congress required the delivery of public lectures in Washington. This requirement has been complied with. It may however be doubted whether any thing so limited in their influence as local lectures could have been contemplated by Smithsonian himself. Yet we are not disposed to find much fault with this requirement. That they do good we doubt not. No one who has heard them, or seen the crowded and respectful audiences they are sure to call out, can honestly question their beneficial moral influence on a city like Washington. Still we are quite as clear in our opinion that not even the good they may do can justify Congress in paying for them from the Smithsonian fund to any large amount, and that, if it be desirable to extend them, as we are very far from disputing,

* From the more recent report of the Regents it would seem that the library consists of 12,000 volumes and 8000 pamphlets, besides parts of volumes.

they should be paid for by our own government, or from other sources, and only a small sum taken from the Smithsonian income.

Having thus passed in review the history of this Institution, briefly, for our space is limited, yet we trust with sufficient fulness to exhibit both what was the mission assigned it by its founder, and what has been done by its trustees, and their servants, towards its fulfilment, it still remains for us to consider how far its true mission has been understood, in its organization, and carried out, in its subsequent operations. To be able to do this correctly, we must keep constantly in view the specific purpose to which Smithson restricted his bequest, as well as his own life, character and recorded views, so far as they throw light upon, and make evident his expectations in making the bequest. It was not alone to found a library, or a museum, or a gallery of fine arts, nor to give popular lectures. It was simply to *advance or increase* knowledge; and to diffuse what was thus called into being. That only could be a fulfilment, in good faith, of this bequest, which sought to apply its income in such a manner, as most successfully to do those two things: increase knowledge and then to diffuse that increase among men. But has Congress, in the organization of this Institution, thus discharged the requirements of honor and good faith by keeping within the bounds indicated by its founder's will? To our perception it is very clear that it has, in certain respects, deviated from it. In the first place, it caused the expenditure, in comparatively useless stone and mortar, of nearly three hundred thousand dollars. It has saddled the Institution with the charge of several expensive and onerous departments, which do not properly belong to it, and any one of which, to be cared for as it should be, would absorb the whole of its limited income; thus, while no single object is satisfactorily obtained, in this minute subdivision of a sum none too large for its own legitimate purposes, these last are dwarfed and suffer, for want of that which is rightfully all their own. Congress found the subject a novel one. It was familiar only to a few who had looked into it, and, apparently, they had committed the radical error of supposing its income, the interest of half a million, to be inexhaustible. While some thought of embellishing the capital of the nation with a magnificent building, others supposed that they could also

have a large library, a gallery of fine arts, a museum, &c., and still have an income large enough for the more legitimate purposes of the institution. In the conflict of these various objects of preference, none could be carried on upon so large a scale as was contemplated, and it was found necessary to make a temporary compromise, by an equal division of the income between the active operations and the library and museum. It is in contemplation so far to modify this arrangement as to permit more just and liberal appropriations for the more active and immediate increase of knowledge.

Not content with these features in the laws establishing the Institution, Congress has thrown upon it burdens, which it is as clearly the duty of government to provide for, as are any of their recognized liabilities. Of this nature, is the law requiring it to receive, keep, and make a registry of (but not to use) all the copyrighted publications of this country. We shall not stop to inquire whether complete collections of all the copy-righted publications of each year, issued in the United States, is of sufficient value or interest, present or prospective, to warrant the expense incurred by it; for that has nothing to do with our present purpose. It is enough for us that it is totally foreign from the purpose designed by Smithson, and clearly belongs, if it be a duty, to any, to that branch of the government which has charge of the Patent Office. Congress is bound in honor, and good faith, to recall a gift which is felt to be a burden, and not a favor.

The true mission of the Smithsonian Institution is to increase knowledge, and to diffuse that increase world wide. This is all its founder left it to do. His bequest cannot with honor be diverted to other purposes, be they ever so desirable. How noble a mission this is, how rich and how fruitful is the field before it, has been abundantly shown even with its crippled finances, its restricted means, and the disorders incident to a commencement, and even with the burdens thrown upon it during its seven years' existence. During that time, its assiduous and faithful secretary, sensitively awake to the intention of its founder, and the spirit of his bequest, has at least demonstrated how much may be done, even with limited means, by active operations, and the publication of their results, and how much more might be done, with the full, undisturbed use of the whole fund, for the purposes to which it was designed and re-

stricted by its founder. At the same time other results have been made equally clear by the experience of the institution, and call for the intervention and aid of Congress. These not only show that this Institution is not able to provide for all the departments assigned to it, without a perversion of its funds, and an abuse of its founder's confidence, but also make manifest how desirable and important it is, that our government should make suitable provision to meet, in a liberal spirit, and one worthy of a great nation, possessed of an overflowing treasury, the wants it has itself called forth. Let us have a great national library at Washington, worthy an educated and enlightened nation. We care not on how magnificent a scale it may be founded, only let us pay for it out of our own treasury. Let us certainly not pervert for it the bounty of a stranger, who trusted it to us for a different purpose. Let us have, too, our national gallery of fine arts; if you will, our public lectures, too, at Washington; above all, let us have a great national museum. We already have a magnificent commencement in the proceeds of the great exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, covering every department of nature. We have yet others in store from the several expeditions to the Arctic region, to Japan, and the North Pacific, besides others on land, in explorations of our unsettled territories. Having gone thus far, our government cannot, with credit, cannot with due regard to the best interests of the country, now draw back. We must, however, provide the means. We are abundantly able to do this. To a great, prosperous, and wealthy nation, the cost involved would be a mere bagatelle.

Let us meet, then, these self-imposed duties, in a manner becoming the nineteenth century, and an honorable nation. Let us recall from the Smithsonian Institution all the burdens our government has imposed upon it, that are inconsistent with its legitimate mission, the increase of knowledge, leaving to it only those things which have proved to be kindred to its design or desirable to it as aids. Let Congress, in a word, found, or rather we should say organize, for it was already founded, a great national Institution, at Washington, sufficiently distinct from the Smithsonian to relieve it of all the expenses, the cares and the burdens of the details, sufficiently under its control to permit it to derive from it all the aid and co-operation that may be required. It is

obvious that it must soon do something of this kind in order to provide proper protection for the extensive collections it has made, and the yet more extensive ones it is still making. We could do nothing that would better meet the wishes and wants of the American people, or more exalt us as a nation in the eyes of the world of science. Congress has imposed upon the Smithsonian Institution an expensive and costly building, involving an outlay six times as large as would be required for one limited to its wants. Its first movement should be to take this building off its hands and appropriate it to its own national collections, and refund the cost to the Smithsonian Institution for the purposes assigned to it by Mr. Smithsonian. Thus relieved of its burdens, and the uncongenial tasks assigned to this Institution, it would be enabled to enter upon a sphere of usefulness commensurate with the wishes and bounty of its founder. It could still retain a library suited to its own wants, without incurring any great expense, for its exchanges with scientific societies, at home and abroad, are now giving to it a very large proportion of the publications chiefly, required. It might, with advantage, retain a museum of natural history sufficient to verify its own publications, and to exhibit typical, rare or new genera and species, or even a complete series of North American objects. It might even, with advantage, retain the general direction of the national collections, the distribution of the duplicates to the learned societies of the world, and the custody of such articles as might be desirable for its own purposes and for study. Thus aided by government, instead, as now, of being burdened by uncongenial tasks, the Smithsonian Institution would become all the most ardent wishes of its illustrious founder could have desired, confer great practical benefits upon mankind, and achieve a noble position before the world of science. The great value of this Institution in the eyes of this world of science is that, in its legitimate mission, it discharges duties which but for its aid might never be done by any one. The history of nearly every great discovery shows that he who adds new and important truths to the previous stock of knowledge, is so far in advance of his age, that their productions cannot be given to the world, without pecuniary loss, which not every one is able or willing to incur. It is not every one that has the fortune of a Bowditch wherewith to publish his discoveries, and his labors. Yet without it even his great work could

not have been given to the world. This then is a part of the great accepted mission of the Smithsonian Institution, to give that aid to the advance of science which cannot be looked for from any other source. It is a high and holy mission. If followed, in good faith, upon the principles laid down for itself, in its programme of active operations, it will not fail to contribute invaluable aid to the true greatness of this country, in the development of its intellectual power. It has been well said by one of the soundest writers upon the study of nature, "Science is inseparably interwoven in all that gives power and dignity to a nation." In his eyes it was a subject of reproach to England of the present day, that while science was more generally than ever before diffused among the mass of his coun-

trymen, so little are the higher objects—the true philosophy—of science esteemed or cultivated, that discoveries of the just order, which open a new and unexpected field for the most important generalizations, "had been suffered to die almost in their birth," although they had been begun by his own countrymen. A reproach like this can never be preferred against our own country, so long as the Smithsonian Institution shall be permitted to fulfil the important duties, and to discharge the high mission its illustrious founder assigned it, with a far-sighted wisdom which shall for ever connect his name with the advance of science in America, or so long as it shall continue to aid in the increase of knowledge or to promote the diffusion of that increase among men.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN.

WHAT grand irregular thunder, thought I, standing on my hearthstone among the Acroceranian hills, as the scattered bolts boomed overhead and crashed down among the valleys, every bolt followed by zig-zag irradiations, and swift slants of sharp rain, which audibly rang, like a charge of spear-points, on my low shingled roof. I suppose, though, that the mountains hereabouts break and churn up the thunder, so that it is far more glorious here than on the plain. Hark!—some one at the door. Who is this that chooses a time of thunder for making calls? And why don't he, man-fashion, use the knocker, instead of making that doleful undertaker's clatter with his fist against the hollow panel? But let him in. Ah, here he comes. "Good day, sir:" an entire stranger. "Pray be seated." What is that strange-looking walking-stick he carries:—"A fine thunder-storm, sir."

"Fine?—Awful!"

"You are wet. Stand here on the hearth before the fire."

"Not for worlds!"

The stranger still stood in the exact middle of the cottage, where he had first planted himself. His singularity impelled a closer scrutiny. A lean, gloomy figure. Hair dark and lank, mattedly streaked over his brow. His sunken pitfalls of eyes were winged by indigo halos, and played with an innocuous sort of lightning: the gleam without the bolt. The

whole man was dripping. He stood in a puddle on the bare oak floor; his strange walking-stick vertically resting at his side.

It was a polished copper rod, four feet long, lengthwise attached to a neat wooden staff, by insertion into two balls of greenish glass, ringed with copper bands. The metal rod terminated at the top tripodwise, in three keen tines, brightly gilt. He held the thing by the wooden part alone.

"Sir," said I, bowing politely, "have I the honor of a visit from that illustrious god, Jupiter Tonans? So stood he in the Greek statue of old, grasping the lightning-bolt. If you be he, or his viceroy, I have to thank you for this noble storm you have brewed among our mountains. Listen: That was a glorious peal. Ah, to a lover of the majestic, it is a good thing to have the Thunderer himself in one's cottage. The thunder grows finer for that. But pray be seated. This old rush-bottomed arm-chair, I grant, is a poor substitute for your evergreen throne on old Greylock; but, condescend to be seated."

While I thus pleasantly spoke, the stranger eyed me, half in wonder and half in a strange sort of horror; but did not move a foot.

"Do, sir, be seated; you need to be dried ere going forth again."

I planted the chair invitingly on the broad hearth, where a little fire had been

kindled that afternoon to dissipate the dampness, not the cold; for it was early in the month of September.

But without heeding my solicitation, and still standing in the middle of the floor, the stranger gazed at me portentously and spoke.

"Sir," said he, "excuse me, but instead of my accepting your invitation to be seated on the hearth there, I solemnly warn you, that you had best accept *mine*, and stand with me in the middle of the room. Good heavens!" he cried, starting—"there's another of those awful crashes. I warn you, sir, quit the hearth."

"Mr. Jupiter Tonans," said I, quietly rolling my body on the stone, "I stand very well here."

"Are you so horridly ignorant, then," he cried, "as not to know, that by far the most dangerous part of a house during such a terrific tempest as this, is the fireplace?"

"Nay, I did not know that," involuntarily stepping upon the first board next to the stone.

The stranger now assumed such an unpleasant air of successful admonition, that—quite involuntarily again—I stepped back upon the hearth, and threw myself into the erectest, proudest posture I could command. But I said nothing.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, with a strange mixture of alarm and intimidation—"for Heaven's sake, get off of the hearth! Know you not, that the heated air and soot are conductors;—to say nothing of those immense iron fire-dogs? Quit the spot,—I conjure,—I command you."

"Mr. Jupiter Tonans, I am not accustomed to be commanded in my own house."

"Call me not by that pagan name. You are profane in this time of terror."

"Sir, will you be so good as to tell me your business? If you seek shelter from the storm, you are welcome, so long as you be civil; but if you come on business, open it forthwith. Who are you?"

"I am a dealer in lightning-rods," said the stranger, softening his tone; "my special business is ——— Merciful heaven! what a crash!—Have you ever been struck—your premises, I mean? No? It's best to be provided;"—significantly rattling his metallic staff on the floor;—"by nature, there are no castles in thunder storms; yet, say but the word, and of this cottage I can make a Gibraltar by a few waves of this wand. Hark, what Himalayas of concussions!"

"You interrupted yourself; your special business you were about to speak of."

"How very dull you are. My special business is to travel the country for orders for lightning-rods. This is my specimen-rod;" tapping his staff; "I have the best of references"—fumbling in his pockets. "In Criggan last month, I put up three-and-twenty rods on only five buildings."

"Let me see. Was it not at Criggan last week, about midnight on Saturday, that the steeple, the big elm and the Assembly-room cupola were struck? Any of your rods there?"

"Not on the tree and cupola, but the steeple."

"Of what use is your rod then?"

"Of life-and-death use. But my workman was heedless. In fitting the rod at top to the steeple, he allowed a part of the metal to graze the tin sheeting. Hence the accident. Not my fault, but his. Hark!"

"Never mind. That clap burst quite loud enough to be heard without finger-pointing. Did you hear of the event at Montreal last year? A servant girl struck at her bed-side with a rosary in her hand; the beads being metal. Does your beat extend into the Canadas?"

"No. And I hear that there, iron rods only are in use. They should have *mine*, which are copper. Iron is easily fused. Then they draw out the rod so slender, that it has not body enough to conduct the full electric current. The metal melts; the building is destroyed. My copper rods never act so. Those Canadians are fools. Some of them knob the rod at the top, which risks a deadly explosion, instead of imperceptibly carrying down the current into the earth, as this sort of rod does. *Mine* is the only true rod. Look at it. Only one dollar a foot."

"This abuse of your own calling in another might make one distrustful with respect to yourself."

"Hark! The thunder becomes less muttering. It is nearing us, and nearing the earth, too. Hark! One crammed crash! All the vibrations made one by nearness. Another flash. Hold!"

"What do you?" I said, seeing him now, instantaneously relinquishing his staff, lean intently forward towards the window, with his right fore and middle fingers on his left wrist.

But ere the words had well escaped me, another exclamation escaped him.

"Crash! only three pulses—less than a third of a mile off—yonder, somewhere in that wood. I passed three stricken

oaks there, ripped out new and glittering. The oak draws lightning more than other timber, having iron in solution in its sap. Your floor here seems oak."

"Heart-of-oak. From the peculiar time of your call upon me, I suppose you purposely select stormy weather for your journeys. When the thunder is roaring, you deem it an hour peculiarly favorable for producing impressions favorable to your trade."

"Hark!—Awful!"

"For one who would arm others with fearlessness, you seem unbeseeingly timorous yourself. Common men choose fair weather for their travels: you choose thunder-storms; and yet——"

"That I travel in thunder-storms, I grant; but not without particular precautions, such as only a lightning-rod man may know. Hark! Quick—look at my specimen rod. Only one dollar a foot."

"A very fine rod, I dare say. But what are these particular precautions of yours? Yet first let me close yonder shutters; the slanting rain is beating through the sash. I will bar up."

"Are you mad? Know you not that yon iron bar is a swift conductor? Desist."

"I will simply close the shutters then, and call my boy to bring me a wooden bar. Pray, touch the bell-pull there."

"Are you frantic? That bell-wire might blast you. Never touch bell-wire in a thunder-storm, nor ring a bell of any sort."

"Nor those in belfries? Pray, will you tell me where and how one may be safe in a time like this? Is there any part of my house I may touch with hopes of my life?"

"There are; but not where you now stand. Come away from the wall. The current will sometimes run down a wall, and—a man being a better conductor than a wall—it would leave the wall and run into him. Swoop! That must have fallen very nigh. That must have been globular lightning."

"Very probably. Tell me at once, which is, in your opinion, the safest part of this house?"

"This room, and this one spot in it where I stand. Come hither."

"The reasons first."

"Hark!—after the flash the gust—the sashes shiver—the house, the house!—Come hither to me!"

"The reasons, if you please."

"Come hither to me!"

"Thank you again, I think I will try nay old stand,—the hearth. And now

Mr. Lightning-rod-man, in the pauses of the thunder, be so good as to tell me your reasons for esteeming this one room of the house the safest, and your own one standpoint there the safest spot in it."

There was now a little cessation of the storm for a while. The Lightning-rod man seemed relieved, and replied:—

"Your house is a one-storied house, with an attic and a cellar; this room is between. Hence its comparative safety. Because lightning sometimes passes from the clouds to the earth, and sometimes from the earth to the clouds. Do you comprehend?—and I choose the middle of the room, because, if the lightning should strike the house at all, it would come down the chimney or walls; so, obviously, the further you are from them, the better. Come hither to me, now."

"Presently. Something you just said, instead of alarming me, has strangely inspired confidence."

"What have I said?"

"You said that sometimes lightning flashes from the earth to the clouds."

"Aye, the returning-stroke, as it is called; when the earth, being overcharged with the fluid, flashes its supplies upward."

"The returning-stroke; that is, from earth to sky. Better and better. But come here on the hearth and dry yourself."

"I am better here, and better wet."

"How?"

"It is the safest thing you can do—Hark, again!—to get yourself thoroughly drenched in a thunder-storm. Wet clothes are better conductors than the body; and so, if the lightning strike, it might pass down the wet clothes without touching the body. The storm deepens again. Have you a rug in the house? Rugs are non-conductors. Get one, that I may stand on it here, and you too. The skies blacken—it is dusk at noon. Hark!—the rug, the rug!"

I gave him one; while the hooded mountains seemed closing and tumbling into the cottage.

"And now, since our being dumb will not help us," said I, resuming my place, "let me hear your precautions in travelling during thunder-storms."

"Wait till this one is passed."

"Nay, proceed with the precautions. You stand in the safest possible place according to your own account. Go on."

"Briefly then. I avoid pine-trees, high houses, lonely barns, upland pastures, running water, flocks of cattle and sheep, a crowd of men. If I travel on foot,—as

to-day—I do not walk fast; if in my buggy, I touch not its back or sides; if on horseback, I dismount and lead the horse. But of all things, I avoid tall men."

"Do I dream? Man avoid man? and in danger-time too?"

"Tall men in a thunder-storm I avoid. Are you so grossly ignorant as not to know, that the height of a six-footer is sufficient to discharge an electric cloud upon him? Are not lonely Kentuckians, ploughing, smit in the unfinished furrow? Nay, if the six-footer stand by running water, the cloud will sometimes select him as its conductor to that running water. Hark! Sure, yon black pinnacle is split. Yes, a man is a good conductor. The lightning goes through and through a man, but only peels a tree. But sir, you have kept me so long answering your questions, that I have not yet come to business. Will you order one of my rods? Look at this specimen one? See: it is of the best of copper. Copper's the best conductor. Your house is low; but being upon the mountains, that lowness does not one whit depress it. You mountaineers are most exposed. In mountainous countries the lightning-rod man should have most business. Look at the specimen, sir. One rod will answer for a house so small as this. Look over these recommendations. Only one rod, sir; cost, only twenty dollars. Hark! There go all the granite Taconics and Hoosies dashed together like pebbles. By the sound, that must have struck something. An elevation of five feet above the house, will protect twenty feet radius all about the rod. Only twenty dollars, sir—a dollar a foot. Hark!—Dreadful!—Will you order? Will you buy? Shall I put down your name? Think of being a heap of charred

offal, like a haltered horse burnt in his stall;—and all in one flash!"

"You pretended envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to and from Jupiter Tonans," laughed I; "you mere man who come here to put you and your pipstern between clay and sky, do you think that because you can strike a bit of green light from the Leyden jar, that you can thoroughly avert the supernal bolt? Your rod rusts, or breaks, and where are you? Who has empowered you, you Tetzels, to peddle round your indulgences from divine ordinations? The hairs of our heads are numbered, and the days of our lives. In thunder as in sunshine, I stand at ease in the hands of my God. False negotiator, away! See, the scroll of the storm is rolled back; the house is unharmed; and in the blue heavens I read in the rainbow, that the Deity will not, of purpose, make war on man's earth."

"Impious wretch!" foamed the stranger, blackening in the face as the rainbow beamed, "I will publish your infidel notions."

"Begone! move quickly! if quickly you can, you that shine forth into sight in moist times like the worm."

The scowl grew blacker on his face; the indigo-circles enlarged round his eyes as the storm rings round the midnight moon. He sprang upon me; his triforked thing at my heart.

I seized it; I snapped it; I dashed it; I trod it; and dragging the dark lightning-king out of my door, flung his elbowed, copper sceptre after him.

But spite of my treatment, and spite of my dissuasive talk of him to my neighbors, the Lightning-rod man still dwells in the land; still travels in storm-time, and drives a brave trade with the fears of man.

ISRAEL POTTER; OR, FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY.

(Continued from page 75.)

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER WANDERINGS OF THE REFUGEE, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF A GOOD KNIGHT OF BRENTFORD WHO REPHENDED HIM.

AT nightfall on the third day, Israel had arrived within sixteen miles of the capital. Once more he sought refuge in a barn. This time he found some hay, and flinging himself down procured a tolerable night's rest.

Bright and early he arose refreshed, with the pleasing prospect of reaching his destination ere noon: Encouraged to find himself now so far from his original pursuers, Israel relaxed in his vigilance; and about ten o'clock while passing through the town of Staines suddenly encountered three soldiers. Unfortunately in exchanging clothes with the ditcher, he could not bring himself to include his shirt in the traffic; which shirt was a British navy shirt; a bargeman's shirt; and though hitherto he had crumpled the blue collar out of sight, yet, as it appeared in the present instance, it was not thoroughly concealed. At any rate, keenly on the lookout for deserters, and made acute by hopes of reward for their apprehension, the soldiers spied the fatal collar, and in an instant laid violent hands on the refugee.

"Hey lad!" said the foremost soldier, a corporal, "you are one of his majesty's seamen! come along with ye."

So, unable to give any satisfactory account of himself, he was made prisoner on the spot, and soon after found himself handcuffed and locked up in the Round House of the place, a prison so called, appropriated to runaways, and those convicted of minor offences. Day passed dinnerless and supperless in this dismal durance, and night came on.

Israel had now been three days without food, except one two-penny loaf. The cravings of hunger now became sharper; his spirits, hitherto arming him with fortitude, began to forsake him. Taken captive once again upon the very brink of reaching his goal, poor Israel was on the eve of falling into helpless despair. But he rallied, and considering that grief would only add to his calamity, sought with stubborn patience to habituate himself to misery, but still hold aloof from despondency. He roused himself, and began to bethink him how to be extricated from this labyrinth.

Two hours sawing across the grating of the window, ridded him of his handcuffs. Next came the door, secured luckily with only a hasp and padlock. Thrusting the bolt of his handcuffs through a small window in the door, he succeeded in forcing the hasp and regaining his liberty about three o'clock in the morning.

Not long after sunrise, he passed nigh Brentford, some six or seven miles from the capital. So great was his hunger that downright starvation seemed before him. He chewed grass, and swallowed it. Upon first escaping from the bulk, six English pennies was all the money he had. With two of these he had bought a small loaf the day after fleeing the inn. The other four still remained in his pocket, not having met with a good opportunity to dispose of them for food.

Having torn off the collar of his shirt, and flung it into a hedge, he ventured to accost a respectable carpenter at a pale fence, about a mile this side of Brentford, to whom his deplorable situation now induced him to apply for work. The man did not wish himself to hire, but said that if he (Israel), understood farming or gardening, he might perhaps procure work from Sir John Millet, whose seat, he said, was not remote. He added that the knight was in the habit of employing many men at that season of the year; so he stood a fair chance.

Revived a little by this prospect of relief, Israel starts in quest of the gentleman's seat, agreeably to the direction received. But he mistook his way, and proceeding up a gravelled and beautifully decorated walk, was terrified at catching a glimpse of a number of soldiers thronging a garden. He made an instant retreat before being espied in turn. No wild creature of the American wilderness could have been more panic struck by a fire-brand, than at this period hunted Israel was by a red coat. It afterwards appeared that this garden was the Princess Amelia's.

Taking another path, ere long he came to some laborers shovelling gravel. These proved to be men employed by Sir John. By them he was directed towards the house, when the knight was pointed out to him, walking bareheaded in the inclosure with several guests. Having heard the rich man of England charged with all

sorts of domineering qualities, Israel felt no little misgiving in approaching to an audience with so imposing a stranger. But screwing up his courage, he advanced; while seeing him coming all rags and tatters, the group of gentlemen stood in some wonder awaiting what so singular a phantom might want.

"Mr. Millet," said Israel, bowing towards the bareheaded gentleman.

"Ha,—who are you, pray?"

"A poor fellow, sir, in want of work."

"A wardrobe too, I should say," smiled one of the guests, of a very youthful, prosperous, and dandified air.

"Where's your hoe?" said Sir John.

"I have none, sir."

"Any money to buy one?"

"Only four English pennies, sir."

"English pennies. What other sort would you have?"

"Why China pennies to be sure," laughed the youthful gentleman. "See his long, yellow hair behind; he looks like a Chinaman. Some broken-down Mandarin. Pity he's no crown to his old hat; if he had, he might pass it round, and make eight pennies of his four."

"Will you hire me, Mr. Millet?" said Israel.

"Ha! that's queer again," cried the knight.

"Hark ye fellow," said a brisk servant, approaching from the porch, "this is Sir John Millet."

Seeming to take pity on his seeming ignorance, as well as on his undisputable poverty, the good knight now told Israel that if he would come the next morning, he would see him supplied with a hoe, and moreover would hire him.

It would be hard to express the satisfaction of the wanderer, at receiving this encouraging reply. Emboldened by it, he now returns towards a baker's he had spied, and bravely marching in, flings down all four pennies, and demands bread. Thinking he would not have any more food till next morning, Israel resolved to eat only one of the pair of two-penny loaves. But having demolished one, it so sharpened his longing, that yielding to the irresistible temptation, he bolted down the second loaf to keep the other company.

After resting under a hedge, he saw the sun far descended, and so prepared himself for another hard night. Waiting till dark, he crawled into an old carriage-house, finding nothing there but a dismantled old phaeton. Into this he climbed, and curling himself up like a carriage-dog, endeavored to sleep. But unable to endure the constraint of such a bed, got out,

and stretched himself on the bare boards of the floor.

No sooner was light in the east, than he hastened to await the commands of one, who, his instinct told him, was destined to prove his benefactor. On his father's farm accustomed to rise with the lark, Israel was surprised to discover as he approached the house, that no soul was astir. It was four o'clock. For a considerable time he walked back and forth before the portal, ere any one appeared. The first riser was a man-servant of the household, who informed Israel that seven o'clock was the hour the people went to their work. Soon after, he met an hostler of the place, who gave him permission to lie on some straw in an outhouse. There he enjoyed a sweet sleep till awakened at seven o'clock, by the sounds of activity around him.

Supplied by the overseer of the men with a large iron fork and a hoe, he followed the hands into the field. He was so weak, he could hardly support his tools. Unwilling to expose his debility, he yet could not succeed in concealing it. At least to avoid worse imputations, he confessed the cause. His companions regarded him with compassion, and exempted him from the severer toil.

About noon, the knight visited his workmen. Noticing that Israel made little progress, he said to him, that though he had long arms and broad shoulders, yet he was feigning himself to be a very weak man, or otherwise must in reality be so.

Hereupon one of the laborers standing by, informed the gentleman how it was with Israel; when immediately the knight put a shilling into his hands, and bade him go to a little road-side inn, which was nearer than the house, and buy him bread and a pot of beer. Thus refreshed he returned to the band, and toiled with them till four o'clock, when the day's work was over.

Arrived at the house, he there again saw his employer, who after attentively eyeing him without speaking, bade a meal be prepared for him; when the maid presenting a smaller supply than her kind master deemed necessary, she was ordered to return and bring out the entire dish. But aware of the danger of sudden repletion of heavy food to one in his condition, Israel, previously recruited by the frugal meal at the inn, partook but sparingly. The repast was spread on the grass, and being over, the good knight again looking inquisitively at Israel, ordered a comfortable bed to be laid in the barn; and here Israel spent a capital night.

After breakfast, next morning, he was proceeding to go with the laborers to their work, when his employer approaching him with a benevolent air, bade him return to his couch, and there remain till he had slept his fill, and was in a better state to resume his labors.

Upon coming forth again a little after noon, he found Sir John walking alone in the grounds. Upon discovering him, Israel would have retreated, fearing that he might intrude; but beckoning him to advance, the knight, as Israel drew nigh, fixed on him such a penetrating glance, that our poor hero quaked to the core. Neither was his dread of detection relieved by the knight's now calling in a loud voice for one from the house. Israel was just on the point of fleeing, when overhearing the words of the master to the servant who now appeared, all dread departed:

"Bring hither some wine!"

It presently came; by order of the knight the salver was set down on a green bank near by, and the servant retired.

"My poor fellow," said Sir John, now pouring out a glass of wine, and handing it to Israel, "I perceive that you are an American; and, if I am not mistaken, you are an escaped prisoner of war. But no fear—drink the wine."

"Mr. Millet," exclaimed Israel aghast, the untasted wine trembling in his hand, "Mr. Millet, I—"

"Mr. Millet—there it is again. Why don't you say *Sir John* like the rest?"

"Why, sir—pardon me—but somehow, I can't. I've tried; but I can't. You won't betray me for that?"

"Betray—poor fellow! Hark ye, your history is doubtless a secret which you would not wish to divulge to a stranger; but whatever happens to you, I pledge you my honor I will never betray you."

"God bless you for that, Mr. Millet."

"Come, come; call me by my right name. I am not Mr. Millet. You have said *Sir* to me; and no doubt you have a thousand times said *John* to other people. Now can't you couple the two? Try once. Come. Only *Sir* and then *John*—*Sir John*—that's all."

"John—I can't—*Sir*, sir!—your pardon. I didn't mean that."

"My good fellow," said the knight looking sharply upon Israel, "tell me, are all your countrymen like you? If so, it's no use fighting them. To that effect, I must write to his Majesty myself. Well, I excuse you from *Sir Johnning* me. But tell me the truth, are you not a seafaring man, and lately a prisoner of war?"

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Israel frankly confessed it, and told his whole story. The knight listened with much interest; and at its conclusion, warned Israel to beware of the soldiers; for owing to the seats of some of the royal family being in the neighborhood, the red-coats abounded hereabouts.

"I do not wish unnecessarily to speak against my own countrymen," he added, "I but plainly speak for your good. The soldiers you meet prowling on the roads, are not fair specimens of the army. They are a set of mean, dastardly banditti; who, to obtain their fee, would betray their best friends. Once more, I warn you against them. But enough; follow me now to the house, and as you tell me you have exchanged clothes before now, you can do it again. What say you? I will give you coat and breeches for your rags."

Thus generously supplied with clothes, and other comforts by the good knight, and implicitly relying upon the honor of so kind-hearted a man, Israel cheered up, and in the course of two or three weeks had so fattened his flanks, that he was able completely to fill Sir John's old buckskin breeches, which at first had hung but loosely about him.

He was assigned to an occupation which removed him from the other workmen. The strawberry bed was put under his sole charge. And often, of mild, sunny afternoons, the knight, genial and gentle with dinner, would stroll bare-headed to the pleasant strawberry bed, and have nice little confidential chats with Israel; while Israel, charmed by the patriarchal demeanor of this true Abrahamic gentleman, with a smile on his lip, and tears of gratitude in his eyes, offered him, from time to time, the plumpest berries of the bed.

When the strawberry season was over, other parts of the grounds were assigned him. And so six months elapsed, when, at the recommendation of Sir John, Israel procured a good berth in the garden of the Princess Amelia.

So completely now had recent events metamorphosed him in all outward things, that few suspected him of being any other than an Englishman. Not even the knight's domestics. But in the princess's garden, being obliged to work in company with many other laborers, the war was often a topic of discussion among them. And "the d—d Yankee rebels" were not seldom the object of scurrilous remark. Illy could the exile brook in silence such insults upon the country for which he had bled, and for whose

honored sake he was that very instant a sufferer. More than once, his indignation came very nigh getting the better of his prudence. He longed for the war to end, that he might but speak a little bit of his mind.

Now the superintendent of the garden was a harsh, overbearing man. The workmen with tame servility endured his worst affronts. But Israel, bred among mountains, found it impossible to restrain himself when made the undeserved object of pitiless epithets. Ere two months went by, he quitted the service of the princess, and engaged himself to a farmer in a small village not far from Brentford. But hardly had he been here three weeks, when a rumor again got afloat, that he was a Yankee prisoner of war. Whence this report arose he could never discover. No sooner did it reach the ears of the soldiers, than they were on the alert. Luckily Israel was apprised of their intentions in time. But he was hard pushed. He was hunted after with a perseverance worthy a less ignoble cause. He had many hairbreadth escapes. Most assuredly he would have been captured, had it not been for the secret good offices of a few individuals, who, perhaps, were not unfriendly to the American side of the question, though they durst not avow it.

Tracked one night by the soldiers to the house of one of these friends, in whose garret he was concealed: he was obliged to force the skuttle, and running along the roof, passed to those of adjoining houses to the number of ten or twelve, finally succeeding in making his escape.

CHAPTER V.

ISRAEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

HARASSED day and night, hunted from food and sleep, driven from hole to hole like a fox in the woods; with no chance to earn an hour's wages; he was at last advised by one whose sincerity he could not doubt, to apply, on the good word of Sir John Millet, for a berth as laborer in the King's Gardens at Kew. There, it was said, he would be entirely safe, as no soldier durst approach those premises to molest any soul therein employed. It struck the poor exile as curious, that the very den of the British lion, the private grounds of the British King, should be commended to a refugee as his securest asylum.

His nativity carefully concealed, and

being personally introduced to the chief gardener by one who well knew him, armed too with a line from Sir John, and recommended by his introducer as uncommonly expert at horticulture; Israel was soon installed as keeper of certain less private plants and walks of the park.

It was here, to one of his near country retreats, that, coming from perplexities of state—leaving far behind him the dingy old bricks of St. James—George the Third was wont to walk up and down beneath the long arbors formed by the interlockings of lofty trees.

More than once, raking the gravel, Israel through intervening foliage would catch peeps in some private but parallel walk, of that lonely figure, not more shadowy with overhanging leaves than with the shade of royal meditations.

Unauthorized and abhorrent thoughts will sometimes invade the best human heart. Seeing the monarch unguarded before him; remembering that the war was imputed more to the self-will of the King than to the willingness of parliament or the nation; and calling to mind all his own sufferings growing out of that war, with all the calamities of his country; dim impulses, such as those to which the regicide Ravallac yielded, would shoot balefully across the soul of the exile. But thrusting Satan behind him, Israel vanquished all such temptations. Nor did these ever more disturb him, after his one chance conversation with the monarch.

As he was one day gravelling a little bye-walk; wrapped in thought, the King turning a clump of bushes, suddenly brushed Israel's person.

Immediately Israel touched his hat—but did not remove it—bowed, and was retiring; when something in his air arrested the King's attention.

"You aint an Englishman,—no Englishman—no no."

Pale as death, Israel tried to answer something; but knowing not what to say, stood frozen to the ground.

"You are a Yankee—a Yankee," said the King again in his rapid and half-stammering way.

Again Israel assayed to reply, but could not. What could he say? Could he lie to a King?

"Yes, yes,—you are one of that stubborn race,—that very stubborn race What brought you here?"

"The fate of war, sir."

"May it please your Majesty," said a low cringing voice, approaching, "this man is in the walk against orders. There

is some mistake, may it please your majesty. Quit the walk, blockhead," he hissed at Israel.

It was one of the junior gardeners who thus spoke. It seems that Israel had mistaken his directions that morning.

"Slink, you dog," hissed the gardener again to Israel; then aloud to the king, "A mistake of the man, I assure your majesty."

"Go you away—away with ye, and leave him with me," said the king.

Waiting a moment, till the man was out of hearing, the king again turned upon Israel.

"Were you at Bunker Hill?—that bloody Bunker Hill—eh, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fought like a devil—like a very devil, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Helped flog—helped flog my soldiers?"

"Yes, sir; but very sorry to do it."

"Eh?—eh?—how's that?"

"I took it to be my sad duty, sir."

"Very much mistaken—very much mistaken indeed. Why do ye sir me?—eh? I'm your king—your king."

"Sir," said Israel firmly, but with deep respect, "I have no king."

The king darted his eye incensedly for a moment; but without quailing, Israel, now that all was out, still stood with mute respect before him. The king, turning suddenly, walked rapidly away from Israel a moment, but presently returning with a less hasty pace, said, "You are rumored to be a spy—a spy, or something of that sort—aint you? But I know you are not—no, no. You are a runaway prisoner-of-war, eh? You have sought this place to be safe from pursuit, eh? eh? Is it not so?—eh? eh? eh?"

"Sir, it is."

"Well, ye're an honest rebel—rebel, yes, rebel. Hark ye, hark. Say nothing of this talk to any one. And hark again. So long as ye remain here at Kew, I shall see that you are safe—safe."

"God bless your majesty!"

"Eh?"

"God bless your noble majesty!"

"Come—come—come," smiled the king in delight, "I thought I could conquer ye—conquer ye."

"Not the king, but the king's kindness, your majesty."

"Join my army—army."

Sadly looking down, Israel silently shook his head.

"You won't? Well, gravel the walk then—gravel away. Very stubborn race

—very stubborn race indeed—very—very—very."

And still growling, the magnanimous lion departed.

How the monarch came by his knowledge of so humble an exile, whether through that swift insight into individual character said to form one of the miraculous qualities transmitted with a crown, or whether some of the rumors prevailing outside of the garden had come to his ear, Israel could never determine. Very probably, though, the latter was the case, inasmuch as some vague shadowy report of Israel not being an Englishman, had a little previous to his interview with the king, been communicated to several of the inferior gardeners. Without any impeachment of Israel's fealty to his country, it must still be narrated, that from this his familiar audience with George the Third, he went away with very favorable views of that monarch. Israel now thought that it could not be the warm heart of the king, but the cold heads of his lords in council, that persuaded him so tyrannically to persecute America. Yet hitherto the precise contrary of this had been Israel's opinion, agreeably to the popular prejudice throughout New England.

Thus we see what strange and powerful magic resides in a crown, and how subtly that cheap and easy magnanimity, which in private belongs to most kings, may operate on good-natured and unfortunate souls. Indeed, had it not been for the peculiar disinterested fidelity of our adventurer's patriotism, he would have soon sported the red coat; and perhaps under the immediate patronage of his royal friend, been advanced in time to no mean rank in the army of Britain. Nor in that case would we have had to follow him, as at last we shall, through long, long years of obscure and penurious wandering.

Continuing in the service of the king's gardeners at Kew, until a season came when the work of the garden required a less number of laborers; Israel, with several others, was discharged; and the day after, engaged himself for a few months to a farmer in the neighborhood where he had been last employed. But hardly a week had gone by, when the old story of his being a rebel, or a runaway prisoner, or a Yankee! or a spy, began to be revived with added malignity. Like bloodhounds, the soldiers were once more on the track. The houses where he harbored were many times searched; but thanks to the fidelity of a few earnest well-wishers, and to his own unsleeping

vigilance and activity, the hunted fox still continued to glude apprehension. To such extremities of harassment, however, did this incessant pursuit subject him, that in a fit of despair he was about to surrender himself, and submit to his fate, when Providence seasonably interposed in his favor.

CHAPTER VI.

ISRAEL MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF CERTAIN SECRET FRIENDS OF AMERICA, ONE OF THEM BEING THE FAMOUS AUTHOR OF THE "DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY." THESE DISPATCH HIM ON A SLY ERRAND ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

At this period, though made the victims indeed of British oppression, yet the colonies were not totally without friends in Britain. It was but natural that when Parliament itself held patriotic and gifted men, who not only recommended conciliatory measures, but likewise denounced the war as monstrous; it was but natural that throughout the nation at large there should be many private individuals cherishing similar sentiments; and some who made no scruple clandestinely to act upon them.

Late one night while hiding in a farmer's granary, Israel saw a man with a lantern approaching. He was about to flee, when the man hailed him in a well-known voice, bidding him have no fear. It was the farmer himself. He carried a message to Israel from a gentleman of Brentford, to the effect, that the refugee was earnestly requested to repair on the following evening to that gentleman's mansion.

At first Israel was disposed to surmise that either the farmer was playing him false, or else his honest credulity had been imposed upon by evil-minded persons. At any rate, he regarded the message as a decoy, and for half an hour refused to credit its sincerity. But at length he was induced to think a little better of it. The gentleman giving the invitation was one Squire Woodcock, of Brentford, whose loyalty to the king, had been under suspicion; so at least the farmer averred. This latter information was not without its effect.

At nightfall on the following day, being disguised in strange clothes by the farmer, Israel stole from his retreat, and after a few hours' walk, arrived before the ancient brick house of the Squire; who opening the door in person, and learning who it was that stood there, at once assured Israel in the most solemn

manner, that no foul play was intended. So the wanderer suffered himself to enter, and be conducted to a private chamber in the rear of the mansion, where were seated two other gentlemen, attired, in the manner of that age, in long laced coats, with smallclothes, and shoes with silver buckles.

"I am John Woodcock," said the host, "and these gentlemen are Horne Tooke and James Bridges. All three of us are friends to America. We have heard of you for some weeks past, and inferring from your conduct, that you must be a Yankee of the true blue stamp, we have resolved to employ you in a way which you cannot but gladly approve; for surely, though an exile, you are still willing to serve your country; if not as a sailor or soldier, yet as a traveller?"

"Tell me how I may do it?" demanded Israel, not completely at ease.

"At that in good time," smiled the Squire. "The point is now—do you repose confidence in my statements?"

Israel glanced inquiringly upon the Squire; then upon his companions; and meeting the expressive, enthusiastic, candid countenance of Horne Tooke—then in the first honest ardor of his political career—turned to the Squire, and said, "Sir, I believe what you have said. Tell me now what I am to do?"

"Oh, there is just nothing to be done to-night," said the Squire; "nor for some days to come perhaps, but we wanted to have you prepared."

And hereupon he hinted to his guest rather vaguely of his general intention; and that over, begged him to entertain them with some account of his adventures since he first took up arms for his country. To this Israel had no objections in the world, since all men love to tell the tale of hardships endured in a righteous cause. But ere beginning his story, the Squire refreshed him with some cold beef, laid in a snowy napkin, and a glass of Perry, and thrice during the narration of the adventures, pressed him with additional draughts.

But after his second glass, Israel declined to drink more, mild as the beverage was. For he noticed, that not only did the three gentlemen listen with the utmost interest to his story, but likewise interrupted him with questions and cross-questions in the most pertinacious manner. So this led him to be on his guard, not being absolutely certain yet, as to who they might really be, or what was their real design. But as it turned out, Squire Woodcock and his friends only

sought to satisfy themselves thoroughly, before making their final disclosures, that the exile was one in whom implicit confidence might be placed.

And to this desirable conclusion they eventually came; for upon the ending of Israel's story, after expressing their sympathies for his hardships, and applauding his generous patriotism in so patiently enduring adversity, as well as singing the praises of his gallant fellow-soldiers of Bunker Hill; they openly revealed their scheme. They wished to know, whether Israel would undertake a trip to Paris, to carry an important message—shortly to be received for transmission through them—to Doctor Franklin, then in that capital.

"All your expenses shall be paid, not to speak of a compensation besides," said the Squire; "will you go?"

"I must think of it," said Israel, not yet wholly confirmed in his mind. But once more he cast his glance on Horne Tooke, and his irresolution was gone.

The Squire now informed Israel that, to avoid suspicions, it would be necessary for him to remove to another place until the hour at which he should start for Paris. They enjoined upon him the profoundest secrecy; gave him a guinea, with a letter for a gentleman in White Waltham, a town some miles from Brentford, which point they begged him to reach as soon as possible, there to tarry for further instructions.

Having informed him of thus much, Squire Woodcock asked him to hold out his right foot.

"What for?" said Israel.

"Why, would you not like to have a pair of new boots against your return?" smiled Horne Tooke.

"Oh yes; no objections at all," said Israel.

"Well then, let the boot-maker measure you," smiled Horne Tooke.

"Do *you* do it, Mr. Tooke," said the Squire, "you measure men's parts better than I."

"Hold out your foot, my good friend," said Horne Tooke—"there—now let's measure your heart."

"For that, measure me round the chest," said Israel.

"Just the man we want," said Mr. Bridges, triumphantly.

"Give him another glass of wine, Squire," said Horne Tooke.

Exchanging the farmer's clothes for still another disguise, Israel now set out immediately, on foot, for his destination, having received minute directions as to

his road; and arriving in White Waltham on the following morning, was very cordially received by the gentleman to whom he carried the letter. This person, another of the active English friends of America, possessed a particular knowledge of late events in that land. To him Israel was indebted for much entertaining information. After remaining some ten days at this place, word came from Squire Woodcock, requiring Israel's immediate return, stating the hour at which he must arrive at the house, namely, two o'clock on the following morning. So, after another night's solitary trudge across the country, the wanderer was welcomed by the same three gentlemen as before, seated in the same room.

"The time has now come," said Squire Woodcock. "You must start this morning for Paris. Take off your shoes."

"Am I to steal from here to Paris on my stocking-feet?" said Israel, whose late easy good living at White Waltham had not failed to bring out the good-natured and mirthful part of him, even as his prior experiences had produced, for the most part, something like a contrary result.

"Oh no," smiled Horne Tooke, who always lived well; "we have seven-league boots for you. Don't you remember my measuring you?"

Hereupon going to the closet, the Squire brought out a pair of new boots. They were fitted with false heels. Unscrewing these, the Squire showed Israel the papers concealed beneath. They were of a fine tissuey fibre, and contained much writing in a very small compass. The boots—it need hardly be said—had been particularly made for the occasion.

"Walk across the room with them," said the Squire, when Israel had pulled them on.

"He'll surely be discovered," smiled Horne Tooke. "Hark, how he creaks."

"Come, come, it's too serious a matter for joking," said the Squire. "Now my fine fellow, be cautious, be sober, be vigilant, and above all things be speedy."

Being furnished now with all requisite directions, and a supply of money, Israel taking leave of Mr. Tooke and Mr. Bridges, was secretly conducted down stairs by the Squire, and in five minutes' time was on his way to Charing Cross in London; where taking the post-coach for Dover, he thence went in a packet to Calais, and in fifteen minutes after landing, was being wheeled over French soil towards Paris. He arrived there in safety, and freely declaring himself an Amer-

ican, the peculiarly friendly relations of the two nations at that period, procured him kindly attentions even from strangers.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER A CURIOUS ADVENTURE UPON THE PONT NEUF, ISRAEL ENTERS THE PRESENCE OF THE RENOWNED SAGE, DR. FRANKLIN, WHOM HE FINDS EIGHT LEARNEDLY AND MULTIFARIOUSLY EMPLOYED.

FOLLOWING the directions given him at the place where the diligence stopped, Israel was crossing the Pont Neuf, to find Doctor Franklin, when he was suddenly called to by a man standing on one side of the bridge, just under the equestrian statue of Henry IV.

The man had a small, shabby-looking box before him on the ground, with a box of blacking on one side of it, and several shoe-brushes upon the other. Holding another brush in his hand, he politely seconded his verbal invitation by gracefully flourishing the brush in the air.

"What do you want of me, neighbor?" said Israel, pausing in somewhat uneasy astonishment.

"Ah Monsieur," exclaimed the man, and with voluble politeness he ran on with a long string of French, which of course was all Greek to poor Israel. But what his language failed to convey, his gestures now made very plain. Pointing to the wet muddy state of the bridge, splashed by a recent rain, and then to the feet of the wayfarer, and lastly to the brush in his hand, he appeared to be deeply regretting that a gentleman of Israel's otherwise imposing appearance, should be seen abroad with unpolished boots, offering at the same time to remove their blemishes.

"Ah Monsieur, Monsieur," cried the man, at last running up to Israel. And with tender violence he forced him towards the box, and lifting this unwilling customer's right foot thereon, was proceeding vigorously to work, when suddenly illuminated by a dreadful suspicion, Israel, fetching the box a terrible kick, took to his false heels and ran like mad over the bridge.

Incensed that his politeness should receive such an ungracious return, the man pursued; which but confirming Israel in his suspicions, he ran all the faster, and thanks to his fleetness, soon succeeded in escaping his pursuer.

Arrived at last at the street and the house, to which he had been directed; in reply to his summons, the gate, very strangely of itself, swung open; and much astonished at this unlooked-for sort of

enchantment, Israel entered a wide vaulted passage leading to an open court within. While he was wondering that no soul appeared, suddenly he was hailed from a dark little window, where sat an old man cobbling shoes, while an old woman standing by his side, was thrusting her head into the passage, intently eyeing the stranger. They proved to be the porter and portress; the latter of whom, upon hearing his summons, had invisibly thrust open the gate to Israel, by means of a spring communicating with the little apartment.

Upon hearing the name of Doctor Franklin mentioned, the old woman, all alacrity, hurried out of her den, and with much courtesy showed Israel across the court, up three flights of stairs, to a door in the rear of the spacious building. There she left him while Israel knocked.

"Come in," said a voice.

And immediately Israel stood in the presence of the venerable Doctor Franklin.

Wrapped in a rich dressing-gown—a fanciful present from an admiring Marchesa—curiously embroidered with algebraic figures like a conjuror's robe, and with a skull-cap of black satin on his hive of a head, the man of gravity was seated at a huge claw-footed old table, round as the zodiac. It was covered with printed papers; files of documents; rolls of MSS.; stray bits of strange models in wood and metal; odd-looking pamphlets in various languages; and all sorts of books; including many presentation-copies; embracing history, mechanics, diplomacy, agriculture, political economy, metaphysics, meteorology, and geometry. The walls had a necromantic look; hung round with barometers of kifferent kinds; drawings of surprising inventions; wide maps of far countries in the New World, containing vast empty spaces in the middle, with the word *DESERT* diffusely printed there, so as to span five-and-twenty degrees of longitude with only two syllables,—which printed word however bore a vigorous pen-mark, in the Doctor's hand, drawn straight through it, as if in summary repeal of it; crowded topographical and trigonometrical charts of various parts of Europe; with geometrical diagrams, and endless other surprising hangings and upholstery of science.

The chamber itself bore evident marks of antiquity. One part of the rough-finished wall was sadly cracked; and covered with dust, looked dim and dark. But the aged inmate, though wrinkled as well, looked neat and hale. Both wall and

sage were compounded of like materials,—lime and dust; both, too, were old; but while the rude earth of the wall had no painted lustre to shed off all fadings and tarnish, and still keep fresh without, though with long eld its core decayed: the living lime and dust of the sage was frescoed with defensive bloom of his soul.

The weather was warm; like some old West India hogshead on the wharf, the whole chamber buzzed with flies. But the sapient inmate sat still and cool in the midst. Absorbed in some other world of his occupations and thoughts, these insects, like daily cark and care, did not seem one whit to annoy him. It was a goodly sight to see this serene, cool and ripe old philosopher, who by sharp inquisition of man in the street, and then long meditating upon him, surrounded by all these queer old implements, charts and books, had grown at last so wondrous wise. There he sat, quite motionless among those restless flies; and, with a sound like the low noon murmur of foliage in the woods, turning over the leaves of some ancient and tattered folio, with a binding dark and shaggy as the bark of any old oak. It seemed as if supernatural lore must needs pertain to this gravely, ruddy personage; at least far foresight, pleasant wit, and working wisdom. Old age seemed in nowise to have dulled him, but to have sharpened; just as old dinner-knives—so they be of good steel—wax keen, spear-pointed, and elastic as whale-bone with long usage. Yet though he was thus lively and vigorous to behold, spite of his seventy-two years (his exact date at the time) somehow, the incredible seniority of an antediluvian seemed his. Not the years of the calendar wholly, but also the years of sapience. His white hairs and mild brow, spoke of the future as well as the past. He seemed to be seven score years old; that is, three-score and ten of prescience added to three score and ten of remembrance, makes just seven score years in all.

But when Israel stepped within the chamber, he lost the complete effect of all this; for the sage's back, not his face, was turned to him.

So, intent on his errand, hurried and heated with his recent run, our courier entered the room, inadequately impressed, for the time, by either it or its occupant.

"Bon jour, bon jour, monsieur," said the man of wisdom, in a cheerful voice, but too busy to turn round just then.

"How do you do, Doctor Franklin," said Israel.

"Ah! I smell Indian corn," said the Doctor, turning round quickly on his chair. "A countryman; sit down, my good sir. Well, what news? Special?"

"Wait a minute, sir," said Israel, stepping across the room towards a chair.

Now there was no carpet on the floor, which was of dark-colored wood, set in lozenges, and slippery with wax, after the usual French style. As Israel walked this slippery floor, his unaccustomed feet slid about very strangely, as if walking on ice, so that he came very near falling.

"Pears to me you have rather high heels to your boots," said the grave man of utility, looking sharply down through his spectacles; "Don't you know that it's both wasting leather and endangering your limbs, to wear such high heels? I have thought at my first leisure, to write a little pamphlet against that very abuse. But pray, what are you doing now? Do your boots pinch you, my friend, that you lift one foot from the floor that way?"

At this moment, Israel having seated himself, was just putting his right foot across his left knee.

"How foolish," continued the wise man, "for a rational creature to wear tight boots. Had nature intended rational creatures should so do, she would have made the foot of solid bone, or perhaps of solid iron, instead of bone, muscle, and flesh.—But,—I see. Hold!"

And springing to his own slipped feet, the venerable sage hurried to the door and shot to the bolt. Then drawing the curtain carefully across the window looking out across the court to various windows on the opposite side, bade Israel proceed with his operations.

"I was mistaken this time," added the Doctor, smiling, as Israel produced his documents from their curious recesses—"your high heels, instead of being idle vanities, seem to be full of meaning."

"Pretty full, Doctor," said Israel, now handing over the papers. "I had a narrow escape with them just now."

"How? How's that?" said the sage, fumbling the papers eagerly.

"Why, crossing the stone bridge there over the *Seen*."

"*Seine*,"—interrupted the Doctor, giving the French pronunciation—"Always get a new word right in the first place, my friend, and you will never get it wrong afterwards."

"Well, I was crossing the bridge there, and who should hail me, but a suspicious looking man, who, under pretence of seeking to polish my boots, wanted slyly to

unscrew their heels, and so steal all these precious papers I've brought you."

"My good friend," said the man of gravity, glancing scrutinizingly upon his guest, "have you not in your time, undergone what they call hard times? Been set upon, and persecuted, and very illy entreated by some of your fellow-creatures?"

"That I have, Doctor; yes indeed."

"I thought so. Sad usage has made you sadly suspicious, my honest friend. An indiscriminate distrust of human nature is the worst consequence of a miserable condition, whether brought about by innocence or guilt. And though want of suspicion more than want of sense, sometimes leads a man into harm: yet too much suspicion is as bad as too little sense. The man you met, my friend, most probably, had no artful intention; he knew just nothing about you or your heels; he simply wanted to earn two sous by brushing your boots. Those blacking-men regularly station themselves on the bridge."

"How sorry I am then that I knocked over his box, and then ran away. But he didn't catch me."

"How? surely, my honest friend, you, —appointed to the conveyance of important secret despatches—did not act so imprudently as to kick over an innocent man's box in the public streets of the capital, to which you had been especially sent?"

"Yes, I did, Doctor."

"Never act so unwisely again. If the police had got hold of you, think of what might have ensued."

"Well, it was not very wise of me, that's a fact, Doctor. But, you see, I thought he meant mischief."

"And because you only thought he meant mischief, you must straightway proceed to do mischief. That's poor logic. But think over what I have told you now, while I look over these papers."

In half an hour's time, the Doctor, laying down the documents, again turned towards Israel, and removing his spectacles very placidly, proceeded in the kindest and most familiar manner to read him a paternal detailed lesson upon the ill-advised act he had been guilty of, upon the Pont Neuf; concluding by taking out his purse, and putting three small silver coins into Israel's hands, charging him to seek out the man that very day, and make both apology and restitution for his unlucky mistake.

"All of us, my honest friend," continued the Doctor, "are subject to making

mistakes; so that the chief art of life, is to learn how best to remedy mistakes. Now one remedy for mistakes is honesty. So pay the man for the damage done to his box. And now, who are you, my friend? My correspondents here mention your name—Israel Potter—and say you are an American, an escaped prisoner of war, but nothing further. I want to hear your story from your own lips.

Israel immediately began, and related to the Doctor all his adventures up to the present time.

"I suppose," said the Doctor, upon Israel's concluding, "that you desire to return to your friends across the sea?"

"That I do, Doctor," said Israel.

"Well, I think, I shall be able to procure you a passage."

Israel's eyes sparkled with delight. The mild sage noticed it, and added. "But events in these times are uncertain. At the prospect of pleasure never be elated; but, without depression, respect the omens of ill. So much my life has taught me, my honest friend."

Israel felt as though a plum-pudding had been thrust under his nostrils, and then as rapidly withdrawn.

"I think it is probable that in two or three days I shall want you to return with some papers to the persons who sent you to me. In that case you will have to come here once more, and then, my good friend, we will see what can be done towards getting you safely home again."

Israel was pouring out torrents of thanks when the Doctor interrupted him.

"Gratitude, my friend, cannot be too much towards God, but towards man, it should be limited. No man can possibly so serve his fellow, as to merit unbounded gratitude. Over gratitude in the helped person, is apt to breed vanity or arrogance in the helping one. Now in assisting you to get home—if indeed I shall prove able to do so—I shall be simply doing part of my official duty as agent of our common country. So you owe me just nothing at all, but the sum of these coins I put in your hand just now. But that, instead of repaying to me hereafter, you can, when you get home, give to the first soldier's widow you meet. Don't forget it, for it is a debt, a pecuniary liability, owing to me. It will be about a quarter of a dollar, in the Yankee currency. A quarter of a dollar, mind. My honest friend, in pecuniary matters always be exact as a second-hand; never mind with whom it is, father or stranger, peasant or king, be exact to a tick of your honor."

"Well, Doctor," said Israel, "since ex-

actness in these matters is so necessary, let me pay back my debt in the very coins in which it was loaned. There will be no chance of mistake then. Thanks to my Brentford friends, I have enough to spare of my own, to settle damages with the boot-black of the bridge. I only took the money from you, because I thought it would not look well to push it back after being so kindly offered."

"My honest friend" said the Doctor, "I like your straightforward dealing. I will receive back the money."

"No interest, Doctor, I hope," said Israel.

The sage looked mildly over his spectacles upon Israel, and replied, "My good friend, never permit yourself to be jocosely upon pecuniary matters. Never joke at funerals, or during business transactions. The affair between us two, you perhaps deem very trivial, but trifles may involve momentous principles. But no more at present. You had better go immediately and find the boot-black. Having settled with him, return hither, and you will find a room ready for you near this, where you will stay during your sojourn in Paris."

"But I thought I would like to have a little look round the town, before I go back to England," said Israel.

"Business before pleasure, my friend. You must absolutely remain in your room, just as if you were my prisoner, until you quit Paris for Calais. Not knowing now at what instant I shall want you to start, your keeping to your room is indispensable. But when you come back from Brentford again, then, if nothing happens, you will have a chance to survey this celebrated capital ere taking ship for America. Now go directly, and pay the boot-black. Stop, have you the exact change ready? Don't be taking out all your money in the open street."

"Doctor," said Israel, "I am not so simple."

"But you knocked over the box."

"That, Doctor, was *bragery*."

"Bravery in a poor cause, is the height of simplicity, my friend.—Count out your change. It must be French coin, not English, that you are to pay the man with.—Ah, that will do—those three coins will be enough. Put them in a pocket separate from your other cash. Now go, and hasten to the bridge."

"Shall I stop to take a meal any where, Doctor, as I return? I saw several cook-shops as I came hither."

"Cafés and restaurants, they are called here, my honest friend. Tell me, are you the possessor of a liberal fortune?"

"Not very liberal," said Israel.

"I thought as much. Where little wine is drunk, it is good to dine out occasionally at a friend's; but where a poor man dines out at his own charge, it is bad policy. Never dine out that way, when you can dine in. Do not stop on the way at all, my honest friend, but come directly back hither, and you shall dine at home, free of cost, with me."

"Thank you very kindly, Doctor."

And Israel departed for the Pont Neuf. Succeeding in his errand thither, he returned to Doctor Franklin, and found that worthy envoy waiting his attendance at a meal, which according to the Doctor's custom, had been sent from a neighboring restaurant. There were two covers; and without attendance the host and guest sat down. There was only one principal dish, lamb boiled with green peas. Bread and potatoes made up the rest. A decanter-like bottle of uncolored glass, filled with some uncolored beverage, stood at the venerable envoy's elbow.

"Let me fill your glass," said the sage.

"It's white wine, aint it?" said Israel.

"White wine of the very oldest brand; I drink your health in it, my honest friend."

"Why, it's plain water," said Israel, now tasting it.

"Plain water is a very good drink for plain men," replied the wise man.

"Yes," said Israel, "but Squire Woodcock gave me perry, and the other gentleman at White Waltham gave me port, and some other friends have given me brandy."

"Very good, my honest friend; if you like perry and port and brandy, wait till you get back to Squire Woodcock, and the gentleman at White Waltham, and the other friends, and you shall drink perry and port and brandy. But while you are with me, you will drink plain water."

"So it seems, Doctor."

"What do you suppose a glass of port costs?"

"About three pence English, Doctor."

"That must be poor port. But how much good bread will three pence English purchase?"

"Three two-penny rolls, Doctor."

"How many glasses of port do you suppose a man may drink at a meal?"

"The gentleman at White Waltham drank a bottle at a dinner."

"A bottle contains just thirteen glasses—that's thirty-nine pence, supposing it poor wine. If something of the best, which is the only sort any sane man should drink, as being the least poison-

ous, it would be quadruple that sum, which is one hundred and fifty-six pence, which is seventy-eight two-penny loaves. Now, do you not think that for one man to swallow down seventy-two two-penny rolls at one meal is rather extravagant business?"

"But he drank a bottle of wine; he did not eat seventy-two two-penny rolls, Doctor."

"He drank the money worth of seventy-two loaves, which is drinking the loaves themselves; for money is bread."

"But he has plenty of money to spare, Doctor."

"To have to spare, is to have to give away. Does the gentleman give much away?"

"Not that I know of, Doctor."

"Then he thinks he has nothing to spare; and thinking he has nothing to spare, and yet prodigally drinking down his money as he does every day, it seems to me that that gentleman stands self-contradicted, and therefore is no good example for plain sensible folks like you and me to follow. My honest friend, if you are poor, avoid wine as a costly luxury; if you are rich, shun it as a fatal indulgence. Stick to plain water. And now,

my good friend, if you are through with your meal, we will rise. There is no pastry coming. Pastry is poisoned bread. Never eat pastry. Be a plain man, and stick to plain things. Now, my friend, I shall have to be private until nine o'clock in the evening, when I shall be again at your service. Meantime you may go to your room. I have ordered the one next to this to be prepared for you. But you must not be idle. Here is Poor Richard's Almanac, which in view of our late conversation, I commend to your earnest perusal. And here, too, is a Guide to Paris, an English one, which you can read. Study it well, so that when you come back from England if you should then have an opportunity to travel about Paris, to see its wonders, you will have all the chief places made historically familiar to you. In this world, men must provide knowledge before it is wanted, just as our countrymen in New England get in their winter's fuel one season, to serve them the next."

So saying, this homely sage, and household Plato, showed his humble guest to the door, and standing in the hall, pointed out to him the one which opened into his allotted apartment.

(To be Continued.)

CONFUCIUS.

"To search for the principles of things, which are removed from human intelligence; to do extraordinary actions, which appear out of the nature of man; in a word, to perform prodigies, in order to procure admirers and followers in future ages: this is what I should not wish to do."

Philosophical Conversations of Confucius. POUTHIER, p. 75.

A LONG time ago, more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ, and some seventy before Socrates, in the years when the Jews were returning from the captivity in Babylon, and the Greeks were repelling the armies of Xerxes, a young man appeared among the little feudal kingdoms of Eastern China. His employment was the teaching of Truth to men. He had no distinction of station, or wealth to aid him. He lived among petty rival states, that for the most part disowned his instructions, and followed him with persecutions during his life. He spoke of his mission at the last as a failure, and died discouraged.

The records of him are scanty and perverted by the superstitions of early times; but they show almost undesignedly, out from the mists of antiquity,

a simple and majestic life; such a life and such words—the fit expression of it—as have naturally stamped themselves upon his country and his people, more than all the conquests and exploits of soldiers or emperors since. So that the simple preacher and noble MAN of past times has become identified almost with the personality of virtue, and is worshipped as a god. Even more,—so impressive and overflowing has been the influence of his character, that a nation of three hundred millions of men, after twenty-three centuries, still in the pettiest details of political science and private manners, revere his words as the authority which they seek in vain to follow. Not Moses, Mahomet, or Calvin, have so imprinted themselves on the legislation and religion and forms of their people, as this Chinese scholar has done, by

words, whose effect he scarcely lived to see.

It becomes deeply interesting to know what a great man, a truthful man, so far back in the shadows of the Past, without light, except the inner unflinching light of the human soul, has thought upon the great problems of human life. How the even yet awful questions, Why are we here? and, Whither are we going? were to him, as he worked steadily on, in the appointed task of his life.

It is more interesting, as the word comes to us each day from his country, that the corruptions, which have gathered around his system, are being swept away by a new tide of human thought; and that his truths,—a result he had so gladly welcomed—are being filled out by higher and more comprehensive truths, in a change so rapid, that the one seem to have been the natural preparation for the other.

KOUNG-TSEE, or CONFUCIUS, as is the Latinized name, was born 551 B. C., in the kingdom of Lou, in Shantung, an eastern province of China. His family had been distinguished in former times, even reckoning princes in the line of descent; at his birth, it was not in any way eminent. The usual prodigies, which the reverence of followers throws about the birth of the founder of a religion, preceded him. A singular animal (the *ki-lin*), apparently the unicorn, was found near the house with a stone in his mouth, on which was an inscription, purporting that the babe soon to be born, would be "King, but without a kingdom." Dragons were seen in the air; and five wise men from a distance came to the house. Celestial music too was heard in the skies. In the old Chinese histories, this is represented by a band of Chinese angels among the clouds, with spiritual faces and queues and wide sleeves, playing the various national instruments. The child seems to have grown up a serious and sedate boy, thoughtful even then of the solemn things of human life, and conspicuous for his reverence towards the rites. At seventeen, he was appointed an inspector of the sale and distribution of grains. This office, which had been probably one of the government sinecures to be given to aspiring young men, he at once rendered of some value. He rose early; examined the markets; read books and consulted experts as to the fermentation of grain and the best mode of preserving it, until his labors became a terror to all the cheating dealers and monopolists. At nineteen, he was married; and in conse-

quence of his unceasing activity in the petty office, he was appointed Inspector General of fields and herds. Every thing here was managed by him as thoroughly as it had been in the subordinate place. He neglected nothing. He rode over the country; talking with the farmers, instructing them, getting information about the peculiar defects of the soil, and working carefully at all the details. Agriculture sprang up again under his care through the kingdom; and large districts of unused, desolate lands were restored. His name was becoming known, and he was fast advancing in the political course, when an event occurred which changed the direction of his whole life.

His mother died. He buried her in the same tomb with his father, with equal marks of respect, thinking, contrary to the Chinese custom, that "those whom we have alike loved in life, should not be separated in our respect in death;" an innovation in their rites, since adopted by his countrymen. He was only twenty-four, and with a distinguished career opening; but he at once abandoned all public employment, and gave himself up to his grief and to quiet memories of her during three years. It was the first outlook to the thoughtful man into the great Unseen, and the first sharp blow on his heart. He never lost the effects of it. Every serious and vigorous life, which has taken hold of something deeper than the surface of things, seems to be naturally preceded by such years of silence. Moses was among the slaves; Socrates worked out great thoughts in quiet company with the hucksters; Luther had his solitary years of struggle, and Cromwell spent his early and mature life on the country farm.

We may well suppose that the young scholar in these years of loneliness and sorrow, questioned often of that sombre, unknown Void, whither his beloved one had gone. Was she still with him? Could she know of his love? Are the genii which the people worship her companions? What is this mysterious "Principle of Life" which the philosophers adore, and what is Death?

The answers which he made to these questionings, as shown subsequently in his philosophy and life, have been much condemned by Christian moralists; yet they seem to us the most natural conclusions which philosophy has attained to. Indeed, without the light of Christianity, we can understand no other.

His first thoughts in this time of his sorrow, were to show respect to her who

was gone. He felt the *vagueness* over her whole destiny, and yet the tie which binds our heart to the dead, seems almost the only elevating and dignifying bond in life, if superstition be cast aside. He studied the old moralists of the nation, and found that this respect for the dead prevailed in the purer times. He determined to revive it. "He constantly urged," says one of his biographers, "to those with whom he had occasion to speak, that MAN, being that which is most precious under the heaven, all which composes him is worthy of the greatest respect; that, being by his nature the king of the earth, all which exists upon the earth is submitted to his laws and owes him homage; and that it is in some sort to degrade him from his dignity, and to put him to the level of the brutes, to have only indifference for that which remains of him, when the breath of life no more animates him." This regard for those who were gone, seemed to him to connect the man with his family and his race, and was a pledge that he himself should not be forgotten. It cherished affection; and, in the daily round of low cares, it elevated his nature to stop a few moments before the image or memorial of the friend deceased, and think of his noble qualities, or call up again the tender love which the mould and worm of the grave could not eat away. He would have the images of the lost, in the most familiar and pleasant places, in the garden, the doorway or the inner home; so that as men walked around, they might be prompted to emulate the virtues of their fathers, and to desire, like them, to be remembered with reverence, by those who should come after. And to him, this love and affectionate adoration to ancestors, seemed the most fitting expression of gratitude or worship to the mysterious "PRINCIPLE of Life," which he vaguely felt to exist.

"God," said he in a conversation later in life, with one of the princes of the country, to whom he was explaining the nature of sacrifices, "CHANG-TY (God) is the universal Principle of Life; it is the fruitful source from which all things have flown. To give to heaven testimonies of gratitude, is the first of the duties of man; to show one's self grateful towards ancestors, the second. . . . After having satisfied in some sort, their obligations towards CHANG-TY, to whom, as to the universal principle of all which exists, they (mankind) were indebted for their own existence, . . . their hearts turned to those who had transmitted life to them. They

fixed in their honor respectful ceremonies, to be as the complement of the sacrifice offered solemnly to CHANG-TY." (p. 204.)" And again. "In all which I have just recalled to your majesty, you will comprehend, without doubt, that under whatever title one renders the worship; whoever may be the apparent object of it, and of whatever nature be the external ceremonies, it is always to CHANG-TY that one renders it, and it is CHANG-TY who is the object direct and principal, of the veneration."

Whatever may have been the errors of his followers, it is very apparent that this first practical direction of the Philosophy of Confucius, was based on a rational reverence. His worship of ancestors was no idolatry. Though this one development of his piety has affected his nation now for two thousand years, more than any thing which he taught, it was in reality, but a single superficial expression of his system. This, during these years of solitary thought and study, he was gradually developing. Its features we shall see more clearly as we progress with his life.

The three years of mourning were over. He was at once urged by the king to return to his public office. He declined, and continued to devote himself to his study of the ancient records of the kingdom; the annals of the "golden age" of the monarchy, whose simple manners and humane spirit he perhaps already thought to revive again. His pursuits were now evidently pointing to the future business of his life; yet he continued to practise himself in all the accomplishments of a man of the world. In music, for which he had an enthusiastic love; in the science of etiquette; in the use of arms; in arithmetical practice and nicety of written composition—all essentials even then of a gentleman's education in China—he became sufficiently versed. During this period he visited, for a short time, a neighboring court at the urgent request of the prince, to assist in some needed reforms; but returned soon to the kingdom of Lou, to decide on his future course. He withdrew himself from all associates, and weighed the subject carefully. They were the old questions with the young man. "The world is open—what am I fitted for? What is my place? Shall I live for time or the long future? for the common weal of good, or my own narrow good?" It was decided, as some few in all ages decide it. To his friends earnestly remonstrating against his thus

throwing away so many brilliant opportunities in political life, he replied: "Put an end to your remonstrances. They will gain nothing for me. I owe myself indifferently to all men, because I regard men as composing among them only one and the same family, of which I am charged with being the Instructor."

The young scholar has chosen then the highest calling; he is to be the Preacher to his countrymen. His house was at once opened as a lyceum. All were welcomed—young and old, rich and poor, civilians and soldiers. With these he lectured and taught upon morals, history, and especially the practices under their simple kings of old, Yao and Chun. Whether the philosopher transferred his own high ideals to those dim characters of the past, and taught, under the protection of antiquity, the truths which belong to all ages; or whether he truly found in those records, great lessons, is not clearly apparent. The "Ancient Doctrine" henceforth became his text; and then, twenty-three centuries ago, even as now, the young Reformer found the Present corrupted and degenerated, and labored to raise men to the ideal, which always hovers in the distance, either of the future or the past, to the human soul. The fame soon spread through the neighboring peoples of a great teacher among them. The country now occupied by the Empire of China, was at that time held by a number of petty kingdoms, some apparently independent and some tributary to the Imperial Court. From one of these courts—that of the Prince of Tsi, came an invitation to this new philosopher, to visit the kingdom and assist in the improvement of the government and people. Confucius accepted; it being his object henceforth to apply his principles to the sources of influence in society, as well as to his own circle of pupils. On the journey the party come suddenly on an unfortunate man, about to commit suicide. They withhold him, and ask his reason. He tells them that his life had been one of disappointment and discouragement; and that he wished to end it thus. Confucius, in a most characteristic speech, dissuades him; assuring him that he had mistaken the object of ambition; that he "must learn to be a common man before he could be a sage" and that "no one who had life, should ever despair."

He was received at this court in a friendly manner, and spent a year in efforts for reforming abuses and reviving the "Ancient Doctrine." People, however, were slow to change, especially

those in the atmosphere of the court, and at the close, the reformer prepared to return to his own country. The Prince offered him, as a reward for his labors, the gift of a "town of the third order," which he declined, unless his projects of reform were adopted. At this period, and on two other occasions only of his life, are miraculous powers related of him, all similar in revealing a species of inspired judgment or wise clairvoyance. A rumor was spread through the court, that one of the old imperial palaces was burnt. Confucius at once designated a particular one. On being asked why he formed this opinion, he answered that it was the palace of an Emperor, once notorious for his crimes—and he supposed this the judgment of Heaven.

A courier who arrived soon, confirmed precisely the opinion of the sage.

What he himself thought of supernatural powers, and miraculous signs, can be seen in the following, as well as in the words already quoted at the head of this article.

PROGNOSTICS.

"All these prognostics with which one amuses men; all these arguments, good or bad, which one draws from certain events, are presages which it only holds to man to turn to his profit.

"Yes, these pretended signs of disaster, of calamity and misfortune, can become fruitful sources of happiness, prosperity and glory; these pretended auguries of goods to desire, can be followed by evils the most to fear. It is in the power of man to conduct himself well or ill, and it is on his conduct, good or bad, that will result his prosperities or disgraces, his happiness or unhappiness, independently of all prognostics and all auguries.

"Do not doubt, sire, the good and bad government of sovereigns are omens more sure of happiness or unhappiness, than the most extraordinary events in the order of nature."

The preachers, the wise men of those times seem to have been allowed a certain freedom at the courts. As experienced in human nature, they were frequently invited to take part temporarily in the government; and so, accepting none of the profits, they could sometimes redress the abuses of public offices.

Confucius next visited the Imperial Court, more especially with the view of studying the best ceremonial and of seeing how the highest of the Princes administered the rites. The truthful courtesy and humanity of his bearing won him

friends from every party. He received the honors modestly, and to a splendid eulogium on himself, repeated to him, he replied, "It is extravagant. I do not, in any way, deserve it. One could content himself with saying, that I make a little music, and strive to fail in none of the rites."

In the midst of the splendor, he spoke every where of the simple manners of the early kings, and uttered the words upon government and the ideals of man's character, which his people even yet repeat with admiration.

THE PERFECT MAN.

"It is only in all the universe, the man sovereignly holy, who by his faculty of knowing at bottom and of comprehending perfectly the primitive laws of living beings, is worthy of possessing sovereign authority and of commanding men; who, by his faculty of possessing a soul great, magnanimous, affable and sweet, is capable of possessing the power of spreading abroad benefaction with profusion; who by his faculty of having a soul, elevated, firm, imperturbable and constant, is capable of making justice and equity rule; who, by his faculty of being always honest, simple, grave and just, is capable of drawing to himself respect and veneration.

"Let this man, sovereignly holy, once appear with his virtues, his powerful faculties, and the peoples will not fail to testify to him their veneration; let him speak, and the peoples will not fail to have faith in his words; let him act and the peoples will not fail to be in joy. * * * Every where, where vessels and vehicles can reach, where the forces of human industry can penetrate, in all places, which heaven covers with its immense roof, upon all points which the earth incloses, which the sun and moon enlighten with their rays, which the dews and mists of morning fertilize: all human beings who live and who breathe cannot fail to love him and revere him." 106.

GOOD GOVERNMENT.

"A prince who wishes to imitate the good administration of the ancient kings, ought to choose ministers after his own sentiments, always inspired by the public good. For his sentiments to have always the public good for motive, he ought to conform himself to the great law of duty; and that great law of duty ought to be looked for in *humanity*, that beautiful virtue of the heart, which is the principle of love for all men"—87.

Previously to this time, the most popu-

lar philosophy in China, had been that of the Rationalists under LAO-TSE (or LAUTSZ). Their system was an abstract, quietistic system; recommending solitude; and reflection as the best means of elevating the human spirit; and teaching an ascetic life as the sure mode of eventually uniting the soul with the supreme ineffable Reason. In the pure form the philosophy never gained a hold over the people; in later times, it became the grossest and wildest of Chinese superstitions. While at the court, Confucius took an opportunity to visit Lautsz. The old philosopher was living in a retired place, and hardly deigned to recognize his visitor. He at length, however, opened the conversation with a severe rebuke to the young reformer for his ambition and publicity. Of the scholar he said, "if the times and circumstances are favorable, he must profit by them, if not, he must retire and keep himself tranquil, without embarrassing himself with what others do."

"He who possesses a treasure, conceals it with care, lest it be taken from him. The truly virtuous man makes no parade of his virtue. * * * This is all I have to say—make as much of it as you please."

Confucius being asked what he thought of Lautsz, said, "I have seen a dragon." The systems of the two were essentially opposites; for, more and more the younger was showing himself especially the practical philosopher of his day. With the grasp of a strong mind and with a searching skepticism and honesty, he threw aside all the usual superstitions of the best minds. He would not even palm off his secret dreams and aspirations as a religious creed. Whatever vague ideas of a "Principle of Nature" or "Supreme Reason" he may have had, he never thought it worth his while to utter. Of a God, or a future, he never spoke. They may have been in his inner soul, blissful hopes to him; but he did not find evidence enough of either, to dare to teach. He only studied the present; the relations of men to one another, and the peculiar nature of the soul; and his conclusion, urged through a long life, is, that the health and life of the soul, its object and its happiness, is principally and especially in its *humanity*—in *Love*.

Being sick on a certain occasion, TSEU-LOU, a disciple, begged him to permit his disciples to address their prayers in his behalf to the spirits and the genii. "Is that suitable?" said the Philosopher. Tseu-lou answered with respect, "That is suitable. It is said, in the book, entitled

Loui, 'address your prayers to the spirits and genii on high and below.'

The Philosopher answered, "*The prayer of Confucius is continuous.*" p. 150.

KILOU asked, if it was necessary to serve spirits and genii? The Philosopher said, "When one is not in a state to serve men how can one serve spirits and genii?"

"Allow me," said a disciple, "that I dare ask you *what is death?*"

"Not knowing LIFE," he answered, "how can we know Death?" p. 172.

The associations in nature, which to most minds, call up some longings or thoughts of their own future, in him only awakened reflections on the truths he taught. He stood one day, musingly looking at a running stream, until his friends with him asked him why he did so. He expressed in answer, that sensation which the running water seems in all ages to make on the mind—the sense of *continuousness*. "So," said he, "has the 'Ancient Doctrine' flowed from one age to another, and will flow for ever, if we but help it on. Let us not be wise for ourselves alone; but for others."

After some further travel, he again returned to Lou. The courtiers dreaded the pure teacher, and sought in every way to force him to depart. They at length succeeded in inducing the prince to appoint him to some petty office far below his station; thinking thus to offend him. He accepted it, however, and managed it faithfully; explaining to his friends or disciples objecting, that it would be an inconsistency and a mean pride in him, to refuse an office where he could be really useful, merely because it was beneath him in rank. While at the court, a courtier of ill character, though high in place, wished to gain him to his interests and sent him a rich present of rice, then almost the money medium of the country. It would be a mortal offence in Chinese usage to send it back, and accordingly Confucius distributes it among the poor; informing the great man politely of the fact. This suppleness, and the genuine courtesy of the man, is one of the most remarkable things about the story of his life. Beyond all philosophers, Confucius is the *gentleman philosopher*.

The delicacy and politeness of his countrymen, as shown continually in the incidental occurrences of his life, is most extraordinary in an age when the Jews were hardly half civilized, and when the intercourse even of the Greeks was characterized by rudeness and bloodshed. There is a peculiar nicety of habits, a carefulness in restraining rough instincts,

and a delicacy of injuring the sensitiveness of men even in externals, which we have always supposed the product of an old civilization.

Confucius has even more. There is an innate respect in him for man, as man; a complete self-control over petty selfishnesses until the offices of a generous courtesy become habits which especially constitute him the "gentleman."

It is related in the Philosophical Conversations, that "when he saw any one in garments, or wearing the cap and robe of a magistrate, or blind, even if he were younger than himself, he rose at his approach. Or if he passed before him sitting, the philosopher accelerated his steps. When he met a person wearing garments of mourning, he saluted him by descending from his chariot."

He preserved his independence in his associations with the courts; and seldom gave direct offence, from the skilful use which he made of this shield of etiquette. His instructions on manners and points of polite custom are the most minute possible; and form, in our view, the most unworthy feature in his writings.

The most trivial instance is the following description by his biographer:

MANNERS.

"When Confucius mounted upon his chariot, he held himself standing, holding the reins in his hands. When he held himself in the middle, he did not look behind, nor speak without a grave motive; he pointed at nothing with the end of his finger.

"When he entered under the gate of the palace he bent the body, as if the gate had not been high enough to let him pass. He did not stop in passing under the gate, and in his walk he did not sully the threshold with his feet. In passing before the throne, his countenance changed suddenly; his walk was grave and measured, as if he had fetters. His words appeared as embarrassed as his feet. Taking his robe with his two hands, he mounted thus into the hall of the palace, his body inclined, and he held his breath as if he had not dared to breathe. In going out, after having made a step he relaxed little by little his grave and respectful countenance, and took a smiling air; and, when he reached the foot of the stair, letting his robe fall again, he stretched out anew his arms like the wings of a bird, and in passing again before the throne, his countenance changed again," &c. &c.

His disciples remonstrated with him

for so much attention to etiquette. He replied that he had an object; he desired to cleanse the palace of this crowd of do-nothings and lazies who disgrace it. They watch every movement, and he did not wish to give them even the slightest means of tripping him. Besides, he urged, "princes are fathers, and subjects should be like respectful sons."

He employed these rules of manners sometimes for his own purpose of giving a lesson.

At a grand dinner in the palace, he was seen eating the *grains* of the table before the fruit, an offence probably like taking soup last in our day. Of course a universal smile passed among the courtiers at this blunder. The king suspected that there was some purpose in it, and finally, in a very polite manner, called his attention to it. He replied, by a forcible discourse which no one could help regarding, on the defective political economy of the kingdom which had neglected the great support of man—the grains, for the mere delicacies, the fruits—and that he thus wished to show his preference.

On another occasion, a prince of dissolute character sought to gain the countenance of the severe moralist to an *amour* in which he was involved, thinking thus to escape the censure of the people. Accordingly, by an act of unusual courtesy, the philosopher was invited to the private apartments of the palace, to converse with the courtesan, a woman of conspicuous beauty. He could not refuse and retain any influence over the court, but he came, and according to the strictest Oriental rule, did not raise his eyes or utter a word in her presence; so that she at length retired abashed from before the grave man.

There is something—one cannot avoid the reflection even with all allowance for Oriental usage—of pettiness in this skill in the courtier etiquette. But it must be remembered, with this nicety of breeding Confucius united the boldness of the censor, and the most complete independence of life.

In an age of concubinage and to a dissolute prince, hear this advice: "Clothe yourself in your garments of ceremony," said the philosopher; "go before your future spouse to conduct her in all the apparel of your grandeur to your palace!"

"You make much of it," said the king, laughing.

"It is not too much," replied Confucius, "for the action most important in life. The alliance that two persons of different names contract recalls them to their

primitive origin; it gives them the same ancestry; it places them under the immediate tutelage of the spirits of the earth who watch over generations; it is the symbol of heaven and earth, whose union produces all things; it brings them near to the Divine Spirit."

"What is the secret of governing?" inquired the prince. "*Rectitude*," said the philosopher; and on being asked to define it, he answered, "I understand by rectitude, that quality of mind and heart, which puts him who possesses it, into the happy disposition not only of imagining nothing, desiring nothing, of doing nothing, which is contrary to the light of reason, and to the general and particular good of society; but of thinking, willing and acting in any circumstances, conformably to those lights; proposing the real advantage of the common interest over his own interests, without wishing to make an illusion with one's self, or seeking to impose on others."

He was at this time made Prime Minister of Justice. The first act of his administration was to cut off the head of one of the most distinguished courtiers; a man of notoriously bad influence. An envious plotter at court tried to break his hold over the mind of the prince, by sending some actors to represent the most alluring and obscene plays before him. The minister at once ordered them to be imprisoned and executed, as breaking the great moral law of the empire. Of the office of judges he said, "It is their duty to punish the guilty, but in punishing them, they ought to make them understand that they love them, and that they would be glad from the bottom of their hearts, if it was in their power to dispense with punishing them without invading justice."

His administration throughout was stern and prompt, and he was enabled in the course of it to put a stop to an important rebellion.

Many instances of his skill and justice are related. Some, in their ingenuity, not unlike Solomon's judgment with the two mothers. The kingdom flourished under him; and the name of the philosopher began to be revered through all the neighboring courts. The resignation of this ministry, was effected by a rather remarkable device. A neighboring rival prince, wishing to upset a ministry so favorable to the prosperity of Lou, tried every parliamentary or courtier-like means, but in vain; until he hit on the plan of sending a deputation of the most beautiful dancing girls in the empire. No party,

reformatory or conservative, could withstand them. Politics, economy, new theories of rectitude and governing were scattered to the wind, at sight of the beautiful faces; and the minister of justice retired in disgust. In his plain wagon drawn by bullocks, and with his twelve new constant disciples, he crossed over to the kingdom of OUEI. The king welcomed him with great honors; sent him handsome presents and gave him a house; but never spoke of appointing him minister. The old difficulty being in the way, wherever the stern moralist appeared among the courts. The king could not give up his unlawful *amours*. Some of the wiser men besought the prince that Confucius should be placed at the head of affairs, and the reforms begin. The same old reply, which conservatism makes in all ages. There is quiet now; reforms would only disturb. "I do not love change."

Again the reformer and preacher left the court to walk and teach among the people. Like the great teachers of all ages, he was much with nature, learning and instructing as he walked over the country. In his journey to the kingdom of KIN, his party were attacked by the peasants of Koang, who mistook them for governmental tax-gatherers. They were driven back and delayed; until at length the philosopher went boldly forward, saying to his disciples, "Heaven has raised us up to recall to the memory of men the ancient doctrine of Ouen-ouang. Do you believe it is in the power of the men of Koang to prevent us from fulfilling our destiny?"

As he drew nearer, the peasants exclaimed at once, "They are sages," and conducted them honorably on their way.

The system of Confucius began now more completely to reveal itself.

Through the "ancient writings," the classical works revised and probably in the main, rewritten by him, he has expressed himself. He was the philosopher especially of the apparent and the tangible. He dealt in few conjectures. He made no effort to frame from the instincts and questionings of the soul, and the vague answers in nature, a system of religious probabilities which his imagination alone could render real.

He would not make use, even for the highest moral ends, of the superstitions and religious fears of common men. He did not scoff at them, or affirm the impossibility of their being realized. He contented himself with saying, that for

him the evidence was so slight, that his first duty seemed with the world which he could see. Though he does not distinctly any where assert a personal Creator, he does assert and follow continually a recognized plan of the universe. To him, it is evident that the human soul is intended to find its true action and happiness in love; and that the only healthful relation between individuals and states, is that which rests on the basis of universal brotherhood.

"Love for humanity," he considered the "root of all other virtues, to which the trunk was filial piety." His ideals of the elevation to which the human character could reach, are transcendent—so high, that with his practical scope, he only occasionally alluded to his vain pursuit of them.

He avoided in general every thing of the vague, or mysterious, or superhuman, in his teachings. He stood on the realities which he felt; and from them taught. Unlike almost every great teacher of truth in the past, he had but one doctrine for the crowd and for his disciples.

"You, my disciples, all of you! Do you believe that I have for you concealed doctrines? I have no concealed doctrines. I have done nothing which I have not communicated to you, oh my disciples! It is the manner of acting of Confucius."

Of his great doctrine he says:

"To have enough empire over one's self, in order to judge of others by comparison with ourselves, and to act towards them as we would wish that one should act towards us—that is what we can call the doctrine of humanity. There is nothing beyond it." Pouthier, p. 144.

A disciple said: "That which I do not desire that men should do to me, I desire equally not to do it to other men." The philosopher answered—"Sai! you have not yet reached this point of perfection."

"Fau-tchi asked—'What was the virtue of Humanity?' The Philosopher said: 'To love men.'"

He asked what was Science. The Philosopher answered: "To know men."

Fau-tchi did not penetrate the sense of these answers.

RULING PRINCIPLE.

"If the *Thought* is sincerely directed towards the virtues of humanity, one will not commit vicious actions."

SCHOLARS' BURDEN.

"The scholars ought not to be without a soul firm and elevated, for their burden is heavy and their road long.

"HUMANITY is the burden which they have to carry: is it not in truth very heavy and very important? It is at death only that one ceases to carry it: the road—is it not very long?"

THE IDEALS.

"If I think of a man who should reunite holiness to the virtue of humanity, how should I dare compare myself to him? All that I know is, that I force myself to practice these virtues without being cast down, and that I teach them to others, without discouraging myself or letting myself be dejected. That is all I can say of myself."

HUMILITY.

"To possess capacity and talents, and to take advice from those who are deprived of them; to have much and to take advice from those who have nothing; to be rich and to comport one's self as if one were poor; to be full and to appear empty or stripped of all; to let one's self be offended without testifying resentment—once I had a friend who conducted himself thus in life."

"The most ignorant can attain to this simple science of conducting themselves well; but it is granted to no one, not even to those who have attained to the highest degree of holiness, to reach the perfection of this moral science; there always remains something unknown."

VIRTUE.

"He who is in this high condition of perfect virtue does not show himself, and yet, like the earth, he reveals himself by his benefactions; he does not displace himself, and yet, like the heavens, he is undergoing numerous transformations; he does not hasten, and yet like Space and Time, he arrives at the perfecting of his works."

"To occupy supreme rank, and not exercise benefactions towards those whom one governs; to practise rites and usages prescribed without any sort of respect, and funeral ceremonies without true grief; that is what I cannot resign myself to see."

HATE.

"It is only the man full of humanity who can love men truly, and hate them in a suitable manner."

FAME.

"To be put aside or misunderstood by men, and not to be indignant at it, is it not the trait of the man eminently virtuous?"

"It is not necessary to afflict ourselves that men do not know us, but, on the contrary, that we do not know ourselves."

SORROW.

"SSE-MA-NIEU, affected with sadness, said—'All men have brothers; I alone have none.'

Confucius answered—"Let the superior man watch with a serious attention over himself, and not cease so to act. Let him carry in his commerce with men a deference always dignified, regarding all men within the four seas (in the universe) as his brothers. In thus acting, why should the superior man afflict himself at having no brothers?"

INJURIES.

"Some one asked, 'What ought one to think of him who returns benefits for injuries?'

"The philosopher answered, 'In that case how would one return the benefits? *We must pay hatred and injury by justice, and benefits by benefits.*

How gladly would he have learned that later and more sublime truth, "Love them that *hate* you!"

SILENCE.

"The philosopher said, 'I do not desire to pass my time in speaking.' Tsew-Koung answered, 'If our master does not speak, then how will his disciples transmit his words to posterity?'

"HEAVEN—how does it speak?' he replied. 'The four seasons follow their courses. All the beings of nature receive turn by turn, their existence. How does Heaven speak?'

From this time he spent the years in laborious journeys to the different kingdoms of China, teaching these truths of a higher humanity, attempting to reform abuses, and befriending the people and the subjects. He was "in cold and hunger, and fastings oft," his life was hunted after by the envious courtiers, and on several occasions he hardly escaped murder or assassination. His lectures were frequently broken up by the soldiery and his disciples dispersed; still in every new place they collected around him and his faithful twelve, except when duties to their families called them away, were with him always. He visited the kingdoms of

Ouei, Soung, Tsai, Yá Schon, and various others, during this time, but never appears to have passed the limits of China. At length, at the age of sixty-eight, he returned to his native kingdom. The people welcomed him gladly, and in a short time, his disciples had increased to the number of three thousand; but the Government—the Court—which he wished especially to influence, met his plans of reform coldly, and he was appointed to no office. He now devoted himself to his favorite pursuits, music and study; the latter being the careful revision in the Ancient Books of the Doctrine, which he had been teaching orally so many years.

His wandering homeless life had been sometimes painful to him. On one occasion, near a strange city, separated from his disciples, he was seen by a peasant, who reported to his friends, searching, that a stranger of noble aspect was walking about near the gates, "like a dog without a master."

"He is right," said Confucius on hearing this, "I have the fidelity of a dog, and am treated like one. But it matters not; in whatever manner men conduct in my regard, I shall not depart from the affection which I bear to them, and I will hasten always to do them all the good which is in my power. If I do not receive from my labors the fruits which I would do right to expect, I will at least have the consolation of having fulfilled my duty."

In his walks through the country, every thing recalled his aspirations and the disappointment of his efforts to elevate men. On a late autumn grain field, a pheasant, almost the last of his kind, is seen eating the few kernels left. Confucius is saddened, and to the affectionate question why?—he replies, "because it is an image of my holy doctrine, and its state to-day. The grain bird represents myself." He traversed a battle mound, waving with the long grass which had grown over the graves of the dead. "Nature," said he, in a little poem, still affectionately preserved, "always renews herself. The spring, the autumn, the waters, the sun—but this mound, the general, the soldiers who fought under him—*where are they?*"

"I have made vain efforts," said he again, "to put men, who wish to walk in it, on the way which leads to wisdom; not succeeding, I have no resource but tears."

A sad closing. The great man, disappointed of necessity in the heroic work of life, going out into the great Darkness. And this is all!

Sometimes he seems to have had a half hope or faith in a relation to an unseen being.

"I am known of no one," said he, "I do not wish it of Heaven. I accuse not men for it. Humble and simple scholar, I have arrived by myself to penetrate these things. If any one knows me, it is Heaven."

He still had thoughts, however, for the present. To his king asking advice about governing the people, he said, "Give them enough and they will be happy." "That is not easy," said his highness. "Very easy," he replied. "Hear how—Be very careful about asking the people to labor on works which are only for you and yours. Working for themselves, they will work with spirit, in hope of enjoying the fruit of their labor—then will the fields be cultivated, &c."

To Yen-hoei, his favorite disciple, he said, "My dear Yen-hoei, I advance with rapid steps towards the end of my career, and the time of my dissolution is not far away. You have been witness of all, which I have done to inspire men with the love of virtue, and you are not ignorant of the little success which I have had. It is, perhaps, my fault that I have not succeeded; in that case, you will repair it, and you will come to the end of what I have uselessly attempted."

There is something inexpressibly sad in these closing passages of a life, generous, heroic, and filled with friendship to man, as few human lives have been. In our narrow view of compensation, one would have asked for a more triumphant ending. And then that a soul, so breathing with love, so simply devoted to goodness, so urged on by the endless aspirations after an ideal perfection, should never have grasped the conception of an Impersonation of all these qualities! Never to know for an instant, or expect in the future, the sating of this infinite hunger of the soul! To be thrown out by men, to have love returned by coldness or hate—and yet not even to conjecture of the Love in store hereafter, to which all other love is only the type and symbol! To steer so truly through the darkness and gales of the Present, but to have no hope of the harbor beyond!

To his disciples, when near the close of his life, he said in, transmitting his works solemnly to their care:

"It is a long time, my disciples, that you have been attached to me and have recognized me for your master. I have made every effort to acquit myself in my best manner, of the obligations which

I have contracted with you, in accepting you for disciples. You have followed me; you have partaken my works and my pains; you have been taught what it behooves man to know, when he wishes to fulfil exactly the duty imposed on him, during his sojourn upon the earth. In the deplorable state, in which things are to-day, and in view of the aversion men show every where to the reform of manners and the renewing of the Ancient Doctrine, you ought not to flatter yourselves with being able to recall the mass of men to the practice of their duties; you are witness of the little success which I have had in the enterprise which I have undertaken and in which I have not ceased to work during the whole of a long life. What you can do with some hope of success, is to contribute to preserve the precious deposit, of which I was only the depositor, and which I have intrusted to you."

To his little son, he said, as he felt the weakness of death draw near: "Oh! my dear Tseu Kung! The mountain of Tay-chan withdraws itself—I can no more raise my head to contemplate it. The piers of the building are more than half eaten away. I have no place, to which to withdraw myself. The grass without juice is dry; I have no more where I can sit down to repose myself. The Holy Doctrine had disappeared; it was entirely forgotten. I have hastened to recall it and re-establish its empire. I have not been able to succeed in it."

His last public act was a journey with a few intimate disciples to a neighboring mountain, on whose top he had erected an altar. Upon this, his books—the work of his life—were solemnly placed, and with devout ceremony, consecrated to Heaven.

He then kneeled seriously to each quarter of the compass, and thanked Heaven for its care of him, and of the books of "Ancient Doctrine," and solemnly committed them to the care of the unseen "Principle of Life."

The favorite Chinese pictures of the philosopher represent him in this act; kneeling by the altar, with a bow of light descending from the stars upon his head.

A characteristic trait is related of him in these his last days. An annual saturnalia was going on among the peasants—some festival to the geni of the fruits. The old man could not willingly die with-

out looking on the genial face of human happiness again. He was helped upon a hill to see the merriment.

"I avow," said he, "I have a true pleasure in seeing these good people forget their misery and believing themselves happy a moment."

A devout disciple objected, that the people ought to thank Heaven for their fruits by prayers. "Ah well!" said the old warm heart, "It is in doing this, in rejoicing, that they perform their actions of grace and their prayers."

He still had strength once more to review his works—but after this gradually failed; and, as his biographers inform us, on the appearance of the same sign which had preceded his birth—the presence of a wonderful animal, the *Ki-lin*—he died. His age was 73, in the year 479 before Christ, and 9 before Socrates.

The works of Confucius* which form the classics of China, and which especially transmit his philosophy, are five in number. 1. *The Great Science*,—a treatise on the relations of politics and morals. 2. *The True Medium, or invariableness in the middle way, a discussion of the great principle of life—"Right Reason."* 3. *Philosophic Conversations, or Book of Sentences.* 4. *The Filial Piety*, being conversations on that subject. 5. *The School for Infants*, or a discourse on education.

How much of these books is original with him, and how much he has gathered from the "Ancient writings," is uncertain. It is supposed generally, that he made the old Treatises the basis and medium of his own sentiments and thoughts.

These and a few other writings form the code, moral, legal and social, of the Chinese people. No one can hold an office, or claim a high social position, or be considered an educated gentleman, without familiarity with them.

The System of Confucius may be described as a system of practical humanity. He stood on a basis of known facts, and taught human duties.

No philosopher, out of the influence of the Christian manifestation, has ever seized with such a grasp, on the great idea of Love as the renovator of the heart and the practical life. Except from CHRIST, no words of purer benevolence have ever fallen from human lips. Nobly confirming the theory, was a life which even the

* The best translations are, *des Livres Classiques à la Chine, par P. Noël (Paris)*, and *des Livres sacrés de l'Orient, par Poullhier*. There is an English translation.

superstitions of a childish age and the mists of twenty-three centuries cannot conceal, as among the most self-devoting and manful, which the world had witnessed. It has left its natural impress. During these long ages, all that has been of unknown heroism and love and filial piety and courtesy among this vast Chinese people, has fed itself from this one man's words. His lightest instructions have become part of the civil law; his maxims are the precepts of religion; his life the Divine Ideal, to which all in the empire who aspire after the true and good continually struggle. The discouraged death, the sad defeat, as it seemed then and seems always to the sufferer for goodness, has become a triumph in the eyes of the nation.

And yet in one sense, the life of Confucius has been a failure. He did not appeal to man's infinite aspirations; he did not address the soul, from its highest thought; he taught nothing of the unseen, the Eternal, the Divine. He could not elevate human nature, by awakening its hope of a relation to a limitless unknown Future or to the grand Infinite Spirit. He gave it little to support it in disaster, or to soothe its nameless and ever-recurring sorrows. He attempted to make men love one another, but without meeting the gigantic selfishness of the human soul, with these momentous motives, or without seeking to transmute it by the love all-pervading to the only Perfect One. He perhaps could love his vague conjecture of a deity, or even the abstract Goodness, which to him represented Godhood. The mass of men cannot. The results of this system were natural. The upper and thoughtful classes of China have in the main settled into an indifferent or aggressive skepticism, of all which belongs to man's higher nature. The people have

sought for their religious instincts, what Confucianism never afforded, and have found it in the grossest superstitions which corrupt the doctrines of Buddha or of Lautsz. In no country of even an imperfect civilization, has the dignity of human life fallen so low as in China.

Not elevated by any grand religious truth from Confucius, the people have fastened on the letter of his gospel. The detail, the trivialities of his teachings have taken the place of his principles. And yet in the broad estimate of human history, Confucius has done a noble and important part. The preparations for high development in the moral world, may be as slow as in the material world. Both the greatness and defects of the philosophy of Confucius, thoroughly tested during these many ages, have perhaps been slowly and firmly preparing a foundation among his people, for the highest Manifestation, and thus far the most complete Embodiment of religion. The humanity as well as the silent skepticism of the Chinese philosopher, may be equally in the plans of the universe, a preparation for the all-embracing Love and the unwavering Faith which have sprung alone from the divine revealing in CHRISTIANITY.

This Movement, now so steadily and mysteriously progressing in China—the most important event, doubtless, in many centuries to the human race—may trace its origin and its wonderful success, to these very thoughts and aspirations which we have been following. And if this vast homogeneous people—welded as no other nation by common law, usage and institutions—ever be enlightened by a purer faith, we may find the dawn far back in the humane words, the self-devoting life, and the discouraged death of the simple Chinese scholar

SPIRITUAL MATERIALISM.

(Knocking.) Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. * * * (Knocking.) Knock, knock: Who's there? the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in equivocator. (Knocking.) Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of French hose: Come in tailor: here you may roast your goose. (Knocking.) Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—*Macbeth, Act II Scene 3.*

THERE is a mysterious knocking which began to be heard in Rochester, a few years ago, and which waxed louder and multiplied its reverberations, until the sound of it is now echoing through all the limits of Christendom; and men at the antipodes may be seen gathering themselves together in scared "circles" to investigate the startling phenomenon. They tell us it is the heralding of messengers from the land of spirits; and although, at one time, a certain *toe* exposure threatened an easier solution of the mystery, and in spite of fierce opposition and unbounded ridicule, the advocates of the spiritual theory have ended by triumphantly *turning the tables* upon all unbelievers; and they now rest their case, confidently, upon this last, more wonderful and, as yet, not invalidated evidence. Grave judges have slipped down from the bench into this arena of controversy, and have tilted with spiritual weapons. Men of great reputation have not hesitated to stake all their fame in support of the strange faith. But the subject assumes a serious importance which almost places it without the pale of jesting, when we find it unseating reason and peopling our lunatic asylums. There is certainly "something in it." It deserves candid and logical investigation; and if the system is founded in truth and reason, by all means let us embrace it. For our own part, we should be very sorry to find ourselves forced to believe. We are at a loss to discover the consolation and happiness of this faith. To be sure, there are those who pretend to listen with complacency to these signals from the land of shadows, and who avow that they take great comfort in the thought that ghosts and goblins are dancing about their pillows, and disturbing their dreams, and ready, at the least sign of insubordination, to rap them sharply across the knuckles, or play the dickens with their crockery. For ourselves, we plead guilty to a certain share of the frailty of human nature; and this bringing together of the two worlds, which have no congeniality of composition, and which have been mercifully kept asunder for so many ages; this dragging down of the supernatural to a

familiar contact and communion with the natural; this opening of graves, and conjuring up of the spirits of our forgotten ancestors with all their armor on, and the same sledge-hammer fists as of old, to grapple with us, and trip up our heels, and play all fantastical tricks with our rose-wood furniture; we protest, it is beyond patience, fearful and unendurable.

And we will not endure it. We deny that the knockings and tipplings and such like *physical* phenomena, are *spiritual* manifestations. We challenge these unstable and meddlesome spirits to mortal combat, and enter the lists to prove them a lie, and to whip them back yelping to their Stygian groves. But lest any man should accuse us of sacrilege or blasphemy, in any words or weapons we may resort to in our process of exorcism, let us forestall this objection of a tender conscience, by an extract from Judge Edmonds' book, which may place all parties upon a fair footing.

The ghost of Swedenborg has been summoned (Judge Edmonds' principal witness), and is giving his testimony as to the validity and authority of spiritual communications in general. His words are thus reported:—"What the nature of all the concurrent causes was, which influenced this manifestation of spirit communion with material organization, I cannot pretend to say; but that they were by no special directions of the Creator, I am satisfied." And again, "Take no statements, therefore, that are not based on laws satisfactory to your judgment, and depend upon it, that when any revelation is made, having the garment of marvellousness wrapped about it, that either it is a compound of the medium's imagination, or it emanates from some spirit whose veracity is to be doubted."

Here we have not only an admission that this counsel and this work are not of God; but an admission of liability to mendacity in the very revelations themselves (to say nothing of the media); and also a frank appeal to the supremacy of human reason, as the tribunal by which the whole doctrine should be judged.

We hesitate not, therefore, to grasp

firmly our scourge of logic, and advance with boldness to the fight.

Let our position be clearly understood. We intend to prove, if we can, first, that it is impossible that a spirit should manifest itself physically; secondly, that the power which, it is pretended, does reveal certain mysteries of an unknown life, by means of these outward demonstrations and living media, is, by its own confession, *not* a spiritual power, and yet, that it is none the less (by its own showing again), incapable of physical manifestations; and thirdly, that this supposed revealing power, whatever it may be, is an evil power; for the system of religion advanced by its agents is opposed to divine revelation, contradictory, irrational, and pernicious.

And first, as to the nature of a spirit, and the reasons why the "rappings" and "tippings" &c., cannot be spiritual manifestations. Now a spirit (i. e. a free, untrammelled, disembodied, pure spirit), by all the definitions of the school-men, by all the traditions of mythology, by all the legends of superstition, and by the very necessities of language, is an immaterial, unsubstantial being, with intelligence and the power of locomotion, but destitute of impressibility, or tangibility, or any analogy, in composition, with a material existence. So that if in the vanity of his heart, a man should think to shut up a ghost within stone walls, or to fasten him by a chain, or to annihilate him by a bullet, such a man should be proved a fool. And on the other hand, should a vain-glorious spirit boast, that by the weight of his arm he might fell an ox, or that by the strength of his spine he might lift a mountain, or by the hardness of his knuckles he might split a door-panel, or an oak table, or the headboard of a bedstead, he should be made to eat his own words. He would lie in his spiritual throat. If a spirit finds no obstacle in high walls, and closed doors, and stopped cracks and keyholes hermetically sealed; so long as he retains his purely spiritual nature, he cannot directly offer any resistance to any such objects. If a door cannot offer any opposition to his passage, he cannot rap upon it. Or if a table cannot by any possibility stand in his way, he cannot by any possibility personally push it, or maul it, or upset it.

"But," says one, "you must not deny the power of spirit to affect material objects. Here am I, a living illustration of that power. By the mere force of my will, I move my limbs. I can walk, or leap, or dance, or sit still, according as the

spirit that is in me is disposed. Why should not a free spirit, then, animate any material object, so that tables should become saltatory, chairs peripatetic, &c.?"

Simply noticing the fact, that this objection does not approach the *rappings* at all (for no amount of life in a door could produce raps upon a door), we must not forget, that the spirit by which a man moves his limbs is not a separate existence, but absolutely a part of himself, wholly inseparable, so long as he exists bodily, from his physical organization. As such it bears no analogy to a free spirit, and an argument from one to the other will not hold. It is, in reality, not the spirit in a man which wills to walk, but it is *he* who wills to walk as truly as it is *he* who walks. This intimate union of spirit and matter constitutes the life of the intelligent man. These physical acts, are the acts of an embodied spirit; and these spiritual volitions are the volitions of a physical man. The spiritual and immortal has become for the time, a *part* of the mortal and physical, in an identity which only death can destroy.

This is a mystery of divine creation. The spirit had no hand in producing this identity, and cannot withdraw from it by any simple act of will.

It would be rather poor logic, we think, to argue that, because a spirit forcibly and involuntarily embodied *must* act through a material organization, therefore a disembodied spirit may voluntarily possess and animate any inanimate material object;—not to speak of an assumption of the divine prerogative, which such an action would involve. But even admitting the thing possible, and supposing that a spirit should "enter into" a table, and endow it with life and intelligence,—would it *go*? We think not. Suppose a man's arm should be destitute of joints and muscles, but still tingling with sensation to the finger tips; of how much *motion* would it be capable, think you? The influence of the man's will upon the movement of his limbs, depends upon the perfection of his anatomy, and the free circulation of the vital fluids. In other words, to use a very imperfect simile, the machinery and the capacity of motion must exist, before the spiritual motive power can be applied with effect. An engine would be as efficient for locomotion, without wheels, or cranks, or gearing, as an animate and intelligent table for walking, without articulated limbs and a nervous system.

But if it is contrary to reason that

spirits should *directly* affect inanimate matter, may they not act upon it by the intervention of the natural forces, as Magnetism, Electricity, or the *Odic force*?

Unfortunately for such a position these forces are *material*, and the same "nature of things" which would prevent a spirit from directly influencing a table or an ottoman, would bar it from directly *using* any material force. How could a spirit handle electricity; confine it; bring it to bear upon any specified point? There is no such conceivable possibility. This fact has, it seems, occurred to the minds of the inventors of the new system; and accordingly a canon of spiritualism requires, that in order to the awakening of the mysterious furniture-moving influence, there must be assembled a "circle" technically so called, of tangible human *bodies*.* This is logical. Spirits cannot upset the furniture themselves; neither can they make a medium of Electricity or the *Odic force*; but to affect these material objects there must be an immediate bodily presence. Now we unhesitatingly assert that the results of this bodily presence are not spiritual manifestations. For, either the active visible agents are sufficient of themselves to put the requisite operation, or they are not. If they are sufficient, then there is no need of spiritual, or other interposition. If they are not sufficient, then if the force is brought into operation at all, it must be by other than spiritual aid, since, as we have seen, the spiritual aid is impossible, as the direct action of spirit upon matter, (i. e. upon a material force.)

There remains, so far as we can see, but one way in which physical phenomena can be the action of spirits. If the spirits can obtain the complete control of a human agent; if the persons in a "circle," beneath whose fingers a table takes to its legs and perambulates, are really and truly acting without any volition of their own, under the immediate *possession* of spirits, then, and not otherwise, may these manifestations be in a certain sense spiritual. Let us give this question full scope. A party of young people, we will suppose, are assembled, and as a sport of the evening it is suggested that they attempt a table moving. The party may consist of two persons or half a dozen. They arrange themselves according to rule, and the table tips up in due course,

performs satisfactory evolutions, and answers questions with docility. Now this evident and remarkable effect has sprung, apparently, from the simple laying on of hands of these merry-makers. The experiment was made for amusement. The plan was their own. They are unconscious of any suggestions but those of curiosity, of any influence but their own love of fun, of any power but the touch of their own fingers. The fun, and the tipping, and the fingers, are all that are evident to their senses, or to any spectator. But the phenomena are claimed as a manifestation of spiritual power. By what right or reason? Some force has moved the table. It must have been a material force, for no other could produce the effect upon the material object. The force must have been called into operation by material action *alone*, for no other could affect a material force. The material action is evident in the assembling and arrangement of the "circle;" without which it is not pretended that there would have been any tipping of the table. Evidently, therefore, if there is any spiritual manifestation here, it must be identical with the material action, i. e. the material act (that merry laying on of hands), which awakened the force, which moved the table, must be the spiritual manifestation. Now this could only be true, if the agents were completely under the control of some foreign spiritual power. Their own free agency must have been destroyed. The volition by which they laid their hands upon the table must have been a foreign volition and not their own. It is only by this absolute annihilation of the will of the agent that spirits can claim the acts of the agent, and, as we have seen, it is only the act of the agent which can be the spiritual manifestation. If at the mere *request* (hidden influence), of spirits, the agents themselves can awaken a force which shall move a table, there is no spiritual *aid*; and the agents perform the act as well without the suggestion, as with it: so that said suggestive spirits could claim no credit whatever for the effect, as having any, the slightest, share in producing it.

Their only course is to get rid of the *identity* of the agent, as an intelligent active cause, by the infusion into his organization of a new element, which shall thrust aside and take possession; of which

* We are told that there are *exceptions* to the universal application of this "canon;" that strange physical "phenomena" have been produced in a closed room—not a single medium or other person being present. These exceptions, from the secrecy of them, in the absence of any *bona fide* witness, can never be thoroughly authenticated. But even if we were inclined to admit them, they would only call for a direct application of our argument of impossibility. They could not have been *spiritually* produced. As a general rule, however, the bodily presence is demanded as indispensable to any of the physical performances.

the agent must necessarily be unconscious, but by which his physical man shall be controlled absolutely, as if by his own will consciously exercised. Under such control he is not *he* but the spirit is absolutely *he*: his actions are not his, but the actions of an infused, foreign, annihilating force, in fact, of *another being*. Thus, to bring the case home to our illustration, the media, to wit, the members of the "circle" present, are either *pro tem.*, the spirits *in esse*, (the spirits having become embodied in the *agents*, thus losing their spiritual nature!) or the spirits are *not*, either in whole, or in part, the operators. But alas! our little "circle" are in full and conscious possession of their faculties. They are conscious of the will that guided their fingers that it was their own will. The act was their own act,—the phenomena were of their own awakening.

We have supposed a case in which there was present no authorized "medium." Such instances are not uncommon. But to carry the illustration farther into the supposed province of Spiritism, let a well-known "medium" be introduced. We have now in the circle a person whose delicate nervous organization, it is averred, is extraordinarily susceptible to electric, magnetic, or "odyle" influence; and, *therefore*, to the action of spirits. An equilibrium of the magnetic forces is established—(we use the language of the "spheres")—by a connected group, of which this susceptible individual is one. Precisely the same results occur as before, with perhaps an increased development. The "circle," after having been seated about the table for a time, may now withdraw their hands, perhaps, and the influence will still remain. We have never witnessed the fact, but we will not deny it, that this table now fully "possessed," may, without any visible impulse, continue its evolutions, and even enact more extraordinary capers. Now it is not the presence of the "medium" which has caused *all* the phenomena. The table tipped without him, answered questions without him. He has only, at the best, brought an increase of the power which was previously active. This power, we have shown, was wholly physical. An increase of it must necessarily be physical. The question only remains—Did the "medium" bring an accession of physical power from a spiritual source?

The fact that this man's material nature is highly refined and susceptible, is no argument in favor of its spiritual impressibility. A spiritual *foreign* power, so long as it remains a distinct identity,

can only directly affect the *spiritual* native part of man, for which alone it has affinity, and thus *indirectly* may reach his material part, through the man's own volitions. It is in this way that divine inspirations are communicated, or that the Spirit of God moves the mind of man, without violating his individuality. Now the man may have unparalleled delicacy of nerves, and the most shrinking sensitiveness of constitution; and as his nerves and his constitution are not the spiritual part of him, they cannot have the slightest reactionary effect upon any purely spiritual impression, *i. e.*, any impression which does not come through the senses. Otherwise, we must say (which would be monstrous) that some men are so constituted physically—they possess such obtuseness of *nerves*—that it is a matter of some difficulty for the Spirit of God to affect them. We repeat it. An external spirit which has the power to influence a man, does not and cannot influence him through his nerves, but applies directly to his spiritual part; and no peculiarity of a physical constitution can possibly either prevent or accelerate such access. But might, could, or should this same foreign power drive out, or override, the native spirit of a man, and, substituting a foreign will for his will, rule his material part, by an identification with the physical organization, the susceptibility of the man's nerves would not strengthen this usurped dominion; for the control of his physical faculties is no greater in one healthy man than in another—in the "nervous man (!)" than in the "man of nerve;" and the foreign power only possesses *what the dispossessed will ruled before*. Thus no peculiarity of a man's constitution would lay him open to spiritual influence more than another man, nor would any physical sensitiveness aid the action of a foreign will controlling his organism.

But it is evident from the course of our argument, that any *spiritual* power taking possession of the supposed "medium," could only possess what *physical* virtue already existed in him—could not infuse a foreign physical virtue, which, by its nature, does not belong to it. Whatever the man could do of himself, physically, that could any spirit do, possessing his organization,—and no more. If, then, this man is absolutely a representative of a spiritual presence, it can only be, that the spiritual presence is using him as a cat's paw, and the physical power exerted is his own physical power, *which he might have exercised, sua sponte, be-*

fore spiritual possession. And this is especially evident from the fact that the external action of the medium, in his connection with the circle, is precisely the same as that of any other member of the circle. The new intelligence investing him (if we admit such occupation), has not led him to any outward action, toward producing the physical phenomena, differing from the action of any one of the group. He has simply laid his hands upon the table, like the others; he has withdrawn from the table, like the others. But, since whatever of extraordinary virtue his presence has brought in, being physical, belongs to his physical organization, is his own, whether exercised by his own will or by a foreign will, there is nothing whatever in it of a spiritual nature.

And finally, to the utter exclusion of a spiritual power, in producing the effects under discussion, even by the only supposable means, a direct occupation of the agent, the "medium," under all these circumstances of table-tipping, bell-ringing, leg-clasping, guitar-playing, &c., is in conscious possession of *his own volitions*—is in his right mind.*

The material virtue, then, which has gone out from this man, is from no spiritual source, and it must be sought in some material difference. Whether this may be discovered in his constitutional sensibility to a certain magnetic, or other influence, called into operation by the assembled circle; whether it is a power analogous to that of an expert mesmerizer, or whatever it may be, it is not in our province to investigate or determine. We have business only with the fact that it is no spiritual power; and we are driven at last to decide, that the physical phenomena connected with the new system of belief, are not spiritual manifestations, since, except by a subversion or suspension of nature's laws, as by a miracle, a physical manifestation of a purely spiritual presence is rationally impossible.

We come to the second point of discussion. The advocates of the new doctrine claim the title of *Spiritualism* for their system. The pretended revelators themselves assume the title of *Spirits*; and yet it is a notorious characteristic of

their teachings, that existence in the "Spheres" is a material existence, and that the inhabitants of the Spheres possess a physical constitution. It is true, that they declare themselves to be the departed shades of men and women, who have "shuffled off this mortal coil;" but they have only slipped their heads into the noose of another material life. They have another body. They are still embodied spirits; not freed from the tastes and necessities of our own more gross and earthy nature. A brief reference to the first volume of Judge Edmonds' "Spiritualism," before cited, will confirm this statement. Swedenborg speaks again. "Now spirits" (he means here the people of the spheres), "possess a material nature, and this nature, or form, in some is so gross, that it is almost subject to laws as imperative as those on earth. I mean as material laws. Their material nature is under influences that require obedience, and though there is none of the physical suffering you have, yet there is as much material necessity and absolute want, in proportion to the grossness of their natures, as there possibly can be in your material world."

They eat, they drink, they enjoy the fruits of some more perfected earth,† and shelter themselves from pelting storms in material habitations.‡ They are not free as air, but are bound within certain limits, while in course of progression; their spheres of being only rather more enlarged than ours. It will be seen that they must possess our five senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch; for they have prospects, and odors, and music, and fruits, and houses.¶ Now in what do they differ from us? Only, as they themselves declare, in degree of materiality. The things which are obstructions to us are to them no obstacles. They glide in to our firesides, the doors being shut. They pass to and fro through the midst of us and make no noise. They are to us invisible, and intangible—in so far partaking of a spiritual nature, and by just so much being excluded from the power of impressing us physically, or of mutilating our furniture. But while they are thus debarred from direct physical action, no less truly than if

* So true is this, that he appears oftentimes to exercise an almost unlimited control of the objects before him, by his own will, forcing them from their places and directing their motions.

† "We eat and drink of the fruits of the countries where we reside."—Swedenborg.

‡ "The new spirit often finds it necessary to shelter its body from the sun or storm."—Swedenborg.

§ Swedenborg arrives in the sixth sphere. "The air was pure, and the whole heavens were bright and clear beyond all comparison. I saw no difference in the sky except its brightness and purity; and on looking abroad on the earth, I could detect no difference in its appearance from our earth, except in the heavenly beauty and harmony in the arrangement of the landscape. The diversified character of the scenery," etc.—trees, rocks, mountains, flowers, birds, gushing torrents, murmuring rivulets, oceans, rivers, man, woman, child, etc., etc., etc.

their nature had been wholly spiritual, yet it becomes, in the material view, rather a complicated question, whether they may not adopt the mediacy of electrical, or other forces, to communicate with us mortals. A despatch has come from that queer world, announcing the invention, by the ghost of Benjamin Franklin (how has the glory of a ghost departed!) of a machine for the application of the Odic force to *quasi* materio-spiritual purposes; and one Edward Fowler has written in a book, how that the great Franklin did, in broad day (the window shutters being tight closed), and with a train of assistants, appear to his mortal eyes, and illustrate his said invention, *vi et armis et experimentis*; to the great detriment of his, Fowler's bedroom arrangements; a camphene lamp having been bunglingly upset by one of the operators, and a great quantity of the fluid spilled. But let us discover if we can the texture of these anomalous beings. The revelations are not very explicit upon this point, but give us the general idea, that they possess something like the substance of electricity. They permeate material objects like electricity, so they say.* But they do not pretend to the nature of a force, beyond its capacity to permeate; for they acknowledge the necessity of resorting to the medium of a force, to produce physical impressions.

Here is a capital and patent inconsistency. If these pretentious *animates* have the power to grasp and confine a material force, they must possess an organization a little more *dense* than the force itself.

Now, by their own confession, their density is not sufficient to present any resistance to what we know as material objects. They permeate them, but cannot affect them. But electricity, or the odic force, permeates these objects and affects them too, *materially*. Hence these "spirits" possess *less* density than a physical force. Consequently, they can no more affect such a force, or receive impressions from such a force, than they can directly affect or be influenced by objects visible and tangible to mortal senses.

To what a degree of frightful attenuation are the poor creatures reduced! Their bodies lie somewhere in density, between the rarest invisible gas and pure,

unalloyed spirit. And yet these thin things snuff venison and build castles. Think of their bill of fare; with its rare beef; oh, how rare! and its inconceivably ethereal apples. And then their houses! We have seen that the more compact and solid the material, the less could it contain and hem them in. Our floods cannot wet them,† nor our buildings protect them. But from the sharper tempests of the "spheres" they fly every one to his dwelling. Where are the boards, and the shingles, and the plastering, for their artisans to work withal? Where shall be found the slender tools they can handle? What manner of marbles and spiritual granites must there be in what unimagined quarries for these shades to chisel?

And the winds that blow in those latitudes! Where shall we find a comparison for *them*? that rustle the unseen leaves of ghostly forests; that, whistling from within their Æolian caves, call up spectral clouds, laden with showers whose misty dilution would startle the most triturated homœopathist, to wet the jackets, and chill the circulation, and stiffen the joints, and cause the limbs to shiver, of these delicate fantastic subtleties!

But if, notwithstanding the material structure of the "spirits," they are still shut out from physical demonstrations, how will this little peculiarity affect their communication by a living medium? We smile sardonically. We cannot help it. We are almost tempted to laugh outright. Why, only see the droll dilemma, upon the horns of which the things are this minute tossed! They have, by a most unfortunate oversight, failed to claim enough of the physique to move a hair; but in the same breath, they have committed the unpardonable blunder of claiming just enough of the physique, to destroy their analogy with a nature purely spiritual, and thus to prevent, utterly, that substitution of themselves for the spirit that is in man, which, we have seen, would be the last resource of a spiritual power seeking an outward expression. As material beings they take their bodies with them. They cannot act without or out of their bodies. Even their mental acts are so far bodily that they are performed within the body. Now it is impossible for such a creature to obtain the control of a mortal medium. Its material part cannot

* "Spirit-body or spirit-matter is intangible; and it is so sublimated that it is like electricity almost. We do not pass grossly through matter; but we *will*, and like a current of electricity we pervade matter. Our clothing is adapted to our conditions, and thus we are able to take with us what is on us!"

† "We do not feel the effects of storm or cold when approaching your earth."

affect the material part of the medium—being vapory and intangible; nor can its spiritual part affect the spiritual part of the medium, being trammelled with a bodily organization (how fine soever), through which it must act, and which shuts it out, for ever, from direct spiritual contact.

There is really no point of collision between our nature and such a nature. Through the senses we cannot communicate,—those are too delicate, these too gross. And since there is no access by analogous senses, through the thoughts we cannot communicate; for there is between them a material barrier, lighter than gossamer, but impenetrable as the veil of the future.

And now, what if after all our precautions, we have left a loophole somewhere, and impertinent visitors from another world have really slipped in, and become hand and glove with Judge Edmonds, and Dr. Dexter, and the Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, and other odd fishes! What if they have announced another gospel, and are found assailing the first principles of the Christian's faith; ridiculing the time-honored institutes of the old religion; undermining churches; setting at naught and subverting the truth of divine revelation; bringing in strange gods? Where are the credentials of these heralds? and are they spirits of health or goblins damned? Let their works and their teachings answer. Their works! The credulous may find them in tricks and grotesque antics, worthy of Harlequin—pocket-handkerchiefs tied into knots; fanciful performances with a fiddlestick; stout men driven to the wall, and held fast by invisible hands: scraps of paper torn up and thrown into people's faces—and a thousand such fooleries and monstrosities, to frighten babies and drive hysterical women into fits. Their teachings!—but we must be sober. This is a matter that touches us nearer than our hearthrugs. Two years ago, we might have passed the subject by, as an idle tale; but now that Spiritualism numbers its advocates by the hundred thousand; now that there are some thirty thousand in the immediate vicinity of our city, and among them men high in dignity and influence, who maintain that the system is good, and of divine institution, it becomes the duty of a true man to unveil the imposture—to make head against its encroachments, by fairly *proving* it unreasonable and dangerous.

We shall not go up and down to collect all the sayings and writings of these

"spirits." The undertaking would be too laborious, and the result entirely chaotic. We shall still confine ourselves to a single authority, and thus avoid the charge of searching wide for contradictions. In this one volume of Edmonds' we have a professed compendium of "Spiritualism," so far as it is revealed—in fine, a special revelation.

It would be quite unnecessary to attempt any direct proof that Webster, and Bacon, and Swedenborg did never appear in proper person, to make the revelations charged upon them in the book before us. It is therein confessed, that great names, and especially the name of Swedenborg, have been, in numberless instances, *falsely* assumed by the "spirits," in order to attract attention; and since lying and forgery are held by the best of them, as very light and trivial offences, and entirely justifiable when made to serve a good purpose, the question is put beyond argument, and the *identity* of the revelations may be admitted or not, according to the reader's taste.

At the opening of this paper we referred to the fact that the "spirits" do directly disclaim any divine sanction for their "mission."

Natural causes, they declare, have led to such a development and sublimation of the human race upon earth, that they are now fit to commune with beings of a finer make. The progress of science is one of the tokens of this sublimation, and it is by means of science that a path has been opened into an advanced stage of being, along which we may pass and repass, holding pleasant conversation with dead men, and becoming intimate with futurity. This declaration strikes at the root of the ancient creeds of Christendom. In place of that reward of *moral excellence*, offered by the founders of the holy Christianity, and insight by a sublime *faith* into inconceivable heavenly mysteries—there is here substituted, a *sensible vision* and a *handling*, through electricity and magnetism, of another life, where are the tilling of fields, the building of houses, and schools, and politics, and storms and hunger, and all necessities from which the tired man longs to escape when he lies down in the grave: and into this life we may creep in the *natural course of things*. like the dusty moth from the cocoon of the silk worm. Thus at the very outset we are assaulted in our most cherished citadel of hope, and summoned to deliver up a rich and excellent promise for a meagre and unsatisfying reality, upon the mere dicta of a suspi-

cious authority, backed by the tipping of a table.

But their presumption does not pause at this. The "rappings," although not claiming to be from heaven, are yet said to usher in a "new dispensation," supplementary, and even superior, to that of Christianity.

"As under the Mosaic dispensation," says Judge Edmonds, "mankind were taught the existence of one God, rather than the thousand gods then worshipped, and as under the Christian dispensation they were taught the immortality of the soul, and its existence for ever; so now, under this new dispensation, it is being revealed to them, for the first time, what that state of existence is; and how, in this life, they may well and wisely prepare to enter upon that; and make it either indescribably sorrowful, or inexpressibly happy." If this statement be true, then the "new dispensation" which, for the first time, teaches man the nature of a future life, and how he may fitly prepare for it, far transcends in dignity and importance the dispensations of Moses and of Christ, which, it seems, only contain the veriest abstract truths of religion—God's unity and man's immortality.

Admitting it, we must admit the monstrous proposition, that the Creator has never revealed what was necessary for man's future happiness—that, in spite of this neglect, the revelation has come from more benevolent beings—and that a revelation which is confessedly not from God, deserves a more profound respect than any divine revelation.

Nor is it enough that, by a wilful and transparent falsehood they should degrade the existing religion to the level of their own pretensions, but they absolutely attack and oppose, by insinuations and contrary teachings, the very Scriptures, which (as successors to the prophets and apostles) they should confirm and illustrate.

They use such expressions as, "your said-to-be-inspired writers." They declare that they have no idea that God created one man in Eden, as the father of a race; that it is a great mistake to suppose the human race to be in a fallen *moral* condition, but that what we have been accustomed to consider the fall of man is only "the great change in his *mental* and *material* nature, produced by the increase of numbers, the wants and necessities, which arose around him, the occupation of his thoughts with the circumstances of his material life, and the entire direction of his mind from spiritual things (*i. e.*

spiritual intercourse) to subjects of earth."

"When there were few persons on earth," say they, "and the spirit intercourse was frequent, of course the minds of men were directed to spiritual things; but when the world was more thickly peopled, then it was that the necessities of life compelled man to work, to develop, to invent, to construct; and these occupations prevented that freedom of spiritual communication which existed previously." (We cannot avoid noticing parenthetically, that this strange theory of the fall of man, apart from its contradiction of the story of Moses, and apart from the general nonsense of it, is hardly reconcilable with man's present *restoration* to the state of spirit-communion from which he had fallen—in an age rather remarkable for workings, and developments, and inventions, and constructions—especially since these very developments and inventions of science have effected the said restoration). They become bolder. "One great feature of these revelations (writes Swedenborg) is to disabuse the mind (of men) of errors which have been ingrafted on their hearts, as the result of an overweening faith in the doctrines erroneously inculcated as of God, and as found in the Bible."

Now, he says again. "There is no such thing as understanding God, separate from his works." "Nature every where is God's acknowledgment of himself, and is enough to satisfy the most earnest longing of all men, if it had not been perverted by the *arts of man*, and the *concerted plans, to form a church on earth* which should shadow to the world *God as a spirit*, but, in reality, personating God as a man." This is pretty strong language. If nature is sufficient for the most earnest longing of all men, then all other revelation is superfluous; and if the plan of forming a church on earth, and of shadowing God as a spirit, originated in the arts of man, then is the Bible and our whole religion a lie. But this is not the only occasion upon which the inspirations of Scripture are attributed to the arts of man. The whole mystery which envelops the nature and passion of Christ is declared to be the invention of the "leaders of the then new revelation," proclaimed, from motives of "*policy*," to overawe the minds of men into belief!

These creatures say that the soul of man has been shockingly trammelled and hemmed in by the stern religious teachings of the past—that it must now be granted the "*freedom of unbiased thought*," in order that it may "throw

off all bonds of sect or denomination," and "feel the first glow of honest exultation, that its ultimate destiny is limited to no pulpit, or the faith taught at its altars." Their wrath burns hot against all "sect and denomination." Under this head they enumerate the Church of Rome, the Church of England, Presbyterians, Dutch Reformers; all other sects and denominations of Christians are, of course, included in this category. If there is any thing needed to crown this monstrous impiety and blasphemy, it may be found in the daring impudence with which a reverend disciple of the new system has proclaimed, that "whatever of divine fundamental principle, absolute truth, and essential righteousness, there is in the Bible, in the popular religion, and in the established churches, will stand. It cannot be done away. On the contrary, it will be corroborated and fulfilled by Spirit Manifestations."

But will this system, thus hostile and solitary, stand by its own strength? Is it a *rational* system, as it pretends to be? We will hastily glance at the leading characteristics of it.

And first, as to the nature of God and his relations to man. We are told that the Creator is "The Universal Germ;" that "the soul of man is a part of God," and itself a "germ," and an offshoot of the parent "germ," is placed in the embryo to be developed. This soul, this undeveloped part of God,—unfolds in life and springs up toward perfection. It passes through one stage of being after another, and ascends from sphere to sphere, until, having arrived at its highest glory, it is ready to return, thus perfected, into the bosom of the God. Here we have a threefold mystery—an undeveloped God—giving off parts of himself which develop, and the object and end of whose development is a return to the undeveloped source from which they emanated. Again we are told that "God exists as a *principle*;" that we can only obtain a rational idea of Him, as a principle—"still resolving *itself* into direct and pertinent manifestations of the incomprehensible specialities of *his* nature." The passage is somewhat obscure. We are left to conjecture what would be a direct and pertinent manifestation of an incomprehensible speciality of the nature of a principle—which we may call indiscriminately—God—IT—HE. Our confusion is made hardly less confounded by an application of this "principle," thus: "He" (God) "is one self, and without any distinctive characteristic as to person or sex. Now if this

is so—and who should doubt it?—why should the same principles" (to wit, the souls of men), "emanating from this source, possess properties distinct from the *germ* from whence they sprang?" We doubt our ability to render brilliancy more luminous by any comment. But we are not to escape so easily. "God is the very *spirit of life in every thing*; and it is eternally at work sublimating and progressing every particle of matter, from the rudest form to its ultimate *end the immortal spirit of man*!" Oh! oh! oh! God—a germ, a principle, an it, a he, the spirit of life in every particle of matter! The soul or spirit of man—a progressive little germ, a little principle, an offshoot from this great germ or principle, *and* the sublimation, the ultimate *end* of every particle of matter!—Spirit,—matter,—germs,—principles,—ultimate ends—oh, for the clue of the daughter of Minos!

We might go on to increase our own and the reader's bewilderment with such sentences as this: "*Light is the pure essence of God which the sun reflects into your system.*" But we refrain. This anomalous deity, shorn of his personality and transformed into some subtle and incomprehensible essence, is yet endowed with the *attributes* of holiness, wisdom, and supreme love, and declared worthy of all worship and affection.

Now it is clear as the light, that various intellectual and moral qualities cannot, in any human conception, belong to a principle, a pervading essence, an impersonal agency; but only to a *being*,—separate, distinct, personal. The attempt then, to make of an impersonal divinity an object of direct worship, or obedience, or any moral affection, is a miserable failure, and must inevitably fall to the ground.—Again: The soul or spirit of man, as "a part of God," existed from all eternity,—"*not in a sentient for n,*" but "*as a principle from the beginning,*"—in an undeveloped identification with the parent germ. But the property or sentiment of man's nature usually called superstition, is said to be the recognition by his spirit of its origin, and a recollection of something that has impressed its *consciousness* before it came into the world (while it was yet not sentient)! There is a slight incongruity in this. Let it pass. Whether, previous to being placed in the embryo, it may have been sentient, or unconscious, nothing is more strongly insisted upon, than that the soul was and is a *part of God*. We wish to examine this doctrine.

This soul or spirit of man, as once belonging to the great whole of the Deity, and now separated from that unity, to be confined within a mortal body, is absolutely *degraded*,—is reduced from the eternal majesty and freedom of divinity to the petty miseries of a material prison; and is doomed to this captivity, not for a brief space of threescore years, but for centuries unknown. Nay more, we are solemnly assured that it will *never* again return to its pristine greatness, for it can never again become absorbed in the God and lose its personal identity.

What is it that we are here asked to believe? Why, just this: that there existed *once* an infinite supreme and perfect God; that this God, of his own free will and pleasure, did separate himself into many parts; that one great part did retain the name and attributes and liberties of God, while the remainder parts, shut up within a certain narrow framework, were transformed into men, whose fate should be—to be subject to the God part—to worship and serve that part—to suffer and to labor; that thus there *now* exists an imperfect, a reduced, a fractional God; that every new-created soul robs the now existing God of a portion of himself; that we worship now a *less* God than our forefathers worshipped,—in other words, that the proportion of the suffering and worshipping parts of the Deity to the glorious and worshipped part is increasing in a fearful ratio!

But the spirit or soul of man, if it was at the beginning a part of God, partaking of His nature and glories—unless by a spontaneous increase of *bulk* it may become *more* of God—which is monstrously absurd), can never reach any higher development than it originally possessed—else is the idea of a God as the Creator and end of all perfection, a nullity, and all religion worse than nothing. The soul of man then, as defined by the spiritualists, *cannot progress*. It must remain always the same immutable part of God. If it be mewed up close in the body for a time and finally get free—that is an escape from bondage, but no advancement of being.

Now the most prominent and popular of all the teachings of the new revelation is, that man was created, exists only for "progression." He is born that he may progress. For this he travels through a troublesome and painful life. For this he

throws off his mortality, and appears in a more volatile shape, to undergo a new series of struggles and elastic transmigrations through indefinite ages—and having finished his course of rarifications, he emerges completely purified and "progressed"—a spirit. It is not the body which progresses; that is sloughed off,—worn away. It is not the dethroned and enslaved soul, this fraction of the god-head, which progresses; for, after a tedious emancipation, *that* is restored to less than its original divinity.

But let us follow the process. The creation of man's mortal body is thus glowingly described: "Imagine the Spirit of the First Great Cause"—(the imagination is here sorely put to it, in consideration of Germs, Impersonal Essences, Principles, and Spirits of life in every particle of matter—to form a very vivid conception of the Spirit of the Great First Cause)—"moving in the glory and power of his nature among the germs of suns and worlds, scattered through space, and wandering in orbits as eccentric as the very confusion of a beginning. Imagine at the mere breathing of his voice (an impersonal voice)! world upon world, in dumb obedience, marshalling themselves in the very orbits which that voice commanded. And then from the elements around he calls up *light* and heat, and institutes laws which since that period have governed all nature. Behold! from the farthest (!) verge of this *dark* space, comes gleaming through the thick mists a ray brighter than the sun! It flashes and illumines every thing around. It penetrates into every particle of matter, and out from the incongruous mass it generates that which God has destined should be the dwelling-place of a portion of himself—the body of man!"*

Well,—the creation is complete. The soul is incarcerated; and this hybrid being plods through the world, and at death undergoes another transformation. We have various descriptions of the second change. The new body is either exhaled as a sort of "cloudy frame" from the forsaken corpse; or it is an entirely new creation of new materials, prepared and waiting for the expected tenant; "or it is or may be that the soul after leaving the earth *generates its own form*!" Be that as it may, one step of progress has been made, and the man is now in the second sphere. If he died suddenly, from

* Query.—What share had the soul of the first man (to say nothing of the prophetic souls of all future men), still resting in the bosom of the Infinite, in this marshalling of worlds and in the creation of *its own body*? We need a special communication on this point.

apoplexy, he remains poised in the air by his own weight, in a state of semi-unconsciousness, for an unspecified length of time—(if he did not die suddenly, from apoplexy, the period of unconsciousness is shortened.)—and when he becomes thoroughly awake to his novel situation, his friends come up to shake hands with him, and away they all go, by the propulsion of a wish, to some planet whither the “law of affinities” may draw them: “for the second sphere embraces not only this earth but many worlds, and to each of the globes in this circle do spirits most adapted go.” In fact, a sphere is a circle of worlds, which the material “spirit” is fitted to inhabit according to the purity of his material structure, and throughout which circle he has free range of locomotion. He fixes, however, upon a particular globe, for a residence.

Here he gives in his adhesion to the government, builds a house, cultivates a garden, and becomes domesticated. He perhaps had been a married man upon earth. If the law of affinities should lead his wife to the same world, they may be reunited.

But since this eventuality is quite uncertain,—especially as “in one stage of existence the affinities which attract male to female, and otherwise, might act as a repellant in another stage,”—and as the distinction of sexes is still preserved, and the unclaimed wives must be numerous, a new selection is, without doubt, admissible. But upon this topic there is studied obscurity, and the imagination is left to its own license.

A reference to Mahomet, however, in terms of praise—an assertion that he wrote under the influence of *spirit impressions*—that there are many truths in his writings—that if divested of a certain earthy admixture they would shadow forth many scenes of the spheres beyond earth, and that it is not impossible, but even probable, that “he is in the beautiful gardens he has so graphically described,”* may perhaps be thought to give a *bias* to free speculation. At all events this doctrine of affinities changes into dismal uncertainty the eager hope of a restoration of parted friends, elsewhere, encouraged.

In this second sphere, the indolent man and the lover of nature are enchanted by a picture of enticing shades and purling streams, and the scenery of southern Italy. Indeed, in the visions of spherical

landscapes, there is but one peculiarity which may not be found in any moderately picturesque book of travels, or realized by a summer trip to Schooley’s Mountain or Popocatepetl. That peculiarity is in the sky. It is true that Swedenborg, upon removing from earth to the sixth sphere, perceived no difference in the sky except an increased clearness and brilliancy. But Judge Edmonds describes a most remarkable appearance—and we have his word for it that the vision is an accurate representation of the reality. “I saw no sun,” says he, “yet there was the splendor of mid-day. A few clouds were seen in the sky, reposing quietly, like every thing else I saw, and they were tinged from time to time with ever changing colors; now pure white, like huge banks of snow; now of a golden hue, imparting a pleasant sense of warmth; anon streaked with crimson and bronze, and all set off by the purest blue as their background.”

Wondering where the light could come from, his “vision was opened,” and he “discovered that the air was filled with bright and shining spirits, from each of whom emanated light of different hues, which mingled together, and made the *tout ensemble* that so struck him (me).”

Some of these variegated “spirits” were reposing on banks of clouds (which doubtless streaked them in such a strange fashion); some were darting rapidly to and fro; others were suspended motionless in mid air. But how the clouds were produced in such an atmosphere, how they could be visible, with so dazzling a light between them and the eyes, how they managed to impart at times a pleasant sense of warmth, and what could cause the background of blue, behind the clouds and beyond all the light itself,—these are left among many other mysteries to be guessed at.

If one be of a roving disposition, and not given to sloping banks, and flowers, and cottages, every facility is offered for travelling. He may follow the track of the planets in their revolutions. He may chase home the comets to their mysterious hiding-places among the stars—provided always he should not be led beyond the limits of his sphere, or tempted so far away from his chosen residence as to be unable to return to his meals, or at least to get back by bed-time; for the necessity of supporting life by proper food and sleep, must interfere somewhat with too

* The expression is this—in a communication from Francis, Lord Chancellor Bacon!—“Where he is I know not, but perhaps he is in the beautiful gardens he has so graphically described.”

long absences from a locality of rest; and although it is written in large capitals that "the soul is a cosmopolite amid the eternity of worlds," yet the inhabitants of one circle of worlds is denied all access to the circles above him, until he may reach them in due course of progression.

The spheres appear to be placed in layers, from the first up to the seventh, "and the gradations or steps until this point (the highest) is reached, are in circles of worlds, not miles." Our earth belongs to the first sphere; also to the second sphere; * it is moreover a sort of Tophet for inhabitants of the higher spheres who have violated some natural law; and again it is taken in the upward course of condemned and abominable spirits whose extreme weight has sunk them below the earth,† and who are coming up again repenting and buoyant. Our position is by no means easily understood, and as thus incoherently defined, it is by no means an agreeable position. The greatest puzzle connected with it is,—What do those many and various "spirits" subsist upon, while confined to this planet, whose productions are only suited to the appetites of mortal man and beast?—Where are the sites and stones for their cities?—In fine, how can they live here—with an organization entirely unfitted for such a coarse and vulgar state of things, and with the ground preoccupied by a different order of beings, who have the right of possession and the right of affinity?

The steps of ascension from the second sphere upward, are decidedly ambiguous. There is no more death, but a change corresponding to it, as they leave each progressive state. "As they progress, they leave their gross part from sphere to sphere." Yet this change would seem not to be immediate, but gradual. "The change is as they go along." Now, if they were represented as constantly *going along*, we might understand this. But on the contrary, they are in general represented as most delightfully stationary, or in their migrations simply excursive; possessing a home, belonging to a certain community, and fulfilling certain duties of citizenship. It is noticeable also, that in relation to scenery and government, and all circumstances of the outward life, the same descriptions are given of the

second sphere and of the sixth. The grades of difference are not apparent. Why an inhabitant of the second sphere should wish to exchange places with one of a higher development, so far as regards immediate happiness, does not appear.

Both states are perfectly charming, and perfectly material. The most attractive picture of the entire revelation, is given in Judge Edmonds' vision of his wife and children, living in a pretty cottage, in a pleasant valley, and waiting for him to rejoin them. This is in one of the higher spheres, we believe (although the question is open to discussion), but the same scene, neither more or less beautiful and tempting, might belong to any of the spheres. We are willing to acknowledge candidly, that we cannot appreciate a *progression*, which consists in a mere transfer of a monotonous felicity from one state of attenuation to another. But to return to the manner of the transfer. One would think that if there exists a "universal law of progression," the "spirit" must naturally and necessarily be carried upward, without an effort, if he does but keep within the law, particularly when a simple violation of the said law would send him downward. This is not so. To begin at the beginning. The lowest condition (which is synonymous with the lowest *place*) is that of "spirits" of a bad character, below the earth, who dwell upon an immense plain (this plain, we suppose, is co-extensive with the area of the superincumbent sphere—in fact, it must be so, to catch all falling "spirits"). Upon this plain congregate all the outcasts, the dregs, or more properly, the *drippings* from the spheres above. These are all black! They are rowdyish in manners, and low in their tastes. They have no desire to improve their condition. In truth, they have found their *level*, and are satisfied.

From the centre of this plain rises a mountain of extreme height and precipitancy, by climbing which, these wretches may obtain a view of the next higher stratum of existence; we are not sure whether it is the first or the second sphere. At the inspiring prospect, they are instantly seized with a desire to escape to those better worlds, and by hard struggling they accomplish the wish. What

* "For the second sphere embraces not only this earth but many worlds," &c.

† "Learn also that the laws of nature in their application to the material body of the spirit, are so properly appreciated by the spirit, that while a violation would not produce disease or pain" (he is speaking of their necessity to find shelter from storms, etc.), "yet the spirit who neglects or refuses compliance is degraded, as a punishment for such infraction of what he knows to be right; and this is not indicated by any tribunal, but takes place as a natural consequence; the spirit sinks lower and lower, till its density bears it to the places below the earth."

the nature of this struggling may be, it is hard to know. It seems to be compounded of physical effort and a sort of *remorse*, called in one place a sincere, dignified, elevated, soaring, self-sacrificing agony! This remorse has, no doubt, the same effect upon their specific gravity, as the admission of hydrogen gas into a balloon. Something of the sort would, of course, be necessary, since it was their weight which sunk them.

And so they go up, up, up. But somehow it often happens, that *without* the inflation of this "soaring" remorse, these pernicious blacks, in all their soot and rowdiness, manage to find their way to our planet earth, and get into communication with "mediums," and stuff them with most egregious lies. This is one of their favorite amusements—so says the revelation. How they succeeded in overcoming the force which dragged them down before, is *not* plain; unless it be that the return progression merely consists in climbing the aforesaid mountain, and then *jumping*. This transit from the top of a high mountain to a circulating system of worlds, the plane of whose revolution is parallel to the level below, and which are not beyond jumping distance, is quite a simple thing, and demands comparatively a weak faith to credit its possibility.

But when we come to the next step, from one circle of revolving worlds to another, we are sadly at a loss where to plant our mountain. Still there seems to be no other way. Judge Edmonds, when he takes his trips to the "spirit land," and ascends from one sphere to another, always clammers up some mountain, and when he comes back, it is "down the mountain and back to earth again." There is nothing more funny in all this book, than the visions. The dreamer says, "I know that I see those realities;" so that we may, no doubt, depend upon his descriptions. We behold then a quiet community, with every appearance of permanence. Houses of substantial make, gardens of superior cultivation, every thing indicative of a thriving, tasteful, industrious population. Families are seen assembled in affectionate harmony; neighbors holding pleasant intercourse by the wayside or the fireside.* The exercise and training of the domestic and social affections, is the great object of their life, the chief element of their happiness. Near this quiet settlement rises a huge

mountain. A steep and winding pathway leads to the summit, and up this pathway thousands are clambering. It is a very long and tiresome journey; but this path leads to a higher sphere, and this is *progression*.

It would be a pleasing task to reconcile this vision with other communications upon the same subject. Let us arrange the teachings into some order. A man dies. He enters another sphere of existence. This sphere is a circle of worlds revolving in their orbits, and (to make the idea as consistent as possible) in the same plane. He selects his world; becomes a resident; submits to the reigning powers; collects a family; builds a house; tills the ground; raises crops; sends his children to the nearest academy; makes friends; visits; enjoys life to the uttermost; is completely happy; has nothing to wish for. But all this while he is under an inevitable law of progression, by which he is bound—not morally bound, but naturally and necessarily forced—to be dissatisfied with the present, and constantly to press forward toward a higher sphere; not a higher moral sphere, but a sphere higher in place, and a state more refined in *matter*. Therefore, while he is thus living in contented rusticity, he is *at the same time* gradually becoming emancipated from his earthiness, and acquiring by an assimilation with the state of things about him, a refinement of organism, that shall fit him for a more sublimated state of things above him.

Also, the only path to this sublimated state of things above him, is *not* any gradual change in his system, going forward in the midst of ordinary everyday life, but stretches up the rugged side of a big mountain, and in the pursuit of it, requires the straining of constant effort, and the *abandonment* of those accustomed and fascinating pleasures, of domestic, and social, and agricultural settlement. He is at length ready. He is sublimated. He is at the top of the mountain. There should be but a step, or, at most, a slight leap, to the nearest planet of the next sphere. But how is this? The little world upon which he now stands, is revolving upon its own axis, and circulating in its orbit with a speed that makes his head sympathetically swim. The associated system of worlds is in the same whirl of motion, and the poor wretch gets quite tangled and bewildered in all this hurry.

* The term "fireside" is our own, and must be considered figurative. They have no need of fires except for cooking.

As to the next circle of worlds, he is in despair, as he suddenly bethinks him of the unyielding orthodoxy of attraction, and the stale immutabilities of mathematics. His situation is now peculiarly unpleasant. After unheard of exertions, for no one knows how many hundred years, and by the assistance of an ever-working law, he has succeeded in freeing himself from the material grossness which prevented him from rising to a higher place in the scale of progressive spheres. His specific gravity has been constantly lessening as he has ascended, and at this moment (if there is any thing in the doctrine of weights, the sinking of heavy spirits, and the consequent rising of the lighter), his body must be of such rare lightness, that it is impossible for him, unless by some flagrant violation of a natural law, to return upon his steps. He is irrevocably fixed, one would fear, at the loftiest peak of this dreary mountain, with the torturing memory of forsaken happiness at his feet, and the tantalizing and unfulfilled prophecy of inaccessible glories—we cannot say above him—nowhere! But he escapes. Messengers, we will suppose, conveyances, clouds catch him up, and finish the transit upon a universal law and a strong will and unwearied effort have failed to accomplish. He goes to the incomprehensible third sphere. Including the subjacent plain, this is Layer No. 4. Here he becomes naturalized again, passes through a more refined course of dietetics, repeats the previous scene entire, and in about a thousand years, more or less, steps upon Layer No. 5. And so on to Layer No. 6, and then to Layer No. 7, which is the sixth sphere.

This is slow work. Now surely there should be a little rest. Not yet. The pent-up, toil-worn, six times metamorphosed spirit of the man-God is still chained down to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow,* although "the fact of eating is merely to support matter," and of course there can be no longer any pleasure in the partaking of food. How it must pall upon his taste! Swedenborg, to be sure, who was translated by some exclusive "short cut," direct from the first sphere to the sixth, without the intermediate wearisome apprenticeship, cannot be expected to feel the same disgust of labor, and impatience of an ever-shifting and exacting materialism. We accordingly hear him dilating with some

enthusiasm upon the superior advantages of this elevated sphere. To illustrate the extreme sublimation to which constant attrition and metamorphosis have at length *drawn out* the physical man, we are exultingly told that many of these higher "spirits" have no need to eat oftener than once a week! Taking that as the basis of a calculation, we may easily discover the precise ratio of their fineness to the texture of our own mortality. Once a week to three times a day! That would make one bricklayer of Gotham equal, in a fair fight, to about *twenty-one* spherical farmers, of the very highest capacity.

Somebody may be disposed to ask, just at this moment—and we should be glad of an answer—how it is that these "progressed spirits," whose specific levity has carried them up to a height "far above the confines of any star or planet of which you (we) have any knowledge," are able to descend at pleasure even to the lowest spheres beneath them, and to revisit this earth, and remain here, and hold continual intercourse with us creatures, low, grovelling, and overcome with gravitation. How do they get down, and how do they keep themselves down, with such an irresistible tendency to fly off again into inconceivable distance?"

Oh, insulted shade of Newton, and thou, much-injured spirit of Bacon! be disturbed! Awake! Come up from your awful graves, and dispel with a breath the baseless fabrie of this silly dream!

But we must not have done without a "fling" at the *ethics* of the new religion. What course of conduct does it enjoin for our daily life? We have noticed, casually, that forgery and lying are reported as common and unrepented peccadillos among the "*spirits*." We cannot find that we, in this life, are forbidden to accept the precedent.

There is a case mentioned in this book of one Tom Jones, who had been hanged for murder, under sentence from Judge Edmonds. He visits the "circle," to exchange a word with his whilom judge, through a speaking medium. Upon his knees, and with great emotion, he thanks Judge E. for removing him by the convenient halter, from his "former state of ignorance and blindness into the west sphere, where," says he, "I have become a man." This miscreant, upon entering the second sphere, had presented him a *choice* between the companionship

* "The land is subdivided into communities or neighborhoods, and in them the land is also again laid out in parcels, for each to till for the benefit of all."

of black and evil spirits, and of those slightly reformed and of a paler complexion. He chose the latter, and was at the time of communication, considerably promoted, and in very happy and hopeful humor. He charges his former wickedness (as many *unchanged* economists would have done for him,) upon the bad construction of society, which drove him into excess and recklessness.

We have thus, it would seem, a warrant of impunity for the worst of crimes. But let us not come to a hasty and ill-considered decision. There is a punishment for moral delinquency. Dr. Dexter thus defines it. "Every soul that is *out of keeping with divine order*, must remain in the license of a perverse will, *for ever vile*, until restored by the *regenerating influences of progression upward and onward for ever*." Which means, being interpreted (and passing the ambiguity of the word "forever"). The universal law of progression will eventually overcome any perverse efforts of the soul to remain "out of keeping with divine order," and will carry it to perfection in its own despite! Such is the dreadful fate of the wicked! Now we glean from a careful perusal of these revelations, that to be "out of keeping with divine order," is either to refrain from loving God and man, or it is to pursue the gratification of one's low passions in preference to cultivating the society of "spirits," through the rappings (whereby a certain grossness is added to the material nature, which may be entailed upon the new body after death, increasing its weight); or, if it should take place in the next life, it may consist in a refusal to go in *when it rains*, or to comply with any such requirement of physical necessity.* There is thus an evident mingling and confounding of the *moral* and the *natural*, which not only destroys all distinction between them, but makes the former a wholly inferior and supplementary fragment of the latter. We will state the case and leave it.

The sum and substance of man's moral duty (to perform which there is the smallest imaginable inducement, since the

neglect may be easily remedied after death) is to love God and his fellow man and to believe and accept the "spirit" revelations. He is bound to this *moral* duty, because he was created under certain *natural* laws, which require these *moral* conditions. If he complies with these *moral* conditions, his *physical* nature will become refined.

If he loves God and the human race, and sits frequently in "circles," and consults "mediums," the result will be such a purification of his material organism, that he may one day aspire to become himself a medium; to witness such ineffable visions as perhaps never gladdened the inspired optics of Mahomet, or visited the enraptured imagination of De Quincey. The hope is ever before him of beholding with his natural eyes, and in no vision those flitting and ghostly forms of Bacon and Swedenborg, to whose teachings, at second hand, he has delighted to listen.†

Moreover, when he drops into the grave his mortal part, there shall be ready for him, or he shall have the privilege of generating for himself, an airy, beautiful, and flexible body, whose color shall be violet, yellow, or blue, and whose lustre shall outvie the brightness of a Drummond light.

In this effulgent guise shall he float through space, and alight upon some excellent planet, where he may marry himself to another bright thing—of a delicate vermilion—and, perhaps, teach school.

And at last, after gradually wearing out all materiality in successive stages of development, he shall be received up into "bright abodes," where his spirit shall be "*manifested tangibly*;" and where he shall "retain the peculiar attributes of his nature, so changed by progression, so altered by his upward course," that he shall have "become a God;" and as associated with millions of spirits similarly deified, may spend a blissful eternity—in searching for *his own greater part*—the Germ—the Principle—the Impersonal Entity—the Creator God—the object of his adoration, the source and end of his being!

* See previous note.

† Edmonds is informed by a "spirit," that after a sufficient amount of training he will be able to see his familiar, and others such, with his mortal eyes.

TO LYRA.

LYRA, amid the stars around thee gleaming
 Thou lookest on me so benignantly,
 With all thy pure, imperial lustre beaming,
 As if to give me leave to question thee—
 And I will ask of things which none can tell
 Who on this little ball so far beneath thee dwell.

Where wast thou when the morning stars were singing;
 And sons of God shouting with ecstasy?
 Was the Harp then in tune—or only stringing—
 To give with other choirs its minstrelsy?
 Such music as we may not hope to hear
 Till we have soar'd above this tainted atmosphere.

And where?—when first the Spirit brooded over
 The face of the abyss—while darkness reign'd—
 And a chaotic mass was under cover
 Till seas were gather'd—their wild waves restrain'd—
 And “the dry land” appear'd—unerring Truth
 Has told *how* forms of beauty grac'd it in its youth.

God “spake and it was done”—laid earth's foundation—
 Pillars and fabric rear'd—when time began—
 That *things* were here of perfect conformation
 Before the dust was fashion'd into man.
 But men of science, by *investigation*,
 Have sought to overthrow these *way-marks of creation*.

The theories of those sagacious sages
 Would almost rob the Omnipotent of might—
 Making *six days* “immeasurable ages—”
 “God said, let there be light: and there was light.”
 If earth moved *then* with grave deliberation—
 What impulse *since* has chang'd its axis of rotation?

Didst thou behold our parents in the garden—
 Their bliss—their fall—expulsion—when the “brand”
 Flam'd round “the tree of life”—unblest with pardon—
 They wander'd solitary “hand in hand”—
 Where thorns and thistles in their pathway sprung
 So unlike Eden's flowers which from them had been flung?

Hast thou look'd on the state their children grew in—
 Their sad inheritance of pain and woe—
 Their evil passions, ravages, and ruin—
 With the same radiant smile thou wearest now?
 If thou hast sympathy for misery here,
 Thine eye is oft suffus'd with a kind pitying tear.

Where is that Eden now?—Does it “lie darkling”
 As some conjecture 'neath the Caspian Sea—
 And do those sands which are so bright and sparkling
 Roll over it?—If so, there let it be!
 We'll seek *that* Paradise “a sure abode,”
 Where Life's pure river flows “out of the throne of God.”

We're told by those who *watch* while we are sleeping,
 Thou hast “a ring” with brilliants thickly set—

Why in the dark art thou this treasure keeping?
 What is its value?—human eye ne'er yet
 Descried it, unassisted by those powers
 Which pierce beyond the barriers that limit ours.

Those hazy portals with interiors winding
 Their diamond-girded ways to upper skies—
 Or vistas opening where splendors blinding—
 Transcendent and interminable rise.
 Are they blest-spirit paths by which, when flown
 From earth, with angels they approach the Inner Throne?

Those fleecy groups in azure fields reposing
 Like flocks of lambs, when wearied out with play?
 Bright galaxies, fantastic forms disclosing?
 And all those clusters in the milky way—
 As islands, sprinkled o'er a dark blue sea—
 On "star-clouds" ranged—pil'd up into immensity?

Those arms which seem from nebulae extending,
 As if to grasp remote infinitudes?
 Man can but trace them till with ether blending—
 More, e'en Lord Rosse's mirror still eludes—
 Whether from inner depths they outward flow,
 Or from the mass diffus'd go deeper—'twill not show.

What are those meteors which come like showers
 Of stars—thrown from the sky by angel-might,
 With glittering coruscations for long hours
 Illumining the darkness of our night?
 Fire-balls with streamers hurtle through the air,
 But disappear at morn—and go—we know not where.

In what consists the *blessing* we call light,
 Which, with velocity that has been reckon'd,
 Travels unweariedly in its flight
 At least two hundred thousand miles a second?
 Little, as yet, we seem to know about it,
 Except, that we should grope in darkness here without it.

Philosophers define it "the vibrations
 Of an elastic fluid filling space."
 Yet so illusive by its aberrations,
 We see no distant object in its place—
 If we ne'er find you *when* and *where* you are—
 Do we *imagine only* that we see a star?

Or see you through that medium, when remov'd
 Far beyond sight?—your "true time" being past—
 The "apparent" only present—this seems prov'd,
 However strange to us—and shows how vast
 The acquisitions needful to dispel
 Those errors of the senses which within us dwell.

Wilt thou become *our pole star*? Will this planet
 Revolve so many—*many* years of grace?
 Impenetrable secret!—Who can scan it,
 But He who built, and launch'd it into space?
 Ere our cynosura give place to thee—
 Earth's *Time*, elapsed, may leap into *Eternity*!

Hast thou not seen celestial orbs while burning,
 Changing their hues as fiercer flames rush'd on—
 Then to a dim and ashy paleness turning,
 Go out, and leave *all blank* where once they shone?
 Such doom awaits our orb; but when destroy'd—
 The "new earth" will be here, and *not a dreary void*.

Was the Cross planted at our world's formation,
 A *type* significant of things to be?
 And hast thou near it kept thy watchful station
 So like a guardian-angel?—Then from thee,
 Couldst thou communicate the history,
 We should learn wondrous things, still wrapp'd in mystery.

Didst thou watch o'er the babe of Bethlehem?
 The "man of sorrows" trace through scenes of strife?
 Who gave *Himself* the tide of woe to stem—
 And by his death unbarr'd the gates of life,
 When He for us the powers of hell withstood
 And quench'd their fiery darts with his own precious blood!

A glorious *memento* now—(inscribed
 With Mercy, Grace, and Peace)—of Him who hung
 In voiceless anguish while his soul imbibed
 During those hours of darkness, wrath that wrung—
 Ere all was "finished"—one dread exclamation
 Which told how bitter were his pangs of desolation.

There we may read, as written with God's finger,
 A golden sentence on the deep blue sky—
 "Take up *thy cross* and follow—do not linger—
 Walk in His footsteps—ever let thine eye
 Speak to thy heart from these pure glowing letters
 Stamp'd with Redeeming Love—Death vanquished—broken fetters."

STAGE-COACH STORIES.

(Concluded from page 608 of Vol. III.)

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE SUITS AND LAW SUITS.

"IT'S hot over there at the court-room, Deacon," said I to the landlord, who was bustling about and putting things to rights in the bar-room.

"It's a drefful hot day, Squire," replied the Deacon, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead. "That ere court-house you'll find 's a rael oven. I sot on the jury myself a year ago last summer. Yes, jest two year ago this term, and though I'm tougher'n a biled owl, I thought, for a spell, I should ha' gin out. I raly feared I'd bake and melt."

"I think I'll take one of your iced punches before I go over," said I.

"I don't believe it 'ud harm ye a hair, Squire," observed the Deacon, leading the

way to the bar, "'specially as I hear you're goin' to argy that injunction case afore the judge this mornin', agin Squire Cranston. Sperit," continued the Deacon sententiously, while he cut the lemon—"sperit is like every thing else, if you use it as it orter to be used it don't harm ye, but ef you aboose it ye hev to suffer. So you do ef you aboose bread, or meat, or vegetables, or cold water even, comin' out o' the lot in sich a hot day like this all sweaty and melted. There's a feller killed over on the mountain only week afore last, jest nothin' else in the world only drinkin' cold water arter he'd been in the barn, on the scaffil, a mowin' away a load o' hay. Ef it 'ud ha ben sperit now that he'd a drank, we'd ha' never heern the last on't; they'd ha' put an account on't in the Cataract, and the korry-

ner's jury would ha' spit it right out—'Death from intoxication'—but as it was, they brought in 'kooky-sole-ail,' which is the most crousest kind of an ail I ever heerd on afore. The only kind o' sole-ail that I know on is a stunbruize, sich as I used to hev when I's a boy, a goin' barefooted, unless they meant original sin, and that's an ail that's in the souls of these red-hot temp'rance fellers as much as any body's, I guess. They make a sight o' fuss about temp'rance nowadays, and the minister over the river tu Ashbury says that no man who is raly born agin, and is a ginooine Christian, will drink or sell rum; but he's nothin' but one of them young squirts, jest out o' divinity school, with more zeal than discretion. He'll larn of he lives. I can recollect how his preedecessor, old Dr. Cook, as nice an old man as ever breathed the breath o' life, how, when he come over on an exchange with our minister, ollus used to come here tu noonin as regular as could be, and ef it was summer time he'd take a cold brandy punch, and ef it was cool weather he'd ollus hev a hot whiskey. I've made him gallons I du believe, and he was as good a Christian, I reckon, as that young feller; and though I say it that shouldn't orter to say it, he used tu think I was one tu, poor, miserable, hell-desarvin creetur as I am, a mere cumber of the ground, and a moniment of sparing grace; and it's a wonder o' mercy I haint been cut off afore this, for, says he to me," continued the Deacon, taking breath, "Doctor Cook says to me, amost the very last time he was ever over here tu preach, 'Deacon Curtiss,' says he, 'I'm a gettin' old and purty feeble, and I reckon that my tire-some airthly pilgrimage is drawin' to an end, and my great reward is at hand.' 'Oh, I hope not, Doctor,' says I, kind o' cheerful, for I see he felt drefful kind o' down and hypoey. 'The Lord's will be done,' says he, a sithein; 'but this I want tu say, says he, 'Deacon Curtiss, as a dyin' man, which we all are, but me especially;' and then, says he, 'Deacon, there's no man in Guildford whose Christian company I've enjoyed so much as I hev your'n in the short Sabbath interviews I've hed with you fer so many years, and I du hope and expect,' says he, 'that arter this life there will be a renew of our intercourse in a better world.' There, Squire—I guess that'll suit ye."

"It's very good indeed," said I, after taking a sip of the punch. "Excellent, I'll sit down and enjoy it by the window."

"Du, Squire," urged the benevolent deacon, beginning to bury himself in his bar, brushing, wiping and putting things in place for the noon campaign.

"That's right, I du like to see a man take comfort and enjoy the good things of this world. It's our duty tu, I raly believe."

Having finished my punch, I walked over to the court-house and went up into the court-room. The clerk was calling over the docket, and as I felt no interest in this proceeding, having but the case of Peck v. Harris to try, and that specially assigned, I did not at once take my seat inside the bar, but stopped near the door and looked about at my leisure. The court-room was one of the old-fashioned sort. The entrances were upon the side opposite the bench, and directly beneath the gallery. Then came two or three steps that brought you up to the level of the floor. The central space of the room was allotted to the lawyers, and was surrounded by the bar, literally a barrier of formidable appearance, being a fence of round pickets, an inch or more thick, and four feet high, painted white, with black points, this finishing touch having been given in order that the marks of the sweaty palms of spectators outside, who were wont to grasp the convenient spikes as if they were the horns of the altar, might be less obvious. The portal of this fortification was a wicket gate, jealously guarded by a constable with a ruddy complexion, and manifest ill temper, who was never known to admit, willingly, any one but judges, lawyers, jurymen and suitors whose cases were actually on trial. The floor of the space between the bar and the table had been painted, by the same ingenious artist who had blacked the picket points, in square patches of alternate white and lead-color; the white patches were streaked and sprinkled with lead-colored paint, and the lead-colored patches were streaked and sprinkled with white paint, and the whole was religiously believed to be, by many of the inhabitants of Guildford county, being thereto prompted by the aforesaid artist and his friends, a close imitation of a marble pavement. The bar table was constructed in the shape of a horseshoe, and covered with discolored green baize, fastened by brass nails to the edges, and spotted with ink. At the open part or heel of the horseshoe was situated the criminal dock, which was fortified by high pickets painted like those surrounding the bar, and flanked by the boxes of the Sheriffs. At the other side of the table, fronting the

dock, was placed the clerk's desk, in the rear of which rose a massive, panelled barrier. Behind this were the judges' chairs, sheltered beneath a canopy of faded red moreen curtains, looped up at the centre overhead. The duty of keeping this drapery in place was confided to a disconsolate looking spread eagle, that apparently with much ado prevented the dusty folds from falling together, and shrouding from view my friends Judge Walker and Cranston, and a tall gentleman in a riding coat who stood together in the recess of the high, arched window, with their backs to the court-room, talking busily.

I forgot to mention that I saw the artist, Mr. Fitzhoward, seated within the ring of the bar table, by the side of a tall, light-complexioned, sandy-haired young lawyer, who held in his hand a morocco-covered memorandum book, which seemed to contain his list of cases, and my attention was more particularly directed towards the pair, when, after I had been sitting in the court-room a few minutes, the clerk called "Fitzhoward against Smith—two cases—I. Orlando Fitzhoward against *Jemima A. Smith*, and the same against *William Smith*."

There was a little sensation in the court-room at this call, and a smile was apparent on the faces of many of the lawyers and spectators when the young lawyer promptly answered "Here," at the same time making a check in his memorandum book.

"Who for the plaintiff?" asked the deaf old clerk, putting his hand to his ear.

"Higginson for plaintiff," said a dozen voices.

"Both cases?" inquired the official, with suspended pen.

"Both cases," replied Mr. Higginson.

"Who for defendant?" again asked the clerk, as he made a memorandum on the docket—"who for defendants—two cases?"

There was another general, subdued laugh among the members of the bar, and much sympathetic grinning by the spectators.

At this moment the tall gentleman, who had been talking with my friends in the window recess, turned round and asked the clerk if the cases of Fitzhoward against Smith had been called.

"Yes, sir, they have," replied the clerk testily.

"I beg your pardon," said the gentleman, but I was talking busily with the Judge, and so was inattentive. Please

enter my name for the defendants in both cases." As he looked up from the docket, his eyes met mine. I believe I blushed, for I was exchanging glances with Frank Eliot for the first time since we had parted in Paris seven years before.

I don't know what I should have done if Eliot had not advanced towards me with an extended hand, and a face all beaming with cordiality and pleasure; but the next moment we were grasping each other by the hand, and the next after that were in the library room, beginning to talk over old times.

"Why, why, old fellow," said Frank, after we had mutually explained, and begged each other's pardon for former offences and short-comings, and granted the same, and, in fine, renewed our friendship—"why, old fellow; so far from holding any grudge against you on account of that affair with *Sophie*, I am under a weight of obligation that I never can remove. Ugh! I had an escape, and your faithful friendship I have to thank for it."

"Pshaw!" said I, feeling somewhat embarrassed at this protestation of gratitude, especially as it was accompanied by a slight twinkle of my friend's eye; "don't mention it; if I rendered you a good service you know very well that I had my reward at the time."

"I'm glad of it—speaking of marrying, you are a bachelor yet, I believe?"

"Yes, thank you," I replied, emphasizing the pronoun slightly.

"You are married, I've heard," said I, after a pause.

"Yes, thank you," replied Frank, using the same emphasis.

"Yes, I was married several years, and, by-the-by, you'll be pleased to know that I've got the best wife in the world, as you shall see this day."

"Yes," I replied, with a shrug of my shoulders, "cousin Helen!"

Frank laughed again and looked very sly and mischievous. "So you have heard whom I married?" said he.

"I saw it in the papers, and besides I inquired into the particulars of some of our friends at New Haven."

"And so found out that I married your cousin Helen, eh?" cried Frank, laughing immoderately.

"Exactly."

"And will you forgive me," asked Frank.

I had half a mind to make the condition of pardon, that Eliot should give me the benefit of his influence with *Mary Smith*, but a second thought convinced

me how absurd that would be. "We'll offset my success with Madame La Vigne against yours with Mrs. Eliot," said I.

"Very well, then," said Frank, gayly; "all our difficulties are settled, and we are friends once more. And now no roof but that of your friend must shelter you, so long as you remain in town. I hope it will be a month."

"Thank you," said I, "but I remain a day or two only, and—"

"Come, come," said Eliot, interrupting me; "I shall take no denial. I have invited Judge Walker and Cranston to dinner to-day, and you will all ride down together, as soon as you have concluded the arguments in the case you are to try this morning."

"I fear we shall not get through in season," said I.

"Oh-ho," laughed Frank, "never fear for that, I'll trust to Judge Walker to put you through by dinner time. Two o'clock's the hour, and we will wait for you if need be."

"Very well, then," said I.

"*An revoir.*" The wagon will be at Curtiss's by one."

As I again entered the court-room, the clerk was in the last stages of the long docket, calling the U's, V's, and W's. The judge was lying back in his cushioned chair, and when his eye fell upon me, he beckoned me to come to him.

The judge leaned over his desk to whisper to me as I went up to the bench. "All made up with Eliot, I suppose?" said he; and when I had confirmed this conjecture, he continued. "He'll give us a good dinner to-day, if we don't spoil it by being late."

The judge slipped his spectacles down upon his nose. "Come, gentlemen," he cried, suddenly and briskly. "The court is ready to hear you in the cause specially assigned—*Peck against Harris*. Allow me to say," he continued, dropping his voice, and again leaning over his desk—"allow me to suggest that brevity in your arguments, and a little leisure before dinner, are both extremely desirable, and without one we cannot have the other to-day. In fact," said he, in a still lower tone, "we ought to be at Eliot's at half-past one at the latest, and it is now eleven. State your points clearly, gentlemen, all that you wish to make, and comment upon them at the length that you think necessary; but the court is intelligent enough, I think, to comprehend them without prolix argument. Go on, Mr. Cranston; proceed with your argument. I have just looked over your bill; there's no

necessity for consuming time with reading it."

Though I was, without doubt, as deeply in love as any young man in New England, nevertheless, in ten minutes after Cranston had risen to his feet, I had wholly forgotten Mary Smith. As I listened admiringly but anxiously to the ingenious and forcible argument of my acute and learned friend, I ceased to fear that he might be my rival in a love suit, and remembered only that he was my antagonist in the issue of *Peck v. Harris*. If a lawyer be crossed in love, there is surely no necessity of his dying with a broken heart, or of mounting his steed and going off to the wars. If, in the courtroom, and in the excitement and absorbing interest of a trial, he cannot for the time forget his private griefs, he is no lawyer.

As I have before told you, gentlemen, this cause of *Peck v. Harris* was one of considerable importance, and Cranston had evidently prepared himself carefully for the argument. He spoke with an air of confidence, and with that fluency of diction which, except in a few remarkable instances, is the result of only constant practice. I saw, with misgivings, that a majority of the bar seemed to be thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his law and his logic, and thankful enough was I that the issue was to be decided not by them, but by the clear-headed and learned jurist who sat on the bench above us, listening with serious attention to the earnest speech of the eloquent advocate addressing him, occasionally taking notes with imperturbable gravity, and sometimes reaching forward for the books from which Cranston cited his authorities. Cranston spoke about half an hour, and when he sat down, although I had been pretty well convinced that I had the law on my side, I trembled for my case.

"There, Lovel," he whispered, as he took his seat, and gathered his papers together, "I've finished you; but don't die hard. It's unpleasant to see even an adversary struggling in the agonies of death; but get up and go through the motions to satisfy your clients, and we'll go over, take a punch, and dress for dinner."

"Wait an hour and see who's the corpse," I retorted, making a hasty memorandum on my brief.

"Go on, Mr. Lovel, if you're ready," said the Judge, looking at the clock over his spectacles.

"May it please your Honor," said I, rising, and addressing the court, and beginning a speech of some twenty minutes

in length, which, though little more extended than my brief, was yet, I am bound to believe, a good one, to the point and effective, for, without anticipating matters to inform you, gentlemen, that the Supreme Court of Errors has since decided the law to be as I claimed it was, the which would be immodest and otherwise improper, no sooner had I taken my seat at its conclusion, wiped my face, and drank a sip of lukewarm water, than Cranston rose to reply, without a word of aside bantering by way of interlude; and, at the same time, old Governor Headly, whom I knew by reputation to be one of the soundest lawyers in the State, suddenly deluged a tin spittoon with tobacco juice, tipped his arm-chair sideways, leaned over towards me, and said, in an emphatic whisper, "You're right, young man, and if Walker decides against you, carry it up."

I saw, too, that my antagonist had been surprised at the method of my defence, and evidently labored hard to controvert a course of reasoning to meet which he had not prepared himself. You see, gentlemen, the main point in the case was this—A and B, co-partners, residing in New York, contract with C—

Here the stout gentleman, who had up to this time listened attentively, yawned in the most infectious manner.

"On second thoughts," said the lawyer, "I will not trouble you with a statement of the case. It is reported in the last volume of Knight, the 21st, page 306, and may be read by any of you that are curious."

The Judge had been gazing for a minute over his spectacles, in an abstracted manner, took out his watch, and compared it with the clock-dial on the front of the gallery, opposite the bench, and glancing towards Cranston and me, he quietly said, "I will give my opinion in this case, gentlemen, to-morrow morning, at the opening of the court. It is now one o'clock," he continued, with a sweeping glance at the whole body of lawyers before him, that finally rested on the clock. "Mr. Sheriff, adjourn—"

"If your Honor please," cried half a dozen lawyers at once, springing to their feet, and anxious to press their motions before adjournment.

"Gentlemen," remarked the urbane judge, "allow me to remind you that it is the dinner hour, and unless some gentleman wishes to make a motion to-day that cannot be as well made to-morrow, I shall tell the sheriff to adjourn the court. The jury, gentlemen, will not be impanelled

in the first case to-morrow until ten o'clock, and I will come in at nine to hear motions. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court until nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

I was a good deal dismayed, when, in the privacy of my own chamber at the tavern, I prepared to dress myself for dinner, and began to overhaul the scanty wardrobe closely packed in my small trunk, which, at starting from home, I had supposed would be fine enough, and every way sufficient for my journey to and from, and brief business sojourn in the quiet country town of Guildford.

"Have you got a pin?" inquired Cranston, putting his head in at the door. "My mother and sister went away last week to Sackem's Head, and here's a button off my shirt. I wish it was in Mrs. Judy M'Mullin's eye, and be hanged to her!"

"Ready in there?" inquired the voice of Judge Walker at the door; and forthwith that portly gentleman made his entrance, attired in a new, lustrous, blue coat, black pantaloons, and a light buff, cashmere vest, buttoned loosely across his broad chest, leaving exposed the snowy frill and ruffle of his shirt.

"My eyes!" cried Cranston, "what a dandy; did you ever see the like before in your life?"

"Not on him," I replied; "he never dresses that way in our country."

"Nor any where else but in Guildford," continued Cranston. "What did I tell you yesterday?"

"Come," said the Judge, smiling benevolently at our remarks; "come, Eliot's wagon is at the door."

"Look at him!" cried Cranston; "isn't it too bad. There he is, full five and fifty—"

"No, no, not by five years and more," interposed the Judge.

"Gray as a badger," continued Cranston, "and superior to all earthly passions, except a love for his dinner; and yet he is as neat and trim as if he had just stepped from a bandbox; while we, young fellows, going not to dinner but to look at and sigh after a pair of pretty girls, are forced to labor under the disadvantages of old coats and ill-appointed shirts."

"Come, gentlemen, we are losing time," cried the Judge, impatiently.

We found a Jersey wagon and a span of fine horses and a driver waiting for us, and got aboard the vehicle, closely watched during the operation by the artist, Mr. Fitzhoward, and his lawyer, Mr. Higginson, who sat at the farther end of the

piazza, smoking their after-dinner cigars.

Eliot stood at the door as we drove up to his house, and gave us a hearty welcome. The supplementary greeting that I got was especially cordial, and Eliot said to me in a whisper, as he led me into the house by the hand, the other guests preceding us, "Lovel, you can't tell how glad I am to see you here at last. It is my fault that the visit was not made years ago."

"Pooh!" said I, returning the pressure of the hand by which these words were accompanied, "I was more to blame than you in our unfortunate difference. But never mind, we are friends again now, and I am here. We will make up for lost time."

I felt a good deal of trepidation at the idea of entering the presence of Cousin Helen and Miss Smith. The door between the hall and the drawing-room stood open, and from within came a soft, rustling noise of ladies' silken dresses. I know of no more appalling sound than this may sometimes be. Cranston's ear caught it, I think, for he shrugged his shoulders as he gave his hat to the servant.

"Come, gentlemen," said our host, moving towards the door. In a moment more we had all crossed the threshold and were standing in the drawing-room, in the bewildering presence of three elegantly dressed ladies, to whom we were severally presented. Of course, during the ceremony, there was considerable enunciation of names and interchanging of the complimentary and conventional phrases that are customary on such occasions. I was painfully embarrassed, as I well might be under the circumstances; and at first, I must admit, I hardly knew what I was about. I must have performed my part very awkwardly, especially for a gentleman of twenty-seven, who had travelled in Europe and wintered in Paris. I even thought I detected a suppressed smile upon the faces of the company; but of this I could not be sure, for the cool, blinded, shaded room seemed almost dark after the glaring, mid-day sunlight out of doors. But this suspicion heightened my confusion, and that something odd had happened was manifest from the air of constraint and stiffness with which conversation began, after a moment of very awkward and embarrassing silence.

When I recovered in some degree my self-possession, I began to look about me a little. The three ladies were, of course,

Mrs. Eliot and Miss Smith and her city cousin. That I recognized Miss Smith, there is no need to tell you, and the cousin too, of course, though in the confusion of sounds and ideas that bewildered my brain I had failed to catch her name. I had heard only the names of 'Eliot' and 'Smith.'

Mrs. Eliot, the cousin Helen of my early fancies, and I, as was very natural, regarded each other with considerable curiosity. I saw that she was a very lovely young matron, with large, dark-blue, pensive eyes, softly tinted cheeks, and a sweet little mouth that uttered the most cordial words of welcome, to the sincerity of which her speaking eyes bore witness. She advanced to meet me when I was presented to her, and held out both of her little white hands, and told me again and again that I was a most welcome guest. It is not in the nature of man to be indifferent to such a winsome manner in a woman. Many a man's heart is coaxed out of his possession in this pleasant way. And this charming little woman, with such a wealth of soft brown hair, with such mild, pretty eyes, and such a rich, mellow, musical voice, betokening a good, affectionate heart, might have been my gentle, loving wife.

But, at this moment, I threw a glance of comparison at Miss Smith, and "Heavens!" thought I, as I met the gaze of her brilliant eyes; "I should love her to madness if I had forty charming little wives like cousin Helen."

Mrs. Eliot made me sit by her on the sofa, and when the company had begun to talk again after the awkward silence of which I have spoken, she said to me in an earnest undertone: "We ought to beg your forgiveness for this foolish scene. I protested against the whole affair, for I thought Frank should tell you, but he insisted that it would be just the thing to put every body at ease at once."

I didn't know what this meant, but supposing that I was expected to reply, I uttered a little short, forced laugh, and said, "Yes, oh yes."

"We shouldn't have heard that you were in Guildford, and you might have gone away again, but Mary Smith, only this morning, told us that she rode out in the stage with you on Saturday, and then Frank and she contrived this stupid scene. For my part," continued the lady, with a contemptuous curl of her pretty lip, "I don't like these domestic dramas; they are too Frenchy, and this was just such a failure as I predicted. Instead of every body's laughing and having the

natural embarrassment and reserve thawed out of them, it served only to freeze us all stiffer than ever."

Cousin Helen appeared to be sadly annoyed, and I was completely mystified. I uttered another inane little laugh.

"But wasn't you surprised though, Mr. Lovel?" asked the Judge, who was seated on the sofa at the other side of Mrs. Eliot.

"Well, yes; somewhat so," said I at a venture.

"A splendid joke, I think," said the cousin.

"Capital!" added Cranston.

"A very stupid one," remarked Miss Smith, with an air of quiet disdain. "I believe I ought to say," she added in a moment after, with a flushed face and glancing half angrily at her cousin, "that I was no party to it."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," retorted her cousin, with an indifferent air, "but you were—one of the—victims."

Frank, I had forgotten to say, had, after inquiring for his mother, with a manner of singular meekness, suddenly left the room. So it happened that he bore no part in this incomprehensible conversation.

I was pleased to observe that Cranston's partiality for the dark-eyed cousin was apparently sincere. He had seated himself at first by her side, and engaged her in a lively conversation; he claimed a previous acquaintanceship on the ground of the stage-ride, and she, on her part, protesting an utter want of recollection of ever having seen him before, while expressing her infinite delight that she had at length, to-day, experienced that pleasure. Miss Smith's cousin was manifestly a very brilliant creature, and not at all afraid of men. Mrs. Eliot and the Judge presently fell into a discourse concerning the weather, and I, having mustered all the courage requisite for such a desperate undertaking, crossed the room and took position near Miss Smith. Having effected this movement, it of course very soon became a matter of extreme propriety, and after a while, of imminent necessity, to say somewhat to my fair neighbor, even if my remark might not happen to be particularly profound or interesting; but I could think of nothing to say, and as the moments flew I could feel my flushed face benumbed and stiffened by diffidence; my tongue was paralyzed, and my dry lips seemed incapable of the office of articulation. Cranston, meanwhile, was getting on famously with the dark-eyed lady, who was laughing heartily at

some of his drollery, and the Judge and Mrs. Eliot were talking politics.

The necessity of submitting some sort of a remark for the consideration of the beautiful Miss Smith had now come to be absolute. I was at my wit's end, striving to invent some pertinent observation. There was an air of reserve about the lady that set me back distressingly. She was far more beautiful than I had supposed her to be, and she had a manner of stateliness and hauteur that was as unexpected to me as it was embarrassing. She was taller, and her form more rounded; her cheek had more color, and her eye more fire and depth than had been apparent, the day I had seen her in the coach; there was the same indescribable fascination about her that had caused my abrupt plunge into the restless sea of love, but it now seemed intensified, magnified, multiplied. I felt that my doom was sealed, my fate fixed, and for the first time in my life was conscious that upon the will of a woman depended the question, whether I should, in the future, be happy, or miserable. "Can it be," thought I, "can it be that this superb creature will ever be mine?" Whereupon I forgot to breathe, and recovered only with a gasp that I was fain to disguise by an awkward attempt at a cough, so that, on the whole, it sounded as if I had hiccupped. Then I was forced to answer my own question mentally, and say to myself: "No, sir, it isn't a possible thing. You will never be so happy. Some other man —"

Meanwhile, I said nothing, and Miss Smith also preserved a strict silence. She sat within an arm's length of me, in a large, old-fashioned chair, with her face indeed, turned towards me, but with her glance averted. What folly for me to attempt to describe her, gentlemen! Imagine the most beautiful woman that your fancy can paint, and — Miss Smith was far more beautiful. But, notwithstanding her superb, queenly mien, I noticed that her bosom heaved, her breath came quick and short, her nostrils slightly dilated at each inspiration, and there was an occasional nibbling at her compressed nether lip, with her little pearls of teeth, and a nervous motion of her head, that betokened more agitation than she could entirely conceal.

This encouraged me somewhat, for if she had appeared wholly self-possessed, I never could have dared to address her. At last, recovering the partial use of my lips and tongue, I began in a husky tone, — "If I could have foreseen, the other

day, that I should have the honor of meeting you here, the pleasure I found in my journey would have been greatly enhanced."

"Thank you," replied Miss Smith, deigning to raise her eyes to my glowing countenance for the first time; "ah, then, you are one of the gentlemen who came in the coach with us, Saturday?"

What could I say? She looked at me with an air as if trying to recognize my features. That this was acting, I was very sure. But what could be the reason of her wish to affect such an unflattering forgetfulness of my person.

"Then," said I, after a short pause, rather thinking aloud than really intending to ask the question, "then you did not expect to see me to-day, until I came?"

"I most certainly did not," replied Miss Smith, emphatically, and with an angry glance at her cousin.

Mrs. Eliot, with an anxious and troubled face, began to say something, but most fortunately, at this moment, Frank entered with his mother. I immediately recognized the old lady that I had seen on the deck of the steamboat, at the time of my summer-set and dive. She had by no means forgotten the unlucky occurrence that I have just mentioned, or the concern that she had felt on witnessing it, and she forthwith placed herself in a large rocking-chair, which her son placed near mine, and commenced a very animated conversation.

"You can't think, Mr. Lovel, how frightened I was," said she, alluding to my falling overboard—the which, it seems, was an event that had made a deep impression on her memory. "Didn't you hear me scream? I supposed, of course, you'd be ground to atoms, between the steamboat and the vessel! Didn't you hear me scream?"

"I think likely," I replied; "I heard several cry out as I fell."

"Oh yes," continued the old lady, shuddering at the recollection, till she rustled in her stiff, black silk dress, like a field of maize in the wind; "you must have heard, if you took any notice at all. I know I screamed as loud as I could, which was not very loud either, perhaps, I was so scared and horror-struck. But I screamed the best I was able to, and so did Helen here. She'd noticed you some time before we knew who you were, and I heard her speak to Frank, and point you out to him. She thought you must be the captain, you was so tall and straight; and after Frank told us who

you were, she kept watching you, and when you were getting down on that shelf from which you jumped, she spoke to Frank again, and told him to ask you not to jump."

The old lady paused, quite out of breath, and had recourse to her snuff-box, and then passed it to the Judge. Miss Smith snapped several of the ivory sticks of her fan, and gnawed away at her rich, ripe under lip, in a way that I'd have given the world to imitate. Mrs. Eliot, I was not much surprised to observe, seemed a little annoyed, and Frank and the cousin exchanged sly glances of merriment, and then went on talking busily, the one to Judge Walker, and the other to Cranston.

"I really feel quite well acquainted with you," resumed the old lady, trying to find her pocket in the folds of her dress, to put up her snuff-box. "Frank used to write so much about you in his letters, and how kind you were to him when he was sick in Italy. And I believe you used to write to Helen, didn't you?" she continued, with a roguish smile slyly breaking out about her mouth; "and don't you recollect, Mr. Lovel, the little heart you sent to her? Well, you're married now, and that was a great while ago, so it's no harm to say that she has got the heart yet. I saw it in her work-box the other day."

"Oh, mamma," cried Mrs. Frank-Eliot reproachfully, "you are mistaken in—"

"Tut, child, I'm not," said the old lady.

"We all owe a great deal to Mr. Lovel," said Mrs. Frank Eliot, with a glance at her husband; "I have been trying to tell him how heartily welcome he is here."

"Oh yes, indeed," cried the old lady, "we are rejoiced to see him here finally. Pray, Mr. Lovel, why didn't you bring your wife with you? Frank used to know her, I believe; we should have been delighted to see her."

I stammered and explained that I was yet a bachelor. "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished dowager, "do tell! why; excuse me, but really, I thought—why! I heard that you married a French lady, and that was the reason—well, of course I'm mistaken, and I'm glad of it; but where did I get such an idea?"

Frank and his wife laughed heartily and exchanged glances that assured me that he had confessed to cousin Helen his lapse at Paris, before my revelations had reached her ears by the way of Miss Smith. Every body else smiled, even Miss Smith did, who was playing with the broken fan in her lap.

Emboldened by this I turned towards her. "You heard my story the other day," said I, affecting an easy style of talking. "I leave it to you, is it fair that Mr. and Mrs. Eliot should laugh at me?"

"Indeed, sir," replied Miss Smith, with a glance at once merry and disdainful, "I don't see how they can help it."

"Why!" exclaimed the old lady, turning towards her with a look of admonition.

"Oh! Frank Eliot!" suddenly cried the dark-eyed cousin, with extraordinary vivacity, and springing from her seat, "when did you get those beautiful deer? Oh! the darlings!" she continued, running across the room to a window, which, reaching to the floor, opened upon the piazza of one of the wings. "I must go out and see them;" and out indeed she ran, pursued by Cranston. Miss Smith also rose to follow, but was detained by the old lady. "My dear," said she, "don't think of going out in this broiling sun without a bonnet. You'd be tanned like an Indian; you know how easily you freckle, child."

"But, aunty—"

"Stay here, child," insisted the dowager shaking her head, "I shall want you in a moment to—"

"Well," cried Frank, interrupting, "Lovel, how do you like Miss Smith?"

I was completely astounded by this question, and gazed stupidly towards the lady thus abruptly mentioned.

"Do you know," he continued, speaking to his wife, "that Lovel has been smitten by the charms of our lively friend, and has promised to forgive me all my trespasses and sins to himward, in consideration that I have, in turn, promised to say a good word for him to Mary? Recollect that we rely on your discretion," he added, walking up to Miss Smith herself, and tapping her on the shoulder as she stood at the window. "I ought not to have exposed Lovel before you. He should have a chance to make love for himself."

"Fifty chances, if he pleases," replied Miss Smith, actually giving me a pleasant smile, albeit there was a slight alloy of disdain in it. "He'll be sure to win," she added sarcastically, "he is such a proficient in the art of wooing. I wish you'd let me go out, aunty," said she again turning towards the window, "and then you may all talk without being obliged to rely on my discretion."

"No, no," said the dowager, "the sun is too hot."

"I couldn't," added Mrs. Frank Eliot.

Miss Smith almost pouted, and I ventured a smart pull at one of my whiskers for the purpose of testing the question whether I was in fact wide awake or dreaming. The evidence thus obtained tended somewhat to dispel the doubts I had begun to entertain.

"Mary's a nice girl, Mr Lovel, and would make you a *good* wife," said the old lady, fumbling after her snuff-box. "She's a capital housekeeper, and when she settles down steady, she'll be a woman that'll make some man happy. I beg your pardon, but really I can't help talking to you as if I had known you a long time."

"Well!" thought I, dumbfounded with amazement, "if this isn't cool may I never—" I glanced at the young lady so strongly recommended to me. She stood at the window apparently watching the brunette and Cranston playing with the deer on the lawn, in perfect unconcern at the conversation of which she herself formed so distinguished a subject.

There was a pause for a moment. I suppose they were looking wonderingly at the blank expression of my face. It gave me opportunity for reflection, and the truth began to dawn upon my bewildered mind.

"I have been most confoundedly mistaken," said I—my presence of mind was wholly gone and I thought aloud in my earnestness. "It must be then," said I, "that *she*"—I nodded towards the window—"is *not* Miss Mary Smith."

The lady whom I had designated started and turned quickly round. The blood rushed to her face, she bit her lip, and clasped her hands with a shrinking manner for a moment, during which it was evident that she was most painfully embarrassed, and then in a breath's space she drew herself up haughtily, and, Heavens! what a beautiful expression of scornful anger was in the flashing glance that Eliot and I were entitled to divide equally between us. Frank returned the glance for a moment with a blank stare, and then suddenly seizing hold of the Judge, the pair went off together with a roar like a double-barrelled-gun.

"Frank, you are too bad;" cries his wife reproachfully. "Did he tell you she was Miss Smith?" she asked.

"Never, never;" cried Frank, "did I, Lovel?"

"No," said I, "Deacon Curtiss—"

"Didn't you hear me when I presented him to you all?" cried Frank, when he had recovered from the extremity of his fit of merriment. "Didn't I do it right?"

Mrs. Eliot again turned to me, I had by this time begun to recover my scattered senses, for the fair lady had disappeared through the window. "I have been to blame," said I. "This lady I saw Saturday in the coach. I afterwards endeavored to ascertain her name, and supposed that I had succeeded. I was satisfied that she was Miss Mary Smith, the daughter of Captain William Smith. I came here expecting to see her, and found her here. I heard no other names when I was presented to the ladies than 'Eliot' and 'Smith,' and supposed that it was the name of the lady who sat yonder that I failed to catch. She, I now suppose, is Miss Mary Smith."

"At your service, sir," suddenly cried the dark-eyed damsel, reappearing at the window.

"And now, I beg to know," cried I, waxing desperate, while Mrs. Eliot, Frank, the Judge, and even the old lady, who began to appreciate the scene, laughed in chorus; "I beg to know who the lady is that I took to be Miss Smith?"

"Why! don't you know now?" asked the old lady.

"Oh! Frank! Frank!" cried Mrs. Eliot.

"Upon my word," he replied, as well as he could for laughing, "I am guiltless of any knowledge of the chief mistake. Lovel told me he saw Miss Smith in the stage—and so he did. How did I know that he had got the wrong —," and hereupon every body went into fits again.

"But who is the other lady?" I demanded when the first lull in the gale of merriment occurred.

"Why! don't you remember her?" cried the old lady. "Why! she is my niece, Helen Eliot!"

"Helen Eliot!" I exclaimed.

"Why: that's what I supposed you would find out when I introduced you to-day," cried Frank, "and I supposed you had found it out."

"Is it possible!" said I, turning to Mrs. Frank Eliot.

"Why no, indeed," replied that lady; "she is my sister Helen."

"For God's sake then, who are you?" I inquired, determined not to be surprised at any thing; while Cranston and the veritable Mary Smith joined their voices to the general chorus.

"Me!" screamed the lady; "pray whom have you taken me to be? surely you have called me by my proper name several times to-day."

"Yes," said I sorely perplexed; "yes, you are now Mrs. Frank Eliot—but I had always supposed that Mr. Frank Eliot had married Miss Helen Eliot—the cousin Helen," I added after a pause, "that I used to talk about with him."

"Whereas," interposed Frank, "to make an explanation that I thought would be supererogatory after your being presented to the several ladies to-day, I married, instead, Miss *Ellen* Eliot, an elder sister of Miss *Helen* of that name; of whom, as you say, we used to discourse somewhat in our days of travel, and with whom you rode in the stage from the city."

"And with whom he fell madly in love," added the Judge.

"So it's not me, after all, then," cried Miss Mary Smith, in her own proper person, clasping her hands with a stage air. "Heavens! what a disappointment!"

"I beg you'll be consoled," said Cranston.

"Need I tell you who the Other One is, Lovel?" asked Frank, taking his wife and me each by the hand.

"Quite a pretty tableau, I declare," cried Miss Smith. Just then the dinner bell rang. "And there's the prompter's bell," she continued; "let the curtain drop."

Here Mr. Lovel, as he called himself, abruptly paused, and after moistening his lips for a moment at the mouth of his brandy flask, took a cigar from his case, and turned to the revenue-service officer for a light. After that he settled himself in his seat, drew a long breath, and began smoking.

"Is that all?" inquired the stout gentleman with the round-topped cap.

"I've finished," replied Mr. Lovel.

"But what happened next?" persisted the stout gentleman.

"Dinner," said Mr. Lovel, without taking his cigar from his lips.

"And what next?" still inquired the sleepy gentleman, with great pertinacity.

"Wine and cigars, and further the deponent saith not," said Mr. Lovel.

"Pshaw!" said the stout gentleman testily.

"A most worthy conclusion if it must be so," cried the sailor. "Come, gentlemen, are you ready for the next yarn?"

"I should rather hear whether the last narrator married Helen Eliot," said the stout gentleman, a little sulkily.

"I should be happy to give you all the information in my power," said Mr.

Level; "but I have at some length given you the reason why, some time since, I resolved never to speak of my private affairs in a public conveyance. You can readily understand that my experience has made me cautious."

"Sir," said the sailor, suddenly touching me on the shoulder, "Will you stand your trick now?"

"If it is my turn at the wheel," said I, in reply.

There ensued a simultaneous kissing of the "poor dumb mouths" of the little willow-covered flasks, and a general re-lighting of cigars and renewal of tobacco quids. After the bustle occasioned by these exercises had subsided, I commenced my story, which I do not feel obliged to put upon paper in the same words. In telling it, therefore, I shall address myself directly to the reader.

WOOD-NOTES.

"Now tramp."—[*Alpine Chorus*.

PREFACE No. 1.

ACCESSORIES.

THESE I describe, not to make words, but because there is no absurdity, but much reason, in showing (as I will by these "accessories" show) what set of circumstances, under my own control, I gather around me and successfully use to facilitate composition. I desire to exhibit, as transparently as I can, the working of the machine, as well as the product furnished; as a certain confectioner in Broadway grinds his chocolate in the sight of all the people, on a slab traversed by four great mullers, which do their work in his front window.

1. Place. A fourth story room; windows looking southward over the mingled house and tree tops of a Puritan city, and westward (just at present), at the solemn ranks of a vast slow moving army of heavy thunderous clouds, *debouching* upon the hither slopes of the mountain range in that quarter of the horizon. The room is high, with gloomy purple walls painted in distemper, by my artist predecessor in occupancy; and the only furniture having any relation to this present writing is my chair, table and stationery, my books, which stand silent, and with their backs, according to the uncivil custom of their kind, towards me, their owner, and the piano.

2. Time. Five P. M.; day's work done; at least the perfunctory portion of it is done—the treadmill work. That which remains is voluntary, and compares with the repetitious bread-earning morning toil, as do the discursive meandering investigations of children in the woods, or of leisurely shore-going adventurers in boats, with the treadmoleindinar (I defy

criticism; there is both etymology and authority for the adjective. Besides, an adjective I must have, and could I say treadmilian?) routine of the convict. At such a time the intellect, unless over-worked to stupidity, expands and ascends as did the liberated Afrite, whom the fisherman freed from the brazen jar into which Solomon had bejuggled him.

3. Circumstances; of which First:—I have played three well-fought games of chess; a Ginoco Piano, a King's Bishop's Gambit, and a King's Pawn. One; whereof, that the intellectual excitement ensuing might be of a pleasant complexion, I took pains to be victor in two, and after a sharp contest did it. Second; I played a nocturne for piano-forte, that a due proportion of sombre fancies might be evoked to mingle with the combative and harshly vivid sensations, remaining from the violent strife over the chess-board. Third; I partook, and still at this present writing, do from time to time partake, of a certain confection, which I know by experience to possess a power of pleasurable stimulating the mental activity of the judicious eater. I had intended not to name the luxury, lest I should be suspected of covert advertising; and lest, too, I should direct the steps of some abstemious one to a harmful pleasure; but that I may shun the still more offensive imputation which I see in the distance, of praising port wine—or brandy—or cordial-drops (vile vehicles of vile specimens of vile fluids!), I must explain.

"Chocolate cream-drops," then, are my "particular wanity." Discovered by chance, while wandering in the wilderness of sweets, at Taylor's or Thompson's, the imperial confiture forthwith

dethroned my preceding base-born idols—"stick-candy," lozenges, "pipe," vanilla cream, gum arabic drops—and for years has been the sole candy of my thoughts. In spite of a queer catalogue of adulterate matters from time to time discovered, from the list of which in my pocket-book I transcribe, viz., "cinnamon; pine sticks; hard coal; cotton; quartz rock; sand-stone ditto; cheap maple sugar; coarse brown paper wads; gum arabic; India rubber (vulcanized); lead ore;" in spite of all, I am yet enchained by the aromatic fragrance, the inappreciable delicacy of flavor, the voluptuous mingling and melting of perfume and sweet, and—not bitter; yet no other word is so near my meaning. By them I am enchained; and yet more by the mysterious enlightenment and free-flowing half-inspiration which a moderate indulgence in the peerless sweet breathes ever the intellect.

But I must not diverge so far. All this time I am only beginning to get ready to commence. The confessions of an American Candy Eater are yet to be written. Perhaps, if nobody steals my thought, I may some time perform that duty. In the meanwhile, I have given the immediate circumstances which with me, at present, are most favorable to rapid and pleasant writing.

"Bad's the best then." (*Quisquis loquitur.*) On that point, *Quisquis*, there are differences of opinion. I am doing as well as I can. Are you? (*Exit Quis. refused.*)

It was not undesignedly that I said, with quasi tautological iteration, "beginning to get ready to commence." The first, "beginning," is done. The second, "getting ready," is an *excursus* into far other regions of thought; for whereas preface No. 1 was a statement of almost mechanical stimuli to composition,

PREFACE No. 2

is to be an endeavor to analyze and explain a principle or group of principles which is or are to account for pleasures arising from the contemplation and narration of subject-matter, such in specific character as the subject-matter of my main discourse, viz., youthful experiences, in themselves of no great rarity or significance, but evoked into definite statements under the conditions consequent upon their long existence within the dim realms of the actor's memory. The specific character of the subject, I say; not the particular experiences, nor their contemporary exterior circumstan-

ces; but the intensified interest attaching to them, when they are called up through the mists that rise over the gulf of fallen youthful years—seem as phantoms of past delights, smiling to us from "Cloudland—gorgeous land," across a distance as accessible as the early eternity of God.

The chief causes of the pleasure of which I have spoken are, I believe, two; which I shall number and subdivide, for the sake of lucid arrangement, as follows:

1. The cotemporary relations to the mind of the events remembered; under which I distinguish

a. The importance of any given event, as compared with the body of experience already collected. Such event is larger in comparison with such experience, than any following event; and this proportion of excess increases as the sum of experience anteriorly gathered diminishes, viz., towards birth. And

b. The impressibility of the mind. So that, continuing to use the metaphor inaugurated in the word "impressibility," we have, taking circumstances *a* and *b* together, the notion of a heavy mass infringing upon a soft body, and the resulting idea of a deep impression.

This completes the illustrative analysis intended only as to the *distinctness* of the memory. It remains to inquire why these remembrances (if not grievous in themselves), when summoned into the court of our present thoughts, appear in the witness-box so decidedly to possess the favorable regards of the court, and to testify so invariably and so credibly to the delightful nature of the matters in evidence.

For this also are reasons twain, viz., *a*. The condition of the individual during the experiences in question. Body and mind are (comparatively) pure and healthy. The elastic growth of the physical frame is not yet clogged or distorted by the physiological crimes—the errors and excesses in food, drink, garment, work, play, rest—the social sorceries which so often conjure up clouds for morning, and gloom for the noontide, and thick and early darkness for the sunset, of the life which dawned in fulness of joy. A constitutional happiness is thus furnished to the mind; and the inner light of the glad young soul bathes all the objects along its road.

b. A natural consequence (for I must positively call in my skirmishers, and advance the main body of my paper) is, that the disagreeable parts of our recollections,

which by virtue of our youthful power of resistance to sorrow, made originally but faint impressions in comparison with the salient splendors of our happiness, fade the sooner; so that now, when we look upon the pictures which are all that is left us of youth,

"The shadows all are fled,"

and we gaze out from among the dim labyrinths of strife and toil and vexation, within which our manhood has so imperceptibly become entangled and beset, to sunny gardens where we went and came in safety and delight, neither knowing nor fearing evil or sorrow.

There comes that odious Quisquis again, the "sharp but vulgar," with an aphorism importing that "much ruffle" stands in an inverse ratio, both of quantity and quality, to the linen substratum in which it inheres. He thinks that through so large a gate, the little city behind will pop out and run away; and mixes up his talk with absurd and incoherent references to "mountains" and "mice."

To Quisquis I answer thus (not stooping to regard any charges of sophistication or inconsistency, which he may trump up against such answer); that I have written, up to this point, two distinct though short treatises; and that now I am about to commence a third, having absolutely "no connection with the store above"—no relation whatever to either of the former, either in matter or manner. This, however, I merely say to Quisquis, with whom I "canna be fashed;" for between the reader and me, there is something in what the fellow says.

But now, having "tarried a little, that I might make an end the sooner,"

"Vis the curtain that shadowed Borgia!"—

I will commence, by recommencing the narration which I began, and of which I presented the central idea, in the two words of my motto.

PREFACE No. 2

There were of two us—Harry and I. Both were "good boys struggling with the storms of fate"—a condition sometimes known as that of suspension from college. Our design was, as may already have been conjectured, to "tramp;" our direction northward, and the time allowed, about five weeks. We computed that within that time we could (with intercalary helps by rail and stage) walk to Umbagog Lake (which is near, oh ungeographical reader, to Canada, or the boundary between New Hampshire and Maine),

pass some days in woodland sports there and thereabouts, and return.

A summary description of our preparation and outfit will not be superfluous, and may haply help some adventurous pedestrian. We considered, then, that we ought to walk our thirty miles a day, without trouble; and inasmuch as our sedentary collegiate (and rustic) life had thrown our legs a little "out of drawing," we took a course of preliminary training, which in my own case was briefly as follows. I purchased the heavy cowhide boots in which I intended to travel, and gave them a terrible basting with an artificial and water-defying compound, of which the "great fundamental principles" were India-rubber and tallow. Then then, daily at five A. M. I did indue, and the same from and after the said five did diligently propel over distances, and at speeds, increasing from half a mile on a moderate walk to five or six miles on a good swinging trot of seven miles an hour. Here I will interpolate one caution to all antepandial exercises, viz., to eat a cracker, or half a slice of bread, or something of that refreshing nature, before starting. This little snack will marvellously fortify the stomach, which else would often yield to the combined effects of emptiness and fatigue, and so incapacitate the enterprising gymnast both from breaking his fast, and from comfortably doing his day's work. At least such is my experience.

While I was thus coursing about, "over the mountain and over the moor," the blacksmith and trunkmaker were preparing me a knapsack, on my own plan, as follows. 1. A skeleton of stout steel wire, clasped together at the corners, where necessary, such in shape and size as would be formed by adapting the wire to all the edges of a box one foot high, fourteen inches long, and three inches thick. 2. A cover of stout russet leather, sewed strongly and tight every where, except across one of the longer narrow sides of the sack which served as a mouth. Over this the leathern cover spread in a flap which fell some ways over the further edge, and was fastened by two short straps, to buckles sewed upon the corresponding broadside of the sack. Imagine it in that condition, resting upon my shoulders, flap and buckles outward. It is sustained there by two other straps, of which each is sewed to the upper edge of that broadside of the knapsack which is next me, passes forward over the shoulder on the same side, down, still on the same side, under the arm, and buckles to the lower edge of the same side of the knap-

sack to which it is sewed. Cross-belts are a plague. The sack, arranged as I have described, was donned and doffed more quickly than a jacket, and sat lightly and easily upon me.

In this I stowed my travelling outfit of clothes, stationery, and a few materials for making coarse artificial flies.

Such had been my preparations; and after dinner one day in the beginning of June, just as I was despairing of Harry's advent that day, and was arranging my fishing-tackle for a little sport in the Connecticut, the doubtful steps of a stranger came experimenting up the dark stairway which led to my room; a sharp knock rattled upon the wrong door, and, responsive to my intuitively welcoming shout of "Come!" Harry opened, successively, into a dentist's and an attorney's offices, tried the locked garret door, and ultimately, by a process of exhaustion, found and entered my room, and greeted me with a scientific sophomoric howl, a short war dance, and a violent shaking of the hand.

Our costumes were wonderful. Mine was as follows: blue check shirt, curious antique coat and pants, black glazed cap, finished with sheath-knife in belt around waist. Harry's, along with mine, exemplified that unity in variety which is one of the remotest and least appreciated, but most satisfactory conditions of beauty—the beauty, at least, of arrangement. For glazed cap, read chaotic felt hat; for blue check, red flannel; and with minor differences, *e. g.*, in the wrinkles of boots, color and patches of garments, and character of knapsack (in which last regard, though I say it that shouldn't say it, the steel frame gave me a decided advantage over Harry), we, like "young Celadon and his Amelia," were "a matchless pair." That "Celadon," by the way, always afflicted me, by means of the notion lurking about it, that friend Thomson meant to say "Caledon," which is a much more mouthfilling word, but failed, through ignorance or carelessness, leaving the present meaching trisyllable, with its associated ideas of celery, celandine, and colanders—three as wish-washy and diluted notions as we shall readily find.

Well, an hour or two sufficed to write a couple of letters, to procure a certain amount of dollars and of change, and to bid a brief and stern farewell to my dingy old room, to the busy world below, and the people generally in that neighborhood, none of whom, so far as my memory serves me, deigned any reply. We were the cynosure of all eyes—a double star

of the first magnitude—as we strolled down Hill-street to the station, in a very Californian style, boot-tops outside, knapsacks slung, sheath-knives sticking viciously out from our girdles, and fishing-rods in hand.

We went by railroad or on foot, without any very remarkable experiences, by Springfield and Worcester to Meredith Bridge, at the lower end of Lake Winnipisogee. We amused ourselves in a quiet way by entering extraordinary names upon the hotel registers, and by talking together of our large Southern property, and of the many fearful scenes through which we had passed; recounting fights, hunts, and gambling adventures with a fluency and fulness of incident and description that set the tavern loafers all agape, and produced a very deep impression upon the inquiring mind of one postmaster, in particular. It was with sincere grief, as he informed us personally, that he heard of our resolution to depart. And his sorrow was a patriarchal one—not for himself alone, but for the community whose letters he handled—as if they all were about to lose welcome guests. Said he: "We're a very intelligent community here—very intelligent. We're all fond of gathering useful information; and when well-informed strangers *do* visit us, we enjoy their company very much. Couldn't you possibly stay a day or two longer?" We couldn't, possibly! for we were wondering already how the natives could hold the enormous stories which they had swallowed, and we anticipated a reaction, within the sphere of whose influence we did not desire to come.

From Meredith Bridge we walked to Senter Harbor, and thence, after some days' loitering around the lovely waters of Winnipisogee, Squam, and Little Squam, not forgetting White Oak Pond, a feeder of the last, and famed for great pickerel. But henceforward I shall not describe journalwise the daily course of our adventures. I will only reproduce the few scenes which are clearest in my memory, throwing them, for the sake of convenient composition and arrangement, into short chapters.

I.—THE MOUNTAIN.

WE undertook the ascent of Mount Washington, from Crawford's, before the mountain paths had been worked over and set in summer order, and without a guide. We only carried matches, food, tin cups, and a small portion of horrid

New Hampshire brandy. An hour or two took us to the summit of Mount Crawford, that mighty out-sentinel of the giant brethren of the White Hills, who keeps watch upon the Saco and its narrow meadows, nearest Crawford's House; and there we rested and looked about. The deep narrow valley was behind us, almost under our feet. All around us was a sea of mountain-tops; and among them Mount Washington stood grandly up in the north-east, dark blue, flecked with snow spots, distant, dim, and cold. After crossing the top of Mount Crawford, the path disappeared. Worn and washed away by spring torrents, it had not yet received its annual grading; and we were therefore left without other guide towards the secrets of the mountains than the distant view of the purple and white diadem of their gigantic king.

After consultation had, we determined upon taking a "bee line" for our destination; and on we went. Up the ridge of a young mountain who had climbed the shoulders of his big uncle Crawford to get a look at the world; down the other side, through rocks, bushes, briers, and bogs; into a narrow dell floored with an indefinite depth of unstable boggy material, which warned us of the fate of Red Ringan's blackguard brethren in the ballad of Lord Soulis:—

"We stabled them sure, in Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure," quo' he.
"But ere we could cross the quaking moss,
They all were lost but me."

But we thumped across, and went on. Then we scratched our way through a spiteful little forest of thick-set sumach bushes and alders, full of dead and fallen sticks lying across one another at all angles, and making a pretty intricate breastwork, of the same general character with that raised by the French and Indians, in the year of grace 1758, in front of Abercrombie, as he was advancing to the attack of Ticonderoga. This also we passed; and having climbed a long and steep ascent, were brought to a stand; first, by reason of great expenditure of breath, and second, by a trifling chasm of a mile or so in length, eighty or a hundred rods wide, and some four hundred feet deep, whose sides approximated perpendicularity and fully attained angularity. It seemed a base vacillation to go round, particularly as we did not know how far "round" might be, since our chasm turned a corner and went out of sight behind a mountain at each end, so that we were nearly at the tip of a vast promontory. Neither could we hope to

jump across. For although a certain Swiss monk is said to have jumped nearly as far over an unbridged torrent, yet there was a lady in the case, which encouraged him. He was, in fact, carrying a damsel with whom he had run off; and was closely pursued by a party of inquiring friends, who proposed to bury them alive, after scraping his tonsure off with a blunt knife, or to make them uncomfortable in some other good orthodox way. The monk, it will be perceived, had great inducements to jump; and he did jump, and that to good purpose; for he got safe off amongst the hills with his sweetheart, and is there yet, for all I know. But we had for stimulus, only the barren honor of climbing Mount Washington, who looked at us without changing countenance, and apparently without much interest. So reflecting, we resolved to climb unobtrusively down this side of the chasm, and up the other; which we did with the loss of some part of our fingers, and of the largest part of our patience; for the chasm seemed positively to have been put there to trap us in particular. Having now accomplished this further portion of our journey, we did not seem to have improved our prospects; for whereas, before, we had only a chasm in front, a short inspection convinced us that we were now supplied with that article all round, except where a ridgy and crooked isthmus connected our peninsula with a dozen or so of miscellaneous mountains, in a direction nearly opposite to that of our route. Our new position was, in a military point of view, exceedingly strong; impregnable, in fact, except to heavy artillery on the neighboring peaks; and as we had no reason to suppose that any potentate contemplated mounting batteries thereupon, we might consider ourselves quite safe. But this did not further our main object. Our military position was of no more use to us in ascending Mount Washington, than a tail is to a toad. And we now began to receive telling volleys from other batteries than those of earthly powers, namely, from those of the sun, whose rays fell upon us, uncounteracted by any breeze.

An inquiry now for the first time suggested itself, as to the intrinsic value of this ascent. Abstractly, the elevation of our corporeal frames over certain rocks known as Mount Washington, did not seem so very distinguished an achievement. Our way to the summit was far from clear. We were on the apex of a hill, with an entire horizon of apices all around us, cut and split apart by an in-

extricable tangle of vast and precipitous ravines. Would it not do just as well to amuse ourselves by rolling rocks down the mountain? We thought it would; and with considerable exertion, dislodged two or three huge ones of a ton's weight or more, and trundled them over. They leaped down with very little noise, falling from rock to rock with dead heavy *thuds*, and striking out sparks and smoke from every point they hit. Then we explored our peninsula, and christened it Mount Washington; an act of the same class with Alexander's solution of the Gordian knot, and Charlemagne's crowning himself. I think it was Charlemagne—for in all three an arrogant yet noble inspiration of genius extemporized the fulfilment of an enterprise otherwise impracticable. Then we rested a little; resolved suddenly, being rested, that, after all, we *would* reach the "old original" Mount Washington; reserving the "original" mount, in case of failure. And in pursuance of this resolve, we once more set our faces towards the calm brow of the distant Alpine king, and resumed our nursery-rhyme progress:

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round and roundy."

Down in the bottom of the first dell into which we plunged, which, at its depth, was just a narrow rift in the rocks, laid in great steps, all slimy with trickling water and slippery moss, we found a lovely little spring. It gushed out in a bubbling spurt from a cleft under an enormous "boulder *in situ*," as Harry learnedly called it, as if it were sadly squeezed, under ground, and glad to get out as fast as it could. And moreover; comparing our weariness, and the extreme heat of the hills, with the fresh earthy coolness of the water, it certainly seemed colder than any we had ever seen. We lay down to it. Out came the tin cups, more welcome than golden goblet to Sardanapalus or Belshazzar; and we drank, then and there, being in a profuse perspiration, lying upon cold damp stone, and under the chilled thick stratum of cold air that settles down in the depths of such ravines, fifteen half-pints of ice-cold spring water, I swallowing eight—two quarts—and Harry seven. We qualified the foolhardy draught neither with deliberation nor with brandy. The thirst of such climbing on such days is intense; and although I fully recognized the danger of sudden death, couching as it were in the clear depths of the chilly fountain, yet

cupfull after cupfull went unsatisfyingly down my throat until instantaneous repletion came with the very last swallow. Neither of us felt any harm then or afterwards, but I advise no one to tempt the water sprites so far; neither is it other than mysterious that even our perfect health and elastic physical forces did not collapse on the instant. But alive and refreshed, thoughtless and thankless, we arose and went on. We struggled forward for two or three hours more, approaching slowly, but not safely, to the goal of our endeavors. We could see more plainly the great rifts and gullies leading up the scathed flanks of Mount Washington, and the large snowdrifts remaining about his crest. We sat down, after a time, wearied and exhausted upon a peak apparently about as high as the old monarch himself, not more than two or three miles away from him, to rest and to gaze. We had risen so high that here and there small clouds were scudding along the mountain-side below us, and we even passed through one which swept by us—a cold transitory mist—on its windy chase up the hills; and the air, in spite of the clear bright sunshine was cold and piercing. We sat, however, in the indifferent stupidity of extreme fatigue, an hour or two, until the sun was well down the western sky, and behind a great bank of clouds which had been gathering in the horizon. Then we came to the definite conclusion that the best thing for us was to get back to the tavern again as soon as possible. So, chilled, stiff, hungry and tired, we rose and attempted to return; but fell forthwith into an ambush set against us by the Princes of the Powers of the Air, which quickly reduced the scope of our thoughts from distant enterprise to immediate safety. We had been delighting ourselves with watching the gathering of the clouds around the great central peak. Eddying and intervening, vast fleecy hosts now deployed and manoeuvred upon its inaccessible flanks. Sometimes they swept on in long unbroken line, hiding all the summit. Again, they opened out, and plunged down and away to one side or the other, leaving the grim old king in his dark repose, alone. But this magnificent display operated as a "reconnoissance in force," to occupy the attention of us travellers in front, while the true and dangerous attack came upon us in flank. As we gazed in delight upon the thickening storm battalions around the brow of the mountain monarch, the air grew damp and cold around us. The slanting remains

of sun-light faded into deep shadow. The light troops of a vast army of dense mists sweeping low over our heads, came shutting off the last light, and even as we looked in wonder, the wonder faded into fear, as the main body of the cloudy host charged upon us. It was a cold thick fog; the coldest and solidest I ever felt; apparently filled, indeed, with little particles of snow, which smote upon our thin summer clothing and chilled us through and through in an instant. Thicker and thicker it poured past, in interminable volumes, taking our remaining strength away with the warmth of our bodies, and our courage with our strength. We thought, in this perplexity, to follow the ridge on one of whose summits we were, downwards, and to grope our way out to the valley of the Saco by following the fall of the ravines. We could not see twenty feet. The darkness, as the sun fell, momentarily increased. Our little local recollections having been frightened away by the mist—thoroughly befogged in a double sense—we had quite forgotten which way the ridge sloped downwards. Having followed it some distance in one direction, and coming to an ascent, we concluded that we were going wrong, and went the other way. Undertaking this time to be persevering, we kept on until we got fairly away from the neighborhood of our resting-place, followed one or two cross ridges which offered a fallacious prospect of leading us somewhither, and just as night fell, were thoroughly lost, colder, wearier, hungrier and more scared, than ever. We could not now see a step; and moreover, had been for an hour stumbling and even falling, from the weakness of excessive fatigue. But we dared not sit or lie down, lest the numbing sleep of the frost-cloud should take our lives away on its white cold wings. So we even betook ourselves to quadrupedal progressions. We crawled cautiously along, lowering each hand and knee with a separate care, to avoid cuts and scratches, and feeling out forward into the gloom, which seemed to press close upon our eyelids, so dense and palpable was it. We spoke to each other continually, lest we should become separated. Over and over again I put forth my hand for the next step, and upon quietly dropping it, found nothing under it. That was a sign that I was within six inches of *some* precipice. Then I called a halt, and cautiously advanced one foot over the brink. If I could reach a footing below, we crawled down; if not, we coasted along

the edge, or tried another course. Over how many hundred feet of sheer descent, I may have hung by the slippery hold of one hand and one knee—over what dark and empty depths, floored with edged and pitiless ledges of teeth, of sharp primeval stone, I put out helpless hand or foot into the ghastly gloom—I know not, nor do I care to know. But the helplessness of the unseen gesture yet burdens my memory. It has often haunted my rest. For years, if any slight disorder superinduced a dreaming condition, I was in dreams at intervals driven by cold mists or viewless winds, through interminable chasms walled up to heaven, where I saw that seeking gesture repeated to infinity. Over every ledge would then be put forth a helpless hand; pointing to me, clutching at the thick mist, holding wide-spread fingers stretched stiffly out, sweeping slowly hither and thither, vibrating up and down in frantic indecision; indicating dreadful variations upon the solitary theme of utter and desperate loss and helplessness.

So we wandered; until it became evident, as indeed it would have been before, if we had reasoned deliberately, that we should shortly become absolutely unable even to crawl, and should then of necessity fall over a crag, or stiffen and die. We therefore felt about for a soft rock; and having found one which, if not actually soft, was at least rather smoother than most, and moreover, a little sheltered from the wind-driven frost-fog, we slept and watched alternately, in miserable five or ten minute snatches, until some time in the latter part of the night; spending the time allotted to watching in thrashing the arms about, kicking, stamping, and the other doleful manoeuvres which are useful in fighting against severe cold and overpowering drowsiness. At last, after an indefinite quantity—it might, so far as my perception of the passage of time was concerned, have been a week—of wretched dozing and waking, the last detachment of the dreadful fog scudded over us. The moon and stars shone out, most glorious and welcome to behold. We drained the remainder of our brandy, summoned the remainder of our strength, and resumed our last plan of getting out of the mountains by following the fall of the water-courses. We climbed, with many falls and much danger, all stiff and chilled as we were—hardly retaining any sensation beyond our elbows and knees, and articulating only with difficulty—down into a ravine, along whose lowest rift we

stumbled, sometimes in shadow and sometimes in the uncertain gleam of the moonlight, but free at least from the deadly cold and impenetrable darkness of the terrible frost-fog.

Our scheme was successful. After several hours' wandering, we finally came out, at late breakfast-time, upon a

narrow meadow in the valley of the Saco, a little above Crawford's House. A day's rest sufficed us to repair damages. As for Mount Washington, people who want to ascend it, may. For my own part, I don't think it any thing to boast of.

(To be Continued.)

WEST POINT AND CADET LIFE.

I BELIEVE in mountains! In electrician's phrase, they are "sharp points" which gently lead down to earth the sublimities of heaven. They are God's standing protests against mammon worship and all other calf idolatries. In the deep and benevolent recesses of creative mind, New York and Wall-street were surely foreseen, and thus came into existence the wondrous beauty and sublimity of the Hudson valley, with its Palisades, Highlands and Catskills! Had God thought as Wall-street thinks, He would have made no such vast tracts of unsalable land so convenient to market. Mr. Croesus wouldn't give *that* for a hundred Dunderbergs and Round-tops: indeed he thinks quite contemptuously of the mountain-maker for such a thriftless waste of ground-room. Poor Croesus! he should study the physiognomy of Dr. Abbott's dried cats, if he would see a physical type of his spiritual self.

Most profoundly did I believe in mountains on that beautiful day in June 184-, when the steamboat Albany bore me for the first time past the frowning steeps of Butter Hill and Crow's Nest. During the previous winter my studious seclusion at a reputable country academy had been suddenly invaded by the tidings that a cadet appointment, unsolicited and undreamed of by myself, had actually been issued in my unknown and humble name, and that this weighty summons demanded instant acceptance or rejection. Now be it known that my nineteen sober summers, spent in miscellaneous farm work, had revealed to my consciousness no clear inspiration of martial fervors, nor was the military profession clothed in any sentimental fascinations for my rustic and quiet tastes. But I procured a copy of that modern edition of the Institutes of Lycurgus, known as the Military Academy Regulations, and soon mastered this

elaborate code in all its Draconian severity. Overpersuaded and with many misgivings, I at last decided to accept; thus hoping at least to become well educated. Then came the sad severance of sacred home ties, and those stirrings of the inner depths with which Youth launches forth on life's tossing ocean. The stage, the canal-boat, the railroad and the steam-boat, in turn expended their energies in accumulating the long miles which separated me from home and its ever-dear inmates. From mother to step-mother was I journeying, when first the rugged granite walls of the Highland gorge frowned down upon my eager eyes with that cold, hard frown which they have worn through the last four ages. Break-Neck Hill, Bull Hill, Butter Hill and Crow's Nest, brood in silent quaternion over the peaceful Hudson, as if in some mnemonic reverie of those Titans whose giant strength clave asunder their native union "in the old time before." During this dream of the ages, a scanty investiture of scrub trees has "mellowed the shades on their shaggy breasts," and the dark lichens, in hardy legions have encamped over the bald rocks, blackening their primal feldspathic blush into the similitude of rude, unshaven monarchs. Unused to mountains in my gently undulating birth-land, I gazed with fluttering heart on these silently speaking Memmons, so reminiscent of that primeval dawn when the sons of morning sang their chorus of creation. These rugged battlements rose before my mind both as monuments and as symbols. Their severe, unchastened outlines, their unimpressible, self-collected granite rigidity, their seeming consciousness of a mission knowing no to-day nor to-morrow, their sublime aspirings and deep down foundations; all spoke to me of that now visible Sparta whereof I was about becoming a conscript son. Thus stricken

with awe did I tread that shore, since so familiar.

West Point is about fifty-three miles from New York, on the west bank of the Hudson. It consists of an irregular angle or point, elbowing the Hudson into the sharpest curve of its entire navigable course. A plain of about 160 acres, elevated over 150 feet above the river, crowns this point, while the limiting bluffs and slopes coming down to the water's edge offer many beautiful clusterings of foliage and outlooking granite spurs, to greet the river voyager. On the plain is the Academic Hall, the Chapel, Hospital, Library, Cadet Barracks, and Mess Hall, the houses of the Professors and officers, and the open area for military evolutions. Under the hill to the northwest lies the quarter known as Camptown, which consists of the soldiers' barracks and the various small tenements demanded by the motley academic retainers of all minor degrees. In the rear or to the west, the plain is shut in by a range of hills. Mount Independence being just abreast and wearing old Fort Putnam as its head-dress. About a mile west, Redoubt Hill rises still higher, and between this and lordly Crow's Nest winds the valley threaded by the Canterbury road. Across the river is Constitution Island, crowned with fort ruins and the house of Queechy's authoress. Fort Montgomery is about six miles below the Point, and is accessible by a delightful route, joltings excepted. So much for topography.

Now a word, partly of counsel, relative to Cadet appointments. "How can I become a Cadet?" is a question very prone to arise in a "young American's" mind when stirred by fife and feathers. Briefly thus. For each Congressional District one Cadet is allowed, whose appointment is practically in the gift of the Representative in Congress from that District. Contingencies considered, a vacancy occurs about once in three years for each district. So, querist, your appointment depends first, on there being a vacancy for your District, and secondly, on your worthy or unworthy M. C. The President makes twelve appointments at large each year, but as you value your peace of mind, do not hope to be one of his elect. And be not over-sanguine on any score, for it is said that during the Mexican war, nearly ten thousand applications were made during a single year, if I remember correctly. Appointments all come from the Secretary of War, to whom a formal application should be made; but your M. C. really selects for appointment. Now

a far more vital question for you to consider is whether you are *fit* to be appointed. Of ninety-six Cadets appointed in the class of 1840, only twenty-five graduated, and generally only from a half to a third of those first appointed, "doff the Cadet to don the Brevet." The Surgeon's examination often signifies *exerunt* for a dozen neophytes, and as many more exhibit such idiosyncracies in reading, writing, orthography and arithmetic, that the unsympathizing Academic Board quietly remands them back to citizenship. Then comes the January examination, when the algebraic wrecks are consigned, in fearful numbers, to the parental underwriters. So too in June and January, even to the last, the ill-ballasted, the weak-helmed, the mal-adapted, are singled out from among their stouter fellows, and with stern justice are banished from seas too rough for them. The martial aspirant should consider these things before becoming a Cadet, and remembering well that Cadetship is no mere holiday training, no refined peacockism, but a four years of discipline to body, mind and heart, severer by far than any other educational course in our land involves. But if a sentiment of vigorous manhood, a courage patiently to endure present trial for future good, and above all, if an orderly zeal for intellectual culture and hardihood are living facts in his nature, then I know not how else a youth can become so much a man, as by a West Point education.

I cannot but feel an involuntary pity for the new cadet who is just landing at the old wharf, where a sentinel is in waiting to conduct him to the Adjutant's office, there to record his entrance on he knows not what—small and great tribulations. The poor fellow has just left the endearments of home, and by a rapid transition has now become a stranger among the mighty hills. But, worst of all, instead of receiving kindly hospitality, he becomes for a time one of an inferior caste, towards whom too often the finger of derision is pointed, and over whom the fourth class drill-master flourishes with too snobbish zeal his new-born authority. Once, too, he was deemed a fair subject for all kinds of practical jokes, often coarse and witless; which disgusting heathenism, Heaven be praised! is passing more and more under ban, and is now, I believe, laudably loathed as ungentlemanly by the cadets themselves. Then, too, to be called "a conditional thing," "a thing," and "a plebe" in slow promotion; to be crowded five in a room, with the floor

and a blanket for a bed; to be twice or thrice a day squad-drilled in "eyes right" and "left face," in "forward march," and in the intricate achievement of "about face;" to be drummed up, and drummed to meals, and drummed to bed, all with arithmetic for chief diversion; this is indeed a severe ordeal for a young man who is not blessed with good nature and good sense, but with these excellent endowments it soon and smoothly glides on into a harmless memory.

Folks are found who contend that West Point is a hotbed of aristocracy, where caste and titles rule. It would be pleasant to exhibit to such an one the ununiformed new class, presenting a line of about one hundred young men of all types, at least in externals. Side by side are seen the flabby Kentucky jean and the substantial Yankee homespun, the ancient long-tailed, high-collared coat of the farmer's boy, and the exquisite fit of the fashionable New York tailor. The hands inured to work dangle in contact with the unsoiled fingers of a diplomatist's son, or of the petted scion of an F. F. V. After the examination for admission, all these external distinctions vanish, and the Cadet Quartermaster receives in store a most singular assortment of *exuviae*. Jolly Billy Tooten! I wonder if that vivid green coat in which you so outshone the very beetles, still exists in that all-receiving, naught-surrendering receptacle! From some chance rumors, I much fear that times have since been when poor Tooten has needed that green chrysalis of his short-lived plebeship, for very warmth's sake.

It is surely the fault of the President and M. C.s, if the Cadet appointments are aristocratic; and examination into the antecedents of several classes of cadets have actually shown the reverse to be the fact, as determined by the circumstances and occupations of their parents. I can conceive nothing more truly democratic than the total obliteration of all hereditary prestige which characterizes the academic administration, and the social opinion in the corps. I have known two President's grandsons, two *protégés* of General Jackson, several sons of Secretaries, and other high functionaries, found deficient for the simple reason that they were deficient; and I have known heads of classes exalted *ab aratro*, simply for their superior merits. Before me lies a little volume by a Vermont farmer's son, who successfully competed for the headship of his class with a talented son of Henry Clay; and this but illustrates the real course of

events in this respect. The history of the Academy consistently and uniformly shows that class standing is governed, as far as possible, by actual proficiency and conduct. This, I conceive, is the cardinal feature of all decent democracy; and moreover, it is at West Point only that this simple principle can rule educational policy, since elsewhere the distinctions of wealth and station cannot be absolutely banished or neutralized. Thanks to their common pay, their uniform, their commons, and their regulated barracks, cadets must fare essentially alike. Their pay was originally \$28 per month, but General McKay, that veteran higgler of Ways and Means, succeeded in clipping \$4 per month from their short coat-tails, with the natural effect of loading graduates with debt, if they have not wealth or wealthy relatives. Thus a blue light of democracy has almost made wealth essential to cadetship; and now that roast beef and cadet's gray are so uppish in their tendencies, I see not how a poor boy can go through the Academy, without incurring an indebtedness in some private channel, which must operate sadly to his after detriment. Cadet pay ought now to be, at the very least, \$35 per month, to maintain that broad and invaluable equality between the representatives of the various social strata whence cadets are derived. *Wesley, 4/5*

After three or four weeks of squad drills, and the safe passage of his candidate examinations, the "thing" becomes a full fledged "plebe," and assumes the Cadet uniform. Happy day on which he sheds the motley badges of his rude probation, and when the last black coat vanishes from the daily marches of the gray battalion—that "fiery mass of living valor, rolling on"—to tea! Cadet's gray is a peculiar fabric, well known in the realms of *dry-goodery*; and its color is such a felicitous average of all the besuiling contingencies of real life, that it never shows dirt, even when threadbare. Excellent solution of a mighty problem! Long may it remain untouched by innovating zeal, and may the bell-buttoned brevity of the Cadets' coat-tail never cast shorter shadows! The calculus of variations has of late been freely applied to the army uniforms, Proteus acting as tailor general. Hence we say, with feeling and emphasis, *esto perpetua* of Cadet's gray, bell-shaped buttons, black cord, white drilling, and all. But alas for headgear, if genius have no better inspiration in reserve! For full dress, the Cadet first wore a cumbersome scale-decked, bell-

crowned hat; then the leathern top fire-bucket hat, with woollen pompon. For undress, the two-lobed leathern bellows-cap prevailed; then the leathern top-cap, with the duck-bill visor; and then the present edifice of cloth. Decently to invest army heads, has given still greater trouble; and the protracted incubations of several army boards, after one or two addles, hatched that oblique conic frustum, which is now reigning, and which cannot fail to strike terror to a foe. If our Genios, and Genins, and Genii generally come not to the rescue, the next change may be to bear headed, or bare-headed, or *à la* "headless horseman." Sartor Resartus needs a new chapter.

Cadet life has two phases, essentially distinct, involving separate agencies and experiences, and requiring separate explanations: these are, first, the *military*; and second, the *academic*, or student life.

The corps of Cadets usually numbers about 250, and is organized into a battalion of four companies, all officered by Cadets. Over these is the Commandant of Cadets, a lineal army captain, who is the immediate military head of this battalion; also four lineal army lieutenants, commanding the four companies, as Assistant Instructors of Tactics. The Cadet first class furnishes the requisite Cadet captains and lieutenants; the second class, the sergeants; and the third class, the corporals; while all other cadets (four staff officers excepted) serve indiscriminately as privates. Squad drills are conducted by fourth or third class Cadets, generally the corporals; company drills, by the Assistant Instructor in Tactics; and battalion drills, by the Commandant of Cadets, or an assistant. In ordinary roll-calls, in marching to meals, &c., the Cadet officers officiate alone. This organization prevails for all infantry instruction, and for the regulation of camp and barrack police. For artillery instruction, for cavalry, for fencing, and for academic instruction, special arrangements are ordered, on the basis of classes and class rank.

Between the 20th and 25th of June comes the annual marching into camp, this being pitched on the N.E. portion of the plain. The examination being ended, the first class having graduated, the old third class being gone on furlough, and all the classes being duly promoted, then comes the flitting. Orders are published at parade to pitch the tents and march into camp at a stated hour, vacating all the barrack-rooms; which orders provoke

such a stampede of tables, buckets, chairs, trunks, mattresses, &c., to the now vacant recitation rooms, that a first of May in Gotham is comparatively tame. In Congressional phrase, the "wasp-waisted vampyres," in committee of caryatides, crown their heads with tables, and, sighing for unattainable wheelbarrows, work on with such vigor, that in two or three hours the barracks contain only iron bedsteads, and accoutrements hanging on the gun-racks. Before breakfast, the camp ground is laid out, and the tents erected, by the quickened diligence of their future occupants. At the indicated hour the signal sounds, the companies are formed and marched into the parade ground, when the battalion, with the band playing and colors unfurled, marches to its new home.

The encampment consists of eight rows of tents, two to each company, opening on four streets, or camping grounds; and a broad avenue runs down the centre of the camp. The tents of the company officers, and of the Instructors of Tactics, are pitched opposite their respective companies, and the Commandant's marquee is placed centrally down the broad avenue. The guard tents, three or four in number, are at the opposite end of the camp. A chain of six or eight sentinels surrounds the camp ground day and night. The guard consists of three reliefs, which walk post in turn, through the twenty-four hours, for which each guard is detailed. This detail is drawn as equitably as possible from the four companies, and guard duty recurs once in from three to five days, making it really quite hard work for those not inured to it. That direful sound of the corporal, pounding on the tent floors with the butt of his musket, and bawling, "Turn out, second relief!" tears most frightful rents in the blessed garment of sleep, which settles down so gently on the poor weary plebe, while he dreams of home and mother. On waking to the hard reality, he rubs his eyes, snatches his musket, adjusts his cartridge-box, and quietly takes his place among the eight martyrs.

When the relief is duly marshalled, it is marched by its corporal around the line of posts, each sentinel challenging the longed-for delegation with a fierce "Who comes there?" as though he thought them horse marines at least. The corporal responds, "friend, with the counter-sign," which cabalistic word being demanded, the corporal advances and whispers it over the sentinel's bayonet point; whereupon, he so rises in the sentinel's

esteem, that the latter quietly yields his post, and falls in at the rear of the relief. This round completed, the eight patriots seek the solace of the tent floor, stoutly hoping that the officer in charge will keep his distance, and not require a turn-out of the guard for moonlight inspection. Walking post promotes meditation. To pace No. 5 on a bright moonlight night, when shadows mottle the distant mountain slopes, and seem to sleep under cover of the crumbling ruins of old Fort Clinton, when steamboats are rippling the glowing waters of the placid Hudson below, and locomotives are dashing wildly along the railroad across the river, when the white tents glow softly, and the quiet stars shine tremblingly; there is in all this enough to stir whatever of tender memories, high purposes, ambitious longings, and refined sensibilities, may dwell in the sentinel's deepest nature. Or when a sultry day has rounded to a close, and the storm spirit has piled up his black cloud fleeces in the Highland gorge, and on the crest of Crow's Nest, when the rush of battle comes, and the glowing lightning fitfully reveals the snowy tents, wildly flapping in the rushing blast, as if terror-stricken at the deep rolling thunders, and the quick alternations of vivid light and solid darkness; scarce can soul of sentry be so dead, as not then to be moved and awed before sublimity so transcendent. To be roused by such storms from sleep under a tent; to see the very threads of canvas flash into view, when the burning lightnings leap through the air above; and to fancy the electric arrow speeding to the bayonet points of the muskets standing at his head; this is among the cadet's magnificent experiences, and quite compensates for a wet blanket, or a deluged locker.

During the encampment, there are two daily parades, one at 8 A. M., and one at sunset, when the corps is drawn up in line, and the band challenges the voices of the hills. Besides this, there are three drills of an hour to an hour and a half long, one being before breakfast, one in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon. Some of the classes are practised in the artillery manual, some in riding and fencing; and the first class begins artillery, recitations, digests, pyrotechny, both theoretical and practical, and fires heavy guns and mortars. To ride around a ring an hour and a quarter before breakfast, with stirrups crossed, and on a hard-trotting horse, gives, in my judgment, a clearer insight into purgatorial mysteries, than can be derived from all the creeds and cate-

chisms. Our riding-master was so far a homoeopathist, that if ring-riding chafed us raw, he kept us ring-riding till all was well again. Perhaps he took his idea from the scratched eyes in Mother Goose's epic.

To the late Joel R. Poinsett is, in great part, due the honor of procuring horses at the Military Academy for instruction in riding, light artillery, and cavalry practice. When, at Palo Alto, Duncan so splendidly illustrated the power of training and skill in giving effect to this arm, he unconsciously asserted a claim on our national gratitude in behalf of Mr. Poinsett. This statesman appreciated, as Secretaries of War are not wont to do, what were the real defects and wants of our service; and his wide observation and knowledge of foreign services, enabled him to know and apply the legitimate remedies. The value of the West Point instruction in equitation and light artillery, has already been exhibited on many fields, where it "saved the day." Surely no head with brains in it, can fail to see that the good management of a light battery requires great skill, and long training; nor can its great efficacy then be reasonably questioned. So it is with most branches of military service, that requires special knowledge and training; and in war, moreover, the inevitable result of deficient skill, is downright bungling, and the useless waste of x human lives. Hence, we say, thanks to Mr. Poinsett, and to any other who, like him, effectively fosters military skill, and takes care not only to know the old order of things, but to foreknow and pre-form the oncoming future.

In a military sense, the cadet is a warrant officer of the army, occupying a special grade from which, on graduating, he is promoted to that of brevet second lieutenant, just as a lieutenant is promoted to be captain. He is under the rules and articles of war, and in several instances, cadets have been assigned to active field duty in their grade. His education involves a contract obligation to serve in the army four years after graduating; and in fact, he remains during life continuously in service, unless dismissed, or until he resigns, and his resignation is duly accepted at the War Department. The result is, a body of highly educated military officers, and the preservation of military science in our midst. Napoleon called the Polytechnic Institution, "the hen that laid him golden eggs;" our Military Academy, both in peace and war, has given many golden eggs to the country. Without it,

our army would have become another political lazaretto, where a depraved executive could, and would, quarter its importunate scavengers and place-begging lazzaroni, until it would become an unendurable stench in the national nostrils. Already has patronage so far debased our government, as to grieve all honest patriotism; and were the army, the navy, and marine corps, to become like the custom-houses and post-offices, but parts of a huge machinery for political perversion and party warfare, better, far better, were it at once to disband them all, and leave hostile emergencies to be encountered as they could. Skill could not exist in such amorphous aggregates; while political gangrene would diffuse itself from them over the whole body politic. Such a result, hitherto obviated, let us hope will not be realized; but rather let us trust, that until the blessed day when wars shall cease, skill and education may continue to be characteristics of our army and navy.

About the 28th of August the encampment is wont to be broken up, and the corps returns to barracks. An illumination of the camp usually takes place on the evening before it is broken up, and the convolutions of the "stag dance" are exhibited on the parade ground, with a fervor and vivacity outdoing an Indian war dance. This curious cross between the shuffle and the quadrille, is a frequent evening diversion of the cadet camp. It is performed by twenty or more cadets, who gyrate among rows of candles stuck along the ground, cadencing their movements by the low, muffled rattle of a drum, presenting a very pandemonium-like picture. In the olden time, the practice was for the corps to leave West Point during the encampment, and make long marches into the adjoining States; but this usage has long been relinquished. Some say to save money; but others declare that the cadets were too prone to make merry, and run riot during this periodical enlargement: perhaps both are right. The scene presented during the striking of the tents is quite lively and picturesque. In the early hours of the day, all private property of the cadets (their blankets, clothing, &c.), is carried by them to the rooms assigned them in the barracks, leaving in camp only their muskets and full dress. At the fixed hour, "the general beats," and all fly to their posts, waiting three taps on the large drum. At the first tap, all except the corner tent cords are cast loose, and the pins withdrawn; at the second, the corner

cords and pins are loosed, and the tent gathered into the tent poles, which are hoisted out, and so steadied, that at the third tap, all the tents instantly go down in concert, and woe to any "unlucky Joe" who fails to complete the prostration at the moment. The tents are folded and piled; the companies are formed, and taking their stacked arms, are marched to the parade; the commandant then marches the battalion back to the barrack parade, and the encampment is no more.

Turning now from these slight sketches of the cadet's military life, let us dwell somewhat on his academic or student life.

The cadet course of studies is of four years' duration, and four classes compose the corps; the first class being the one highest in rank, while the new cadets compose the fourth class. Each class is divided into convenient sections of from twelve to twenty, for instruction in each of its special branches of study, the first cadet on each section roll being its squad marcher, and being held responsible for its attendance and deportment. The recitation hours are sounded by a bugle, when the sections for the hour are formed at the barracks, their rolls are called, and they are marched to the Academic Hall by their several heads or squad marchers. The section instructor is there in waiting for recitation, and on receiving the squad-marcher's report of attendance, he sends three or more cadets to the blackboard, to discuss the propositions he announces to each, for which purpose they proceed to place their diagrams or algebraic analysis on the board. Another is called up and questioned on the lesson, until one of those at the board is ready, who, on being called, first enunciates the proposition to be discussed, then gives a condensed analysis of the demonstration or discussion, and then gives the full demonstration, discussion, delineation, or description, with direct reference to his analysis or diagrams. Last of all he reaches his Q. E. D. or finis, and then his instructor proceeds to examine him on such points as he has slighted or omitted, and on subjects connected with that discussed. The method of recitation in moral science, law, &c., where blackboards are not used, is closely analogous to the above.

It will be seen, that this recitation system proceeds on the hypothesis that the cadet understands his lesson beforehand. The instructor's functions are rather to make sure of the cadet's thorough and accurate knowledge, to supply his deficiencies, and to amplify his conceptions, than directly to teach him the subject

matter of the lesson. He, also enforces that orderly and lucid exposition and arrangement, which make knowledge systematic, connected, and communicable in the learner's mind. He requires accuracy of language, and the observance of certain recitation forms, and of section-room decorum, matters far more important in education, than they are usually conceived. Three sides of the section rooms are blackboarded, or rather the hard finished plastering is painted black, for a breadth of some five feet, and a trough for chalk, sponges, scales, and pointing rods, runs along the bottom of this blackboard. Each cadet writes his name over his work, and when called upon to recite, assumes "the position of the soldier," until he wishes to refer to his work on the board, when he does so with a pointer. It is a matter worth some trouble and exertion, to ensure a becoming personal deportment and style in recitation, and to suppress the vague, nervous gyrations, rockings and fumbblings, which too often deform the manners of undisciplined students.

The instructor marks each recitation according to his estimate of its quality as referred to a scale of valuation ranging from three, the maximum, for perfect, to zero, the minimum, for a total failure. Experience gives great accuracy in the use of this scale, and probably two experienced teachers, recording independently, would in most instances agree within a quarter or a half. At the end of each week these marks are aggregated, and on Monday, after dinner, the cadets, especially the doubtful "plebes," crowd the hall of the adjutant's office, where the weekly class reports are posted, eager to see the official estimate of their doings during the last week. Happy the successful, aspiring genius, who sees in a "max for the week," a cheering assurance that he will be "amongst the five," or possibly at the head of his class; and wretched the poor weakling who sees a long line of symmetrical zeros proclaiming *ore rotundo*, that he is clean deft, and, beyond peradventure, "homeward bound." The recitation marks for the whole course are aggregated at the January and June examinations, and are mainly decisive of each cadet's numerical standing in that course. The custom of frequent and thorough reviews prevails; each individual's success on the final or general review being critically observed and considered in making out the standing, as greater weight justly attaches to the final and permanent conquest of a course than to the earlier rec-

tations. The final examination also has some effect. By combining all these elements a definite order of standing is made out in each branch, and a general standing is deduced after each examination, from the combined special standings, including standing in conduct. The graduating standing is deduced by counting all the standings of the several courses, each course entering with an established weight. Mathematics, philosophy, engineering and conduct count three hundred each, as a maximum; while chemistry, ethics, &c., count from two hundred to one hundred each, as a maximum. The aggregate numbers from the special standings of each cadet of a class, arranged in descending order, give their class standings.

Recommendations for the several army corps and arms are governed by the order of graduating standing, and also the priority of army commissions of the same date. For the corps of engineers, only the highest graduates are recommended, and frequently too, none are so recommended; the order of recommendations is thus: Corps of engineers, corps of topographical engineers, ordnance corps, artillery, infantry, dragoons and mounted rifles. As a consequence of this academic system, and because these recommendations are uniformly acted on, each cadet is the keeper of his own destinies, so far as his capacity makes success practicable: thus he is most effectively stimulated to diligence and good conduct, as well by his hope of higher army rank and of a choice of corps, as by his strictly intellectual ambition and personal character. Some cadets regard the academic course as a trial to be endured for the purpose of gaining a commission, while others more justly regard army life as an obligation to be redeemed in payment for their academic education.

The element of conduct which enters with such effective weight in the general standing of cadets, is chiefly a result of the numerous military and police regulations. All petty offences and delinquencies, such as late at roll-call, rusty belt plate, shoes not blacked, inattention at drill, room not swept at a stated hour, using tobacco, neglect of duty or of study, and many others of like quality, are all reported, at least in theory, and if no sufficient excuse is rendered, a certain number of *demerit* from one to eight is given for each. Standing in conduct results inversely from the total demerit, and the graduating conduct standing involves all the demerit of the four years. A cadet is dismissed when he receives over two hundred demerit in a

year, and monthly reports of standing and conduct are regularly sent to the parents or guardians of each cadet. These circumstances give so much importance to orderly conduct and the avoidance of demerit, as to render highly effective the disciplinary system thus sustained, though it is not without serious objections and difficulties, especially in feeble or martinet hands. The necessity resting on cadets of reporting their fellows, and even their room-mates, is often highly disagreeable, and produces at times violent retchings of conscience and of friendship. It is, however, fair and aboveboard, and when justly acted out, it is certainly far better than any substitute now known, the very trials of faith and virtue belonging to it, usually resulting in much enduring good.

The course of mathematics extends through the fourth and third class years, and is very thoroughly taught. It embraces geometry, trigonometry, algebra, descriptive geometry, shades and shadows, perspective, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus and surveying. The text-books used are those of Prof. Davies, except the analytical geometry and calculus of Prof. Church, his successor as Professor of Mathematics. Assisted by six army officers, detailed for this duty, Prof. Church is contributing his yearly quota towards supplying the great lack of mathematical training among us. A better teacher in every sense could scarcely be found, than this vivacious, lucid, patient and persevering expounder of the science of quantity. He is unsurpassed in the happy faculty of clearly communicating knowledge and of ferreting out the exact point of difficulty in the student's mind. The French system of mathematical instruction, which, from the Bernouillis, La Grange and La Place, to Cauchy, Poncelet and La Verrier, has maintained that mathematical superiority which is peculiarly remarkable in the land of frivolities and fashions. That system, which alone is systematic, has at West Point been found fully to vindicate its fame and pre-eminence. The substitution of general methods and investigations for fragmentary and tentative problem solving, is a mathematical reform still incomplete in this country, and one which has chiefly emanated from, and been carried into effect by, West Point instruction and graduates. The duties of Professor of Mathematics at West Point were performed by Capt. Wm. A. Banon, corps of engineers, from 1802 to 1807; by F. R. Haessler, from 1807 to 1810; by Capt.

Alden Partridge, in 1813; by Andrew Ellicott, from 1813 to 1820; by Maj. D. B. Douglass from 1820 to 1823; by Prof. Charles Davies, from 1823 to 1837, and since then by Prof. Albert E. Church.

The course regularly succeeding mathematics, in order, is that of natural and experimental philosophy, which runs through the second class or third year of cadetship. It embraces mechanics, optics, acoustics, magnetism, and astronomy. Professor Bartlett's *Mechanics*, *Optics*, and *Acoustics*, Gummere's *Astronomy*, and Davis's *Magnetism* being used as text books. Mathematics are constantly applied to the great physical problems of this course, and are made the familiar tools for their discussion and solution. In sound mechanical instruction, we are sadly deficient, as a nation, and on this department of the Military Academy has hitherto rested a large responsibility in laboring to meet this need. Our few good physical investigators owe much to this course; yet far too few are those who come forth from its influence both furnished and eager for the high pursuits of philosophy. The living soul and spirit of philosophy, the profound consciousness that grandeur and noble designs lie embodied in material nature, the glowing spiritual torch which fires the train of philosophic research, and animates all vigorous independent efforts more deeply to fathom Nature's storehouses; all this we fear is crushed out by the rigors of routine instruction and of mathematical precision. To use mathematics as tools, without becoming slaves to their austerities, to fill the soul itself with the poetic glories and inspirations of eternal nature, to gather in all treasures of knowledge, as precursors of further progress—this is to form the mind for prosecuting natural philosophy of the highest type. While the rigors of mathematical analysis should not be abated, an access of more genial faith and hope in nature, as the vast substantial entity, ought to be cultivated, and with it that genuine enthusiasm of research which is its legitimate offspring. The Military Academy can and ought to contribute more than it yet has done to this kindly fostering and glowing pursuit of general natural philosophy: let it give us more Baches, Nortons, Mitchels, and Baileys. Professor Bartlett, who now fills the Professorship of Philosophy, is a man of high attainments. He has strongly grasped the great mathematical instruments of research, and the grand foundation principles of mechanical science. In practical astronomy he is

well versed, and would use with profit the fine transit instrument and mural circle which he has mounted, and the equatorial he hopes for, were it not that an overstrung nervous system, once victimized to a comet, conspires with regular class duties, and with writing text-books, to bar his ambitions and capacities. This professorship has been held by Colonel Jared Mansfield, from 1812 to 1828; by Professor Edward H. Courtenay, from 1828 to 1834; and since by Professor W. H. C. Bartlett.

Next in order succeeds the department of Civil and Military Engineering, in rank the highest of the academic courses, and occupying the last or first class year. Professor Mahan's text-book on Civil Engineering, and his lithographed notes on machines, stone-cutting, and architecture, with six weeks spent in mechanical drawing, compose the civil course. The military course embraces Professor Mahan's treatises on Field Fortification and on Outposts, with his lithographed notes on permanent fortifications, on their attack and defence, on mines, strategy, &c., with six weeks of military drawing. This is coupled with field instruction in practical engineering during the encampment, when ponton bridges are thrown, saps run, fascines, gabions, sap-rollers, &c., made. These operations belong to a distinct department, and a company of sappers, miners, and pontoneers, assist in their execution. The previous mathematical and philosophical training comes directly in play during this crowded course of engineering, and these branches are thus presented to the mind in their important practical bearings, and in their direct utilities. The inestimable value even of this single year's instruction, may be inferred from the highly distinguished part borne by West Point graduates in the great American and foreign works of engineering which they have directed or assisted. McNeal, Whistler, Brown, Swift, Sidell, Bigelow, Meigs, and the other hundred and fifty graduates who have practised civil engineering on the great works of improvement characterizing the age, have so largely contributed to the economical and judicious construction, and to the efficient administration of our railroads and canals, that the nation has by them alone been far more than compensated for all the Academy has cost. The instruction in military engineering has served to quicken the military capacities of all arms of our service, to furnish our officers generally with a store of essential knowledge as to princi-

ples, materials, and combinations, besides affording to all a safe initial impulse and direction for the prosecution of their special studies. Its value in giving deliberation, precision, and effect to military operations, has been exemplified on the various battle-fields, where sixty-nine graduates have laid down their lives. To Professor D. H. Mahan peculiar praise is due, for his zealous amassment of important knowledge, for his devotion of rare abilities to duty, and for his sterling good sense, during his protracted task of transplanting and rendering native the vast resources of European engineering and military science. His brilliant studies at Metz at once gave him the mastery of French military engineering; and they have already borne much fruit. His predecessors were Captain A. Partridge, from 1813 to 1816; Professor Claude Crozel, from 1817 to 1823; Professor D. B. Douglass, from 1823 to 1831.

In 1838, after the poet Dr. Percival, the botanist Dr. Torrey, and the geological W. F. Hopkins, had served on details as acting Professors, the full Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology was created, and Lieut. J. W. Bailey was appointed to the post he still fills with such high distinction. His kind, modest manners, his delicate, high-toned nature have always greatly endeared him to his pupils, as his numerous and felicitous microscopic researches have won for him a high scientific reputation among all votaries of natural history investigation. Were there no Dr. Leidy in Philadelphia, we could say unhesitatingly that Prof. Bailey is the American *Ehrenberg*, but between two such kings of Liliput life, who can determine! Chemistry is studied by the several classes; Mineralogy and Geology by the first; Kane's Chemistry, Dana's Mineralogy, and Hitchcock's Geology being the text-books used. The vast augmentation of materials and principles in each of these sciences and their consequent increase of importance have not been ignored, but the limited time bestowed on their study cramps the course down to so elementary a character as to prevent that formation of adepts, which is so desirable. Should a fifth academical year be added, chemical and geological science ought to be prominent gainers.

The department of Geography, History and Ethics dates to 1818, the chaplain being by law professor. The incumbents have been Rev. Thomas Pictou, from 1818 to 1825; Rev. C. P. Mellvaine (since Bishop of Ohio), from

1825 to 1827; Rev. Thomas Warner, from 1828 to 1838; Rev. Jasper Adams, from 1838 to 1840; Rev. M. P. Parks, from 1840 to 1846; and Rev. W. T. Sprole since 1847. It embraces instruction in English Grammar, Geography, Rhetoric, Composition, Logic, Moral Science, and international and constitutional Law, and extends through the fourth and first class years. This course is almost the sole instrument employed in subjugating cadets to the *humanities* and graces of mental culture. Its extent and scope are now far below the just demands of a well-balanced education, and though lately much enlarged in range and academic weight, it undoubtedly still remains the least scholarlike and creditable department of the Academy. It never can be what it ought so long as the Chaplain is *ex officio* Professor of Ethics; especially while the President fills the chaplaincy irrespective of the real requirements of the position and of the wishes of all concerned. The political Boanerges, fluent in such stump ethics as please presidential ears, does not of necessity shine in expounding Kent, Whately, Wayland and Blair. The truth seems evident that a good chaplain is not likely to excel as a professor, and some of the best ethical professors would be forlorn chaplains. This monstrous conjunction has resulted practically in poor preaching and worse ethics and law. Christian doctrine and Christian liberty undergo, in common, a wretched asphyxia at West Point, through the prevalent lack of regard for private rights in compelling, as an official duty, the attendance of officers and cadets on chapel services, under severe penalties, thus forcing them to hear whatever Nancyism, fulmination, stupidity, or theological distraction it may please the chaplain to deal out. He is sure of his audience, come what will, for it is bravely marched to the chapel, in sidearms, according to regulations. West Point ideas of religious liberty belong either to the age before John Locke, or to that millennium which, being come, "Othello's occupation is gone."

The department of Drawing includes a two years' course corresponding to the third and second classes. Topography, human figure, crayon, sepia and water-color landscapes and views, are successively practised for six hours a week. Drawing from nature, designing and lectures make no part of the course. Perspective and mechanical drawing are taught in the mathematical and engineering courses. The drawing course is ex-

ceedingly useful, even as it is, and many cadets attain a tolerable degree of skill in drawing, but very much is lacking to make even the time applied, prolific in the best results. There is no genial infusion of the principles of design, no appeal to the imagination, no initiation into art as such, but only a dry, hard copyism of model drawings, line by line, and shade by shade. Drawing from nature, designing from subjects supplied or chosen, lectures, reviewing the history, principles and spirit of art, all indeed which could kindle a spark of enthusiasm or love for art, as a divinely ordained language of the soul, is sedulously eschewed, and in its stead the dull mediocrity of copyism, the soulless addition of line upon line prevails in an unbroken continuance. It is certainly impossible by any means to make all Cadets artists; but were a living system of instruction introduced, a far higher appreciation of art might be generally stimulated, and those possessing natural artist capacities could be supplied with principles and precepts; which by a true enthusiasm would be made abundantly fruitful in after years, amid the changes of army life. The spiritual jejuneity of cadet education is such that the ennobling influence of living art can ill be spared. The Drawing teachers have been C. E. Zoeller, from 1808 to 1819; Thomas Gimbrede, from 1819 to 1832; Charles R. Leslie, from 1833 to 1834, and Prof. Robert W. Weir since 1834.

The department of French embraces a course of grammar, exercises and translation, extending through the fourth and third class years. This is the only language now studied, but it is much to be hoped that the Spanish will be introduced, if a five years' course is established, since the increasing contact between army officers and those speaking only Spanish, makes this addition of considerable practical importance. The fact that the standard works in military science are chiefly in French, makes instruction in this tongue, quite essential to an officer. This department was under the De Massons from 1804 to 1825, of Prof. Claudius Bérard from 1815 to 1846, and since then under Prof. H. R. Agnel, the present peculiarly skilful and successful teacher.

The department of Infantry Tactics has been filled entirely by details from the army, Bvt. Maj. Robert S. Garnet being the present commandant of cadets. The same instructors who have military charge of the corps and its component companies,

also give academic instruction in Scott's Infantry Tactics to the first class. Should the course be extended, they might with great advantage give lessons in military law, a branch now wholly neglected; or their subject might enter the ethical law course.

The department of Artillery and Cavalry embraces instruction in light and heavy artillery practice and tactics, in cavalry tactics, in riding, broadsword and fencing exercises, and its duties are distributed through the entire four years. The academic course of artillery embraces the light and heavy artillery manual and evolutions. Thiroux's treatise on artillery and lithographic notes on powder, cannon, projectiles and pyrotechny; theory and practice being admirably combined. Instruction in riding, broadsword and fencing practice, is so diffused through the period of academic studies as to provide healthful exercise and physical training at all terms; an advantage of the highest order, even as a means of promoting that general mental health, requisite for intellectual success. It is much to be hoped that still greater perfection and amplification may yet be given to these physical elements, and that higher special instruction in established scientific and practical artillery may soon be established.

There are two annual examinations of cadets, one being in January and one in June. Both are conducted before the Academic Board, and a special Board of Visitors, appointed by the President, attends the one in June. These ordeals are strict and totally void of the ordinary examination shams. Third class cadets look forward to the end of the June examination with a peculiar interest, as they then go on a two months' furlough. This respite, falling midway in the four years course, is the only leave of absence from West Point which marks a cadet's entire career. Two years of confinement past and two more to come, result of course in some furlough exhibitions little creditable to cadet character; yet much extenuated by this long inexperience of free life and a consequent extravagant relish for this brief enlargement. The sudden effervescence of release soon sobers down into a more rational and manly enjoyment. If the course should be extended to five years, as has been repeatedly urged for excellent reasons, two cadet furloughs ought, by all means, to be granted for the better renovation of the family, social and civil affections of the cadets. If the sixty-two senatorial cadets should be added to the corps, as contemplated by a bill

which has passed the Senate, this would so increase the battalion as to remove the chief objections to this second furlough.

Presiding over the military, academic and financial administration of this institution is the superintendent, detailed from the higher grades of the corps of engineers. The chief engineer has from the first been inspector of the Academy and charged with a special care of its interest and well being, not only in Washington but at West Point. He also details the superintendent. This system has resulted in giving the following list of superintendents, which to those who know them speaks for itself: Capt. Alden Partridge, from 1815 to 1817, except a few months of duty by Gen. Jos. G. Swift; Capt. (now Bvt. Col.) Sylvanus Thayer, from 1817 to 1833; Maj. (now Lt. Col.) R. E. De Russy, from 1833 to 1838; Maj. Richard Delafield, from 1838 to 1845; Capt. Henry Brewerton, from 1845 to 1852, and Bvt. Col. Robert E. Lee since that date. The real and efficient life of the Academy began when Col. Thayer entered on that distinguished career of renovation and bold organization, which through sixteen years alike honored himself and the rising national school. He has since been continuously in charge of the Boston fortifications, and still remains in full mental vigor at Ft. Warren on George's Island. He found the Academy weak, imperfect and low in its requisitions; he left it strong, thoroughly organized, and in its requisitions not inferior to the Polytechnic School formed under Napoleon's own master guidance. Col. Thayer had in Europe thoroughly mastered the subject of military education, and had watched the armies of the allies in Paris with eagerly critical eyes. Unequaled in our service for the extent of his military reading (unless perhaps by the brilliant Col. McRee, of Fort Erie renown), he was pre-eminent in purely personal qualities. He analyzed measures, motives and men, with a clear, almost unerring insight, and he never shrunk from acting on his deliberate views, in strict fidelity to himself and the highest policy. Uniting decision with courtesy, authority with justice, knowledge with consideration for ignorance, strictness with wise leniency, he seems to have been born and trained for the very post he filled. With Mr. Calhoun's powerful aid and official co-operation he rapidly gave shape to the young national foster-child, and triumphed over countless obstacles and difficulties. There is something truly touching and beautiful in that watchful interest which he feels in the triumphs of his nurture sons, and in the deep emotion

with which he heard from Palo Alto and Resaca the proud refutation of those paltry aspersions of "his boys," in which demagogues and dunderheads had so long ruthlessly indulged. These "boys" have testified their grateful appreciation of his services, by procuring Weir's fine portrait, and more recently by presenting an elegant sword.

Space forbids our following out the parts borne by the successive superintendents in bringing the Academy to its present organic condition. Suffice it to say that all have done well; not resting content in seeing "that the republic received no detriment," but actively promoting its good, as becomes the dictators in the West Point military microcosm. It has never been our fortune to know a more noble-souled, high-toned, considerate and scrupulous man than Col. Lee, the present superintendent, whose brilliant services under Gen. Scott in Mexico proved him no degenerate son of the heroic commander of the "Partisan Legion." The superintendent's functions are very various and of vital importance to the Academy. He presides over and administers the general and special finances of the institution and of cadets, gives direction to improvements of the post and of the academic course, is the final disciplinary officer of the corps and post, procures the necessary details of instructors, conducts a voluminous official correspondence, and issues all needful orders for the daily conduct of academic and military affairs. *

The Military Academy has a peculiar and highly valuable feature in the prevalent system of detailing army officers for the instruction of cadets. The usual detail is as follows, subject to some variations: the Superintendent, 2 officers in the Engineering Department, 3 in Philosophy, 6 in Mathematics, 2 in Chemistry, 3 in Ethics, 2 in Drawing, 4 in Practical Engineering, 3 in French, 5 in Infantry Tactics, 4 in Artillery and Cavalry, 1 Adjutant, 1 Surgeon, and 1 Assistant Surgeon; being 38 in all. These officers are almost without exception good instructors, and they are in turn greatly instructed by the necessities of teaching. The system is excellent in always keeping the Academy young and vigorous, while the army is leavened by the higher progress in science thus wrought out among its officers, who are in time returned to their field duties. To this, cadets owe, in great part, the efficiency of their physical and mental training, as it is only by details that such powerful and incessant

formative agencies could be brought to bear on their education.

The public buildings at West Point are now excellent on the whole, though of course not unobjectionable, and though some crying deficiencies still remain to be filled. The new Cadet Barracks compose a noble gneiss edifice in the Elizabethan style, with towers, battlements and embrasures. The Academic Hall contains the recitation and drawing-rooms, the picture gallery, the cabinets of Engineering and Geology, the Laboratory, the Fencing-rooms, and the present break-neck riding hall. One or two Cadets must be killed outright by dashing among the columns of this hall, before the House of Representatives will second the oft-repeated Senate appropriation for a new riding hall. Why does not the Chairman of Ways and Means himself experiment on percussion and the relative hardness of heads and posts, by practising a few of the intercolumnar gallops belonging to the present cadet course: the probable result would be a "new riding hall" bump on his spacious cranium. The neat and commodious chapel contains an appropriate allegorical painting by Mr. Weir. The Library building has a fine location and an imposing appearance. The Library room is so spacious and airy that it is used for the examinations and for winter concerts. It contains a valuable selection of near 15,000 volumes, and is much used by officers and Cadets, though its regulations lack liberality in respect to the latter. The Observatory occupies three towers, with a fine transit instrument and a large mural circle and an indifferent equatorial. The Philosophical cabinet and lecture-room, and the offices of the Superintendent, Adjutant and Quarter-Master, are in this building. The new Mess-hall is a fine and commodious edifice, containing besides the cadet tommons, rooms for the officers' mess and the purveyor's house. The Hospital is pleasantly located and well conducted, though less perfect in its arrangements than the new soldiers' Hospital at Camptown. The Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon live in the Hospital wings, and it is no fault of theirs if sick cadets fail to be comfortable. The West Point Hotel is so beautifully and conveniently located that many visitors prefer enduring its untamed waiters and indifferent cookery, to being a mile below the Point at Cozzens' Hotel, kept by the distinguished publican of that name. The Professors' houses, the Artillery Laboratory and storehouse, the dragoon stables, the Commissaries' store,

the band and engineer barracks, and various minor tenements complete this architectural inventory; but time ought soon to add a new riding hall and a considerable accession to the houses now assignable as quarters for officers with families.

Space prohibits any fitting exposition of the early and revolutionary history of West Point, Arnold's treason, Washington's residence and head-quarters, Kosciuszko's engineering, the various forts or batteries now crumbling and cedar-tufted, and the twilight or historic dawn of the Military Academy from Col. Pickering's first suggestion to Col. Thayer's consummation. In vindication of the necessity and value of this institution, the sanctions and commendations of men like Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Calhoun, Jackson, Scott, with the uniform testimony of approbation (one foggy instance excepted) bestowed by boards of visitors, often selected from avowed opponents of the Academy, and the high praise awarded by foreign critics; these may safely be trusted against the rabid attacks of lie-loving demagogues, hitherto more than once in full chorus, but now happily quiescent. From the battle-fields of Canada, Florida, Mexico and the Indian territories, from our railroads, canals, river and harbor improvements, fortifications, coast survey, land and lake surveys, western explorations, national disbursements, &c., a quiet voice of good works by her sons vindicates the glory, honor, strength, integrity and life-worthiness of their hill-girt alma mater. The Academy costs yearly less than a frigate; yet even old Ironsides has not accomplished so much. The navy is now rejoicing in the prosperous beginning of the kindred school at Annapolis, for sad experience of its need has taught the best men of the navy to prize it as we do our own academic eyrie. It would be pleasant to narrate how cadets amuse themselves in camp, in barracks, and on Saturday afternoons; how literary societies have failed to prosper among them, not excepting even the

Dialectic; how West Point society is and might be; how fashion and sentiment have "come down, like a wolf on the fold;" how eyes grow languishing and hearts grow soft as beauteous youth beguiles fledgling heroes, whether in gray or blue, along the mazes of "flirtation walk;" how the seasons come and go, the winter in white, the spring blooming with hepatica epigea, saxafraga, azalia and laurel, the autumn in its gorgeous and many-colored drapery of foliage, and then the lichens blackening the leafless mountains, and how the band, the glorious old band, wakes melodies of exquisite spirit and charms the sweet voices of the night

The reader well knows that I love honorably my alma mater, and wish all true Americans to foster and maintain not only her existence, but her health and vitality. I too have faith in the reader's wisdom, justice and liberality towards this good cause. War, I abominate, the more because professionally obliged to know its honors, and because many true friends and honored acquaintances have been Floridian and Mexican victims; a pure and gentle-souled room-mate met death with a smile at sad Molino. But amid the passing complications of the nations amid the extensions of a growth like ours, I fear that wars must come, and the more surely if we neglect military education and the warlike muniments of empire. When Fisheries, and Cuba, and Sandwich Islands cease to agitate the State Department, when Europe has solved its Eastern question, and when Russia rules supreme over Europe and Asia, or shares power with Western Europe made one through revolution and common interests; then will this nation rule a continent and govern the course of free institutions. Military science in our hands may then become the potent instrument of millennial triumph, the vindicator of universal peace. Military science prevents war, conducts it in triumph and under humane restraints, and will at last make war impossible: hence we learn our duty.

ETHIOPIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

"For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Al-Raschid."—[Tennyson.



WITH my voyage on the Ethiopian Nile a thread of romance was woven, which, in the Oriental mood that had now become native to me, greatly added to the charm of the journey. My nights' entertainments were better than the Arabian. The moon was at the full, and although, during the day, a light north-wind filled my sails, it invariably fell calm at sunset, and remained so for two or three hours. During the afternoon, I lay stretched on my carpet on the deck, looking through half-closed eyes on the glittering river and his banks. The western shore was one long bower of Paradise—so green, so bright, so heaped with the deep, cool foliage of majestic sycamores and endless clusters of palms. I had seen no such beautiful palms since leaving Minyeh, in Lower Egypt. There they were taller, but had not the exceeding richness and glory of these. The sun shone hot in a cloudless blue heaven, and the air was of a glassy, burning clearness, like that which dwells in the inmost heart of fire. The colors of the landscape were as if enamelled on gold, so intense, so glowing in their intoxicating depth and splendor. When, at last, the wind fell—except a breeze just strong enough to shake the creamy odor out of the purple bean-blossoms—and the sun went down in a bed of pale orange light, the moon came up the other side of heaven, a broad disc

of yellow fire, and bridged the glassy Nile with her beams.

At such times, I selected a pleasant spot on the western bank of the river, where the palms were loftiest and most thickly clustered, and had the boat moored to the shore. Achmet then spread my carpet and piled my cushions on the shelving bank of white sand, at the foot of the trees, where, as I lay, I could see the long, feathery leaves high above my head, and at the same time look upon the broad wake of the moon, as she rose beyond the Nile. The sand was as fine and soft as a bed of down, and retained an agreeable warmth from the sunshine which had lain upon it all day. As we rarely halted near a village, there was no sound to disturb the balmy repose of the scene, except, now and then, the whine of a jackal prowling along the edge of the Desert. Achmet crossed his legs beside me on the sand, and Ali, who at such times had special charge of my pipe, sat at my feet, ready to replenish it as often as occasion required. My boatmen, after gathering dry palm-leaves and the resinous branches of the mimosa, kindled a fire beside some neighboring patch of *dookhn*, and squatted around it, smoking and chatting in subdued tones, that their gossip might not disturb my meditations. Their white turbans and lean, dark faces were brought out in strong relief by the



ALI.

red fire-light, and completed the reality of a picture which was more beautiful than dreams.

On the first of these evenings, after my pipe had been filled for the third time, Achmet, finding that I showed no disposition to break the silence, and rightly judging that I would rather listen than talk, addressed me. "Master," said he, "I know many stories, such as the story-tellers relate in the coffee-houses of Cairo. If you will give me permission, I will tell you some which I think you will find diverting." "Excellent!" said I; "nothing will please me better, provided you tell them in Arabic. This will be more agreeable to both of us, and whenever I cannot understand your words, I will interrupt you, and you shall explain them as well as you can in English." He immediately commenced, and while those evening calms lasted, I had such a living experience of the Arabian Nights as would have seemed to me a greater marvel than any they describe, had it been foreshown to my boyish vision, when I first hung over the charmed pages. There, in my African mood, the most marvellous particulars seemed quite real and natural, and I enjoyed those flowers of Eastern romance with a zest unknown before. After my recent reception, as a king of the Franks, in the capital of Berber, it was not difficult to imagine myself Shahriar, the Sultan of the Indies, especially as the moon showed me my turbaned

shadow on the sand. If the amber mouth-piece of my pipe was not studded with jewels, and if the zerf which held my coffee-cup was brass instead of gold, it was all the same by moonlight. Achmet, seated on the sand a little below my throne, was Sheherazade, and Ali, kneeling at my feet, her sister, Dinarzade; though, to speak candidly, my imagination could not stretch quite so far. In this respect Shahriar had greatly the advantage of me. I bitterly felt the difference between my dusky vizier and his vizier's daughter. Nor did Ali, who listened to the stories with great interest, expressing his satisfaction occasionally by a deep guttural chuckle, ever surprise me by saying: "If you are not asleep, my sister, I beg of you to recount to me one of those delightful stories you know."

Nevertheless, those nights possessed a charm which separates them from all other nights I have known. The stories resembled those of the Arabian tale in being sometimes prolonged from one day to another. One of them, in fact, was "Ganem, the Slave of Love;" but, as told by Achmet, differing slightly from the English version. The principal story, however, was new to me, and as I am not aware that it has ever been translated, I may be pardoned for telling it as it was told to me, taking the liberty to substitute my own words for Achmet's mixture of Arabic and English. I was too thoroughly given up to the pleasant illusion

to note down the story at the time, and I regret that many peculiarities of expression have escaped me, which then led me to consider it a genuine product of the age which produced the Thousand and One Nights.

"You already know, my master," Achmet began, "that many hundred years ago all the people of Islam were governed by a Caliph, whose capital was Baghdad, and I doubt not that you have heard of the great Caliph, Haroun Al-Raschid, who certainly was not only the wisest man of his day, but the wisest that has been known since the days of our prophet, Mohammed, whose name be exalted! It rarely happens that a wise and great man ever finds a wife, whose wisdom is any

match for his own; for as the wise men whom Allah sends upon the earth are few, so are the wise women still fewer. But herein was the Caliph favored of Heaven. Since the days of Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, whom even the Prophet Solomon could not help but honor, there was no woman equal in virtue or in wisdom to the Sultana Zubeydeh (Zobeide). The Caliph never failed to consult her on all important matters, and her prudence and intelligence were united with his, in the government of his great empire, even as the sun and moon are sometimes seen shining in the heavens at the same time.

But do not imagine that Haroun Al-Raschid and the Sultana Zubeydeh were destitute of faults. None except the



ACHMET.

Prophets of God—may their names be extolled for ever!—were ever entirely just, or wise, or prudent. The Caliph was subject to fits of jealousy and mistrust, which frequently led him to commit acts that obliged him, afterwards, to eat of the bitter fruit of repentance; and as for Zubeydeh, with all her wisdom, she had a sharp tongue in her head, and was often so little discreet as to say things which brought upon her the displeasure of the Commander of the Faithful.

It chanced that, once upon a time, they were both seated in a window of the *harem*, which overlooked one of the streets of Baghdad. The Caliph was in an ill-humor, for a beautiful Georgian slave whom his vizier had recently brought him, had disappeared from the harem, and

he saw in this the work of Zubeydeh, who was always jealous of any rival to her beauty. Now, as they were sitting there, looking down into the street, a poor woodcutter came along with a bundle of sticks upon his head. His body was lean with poverty, and his only clothing was a tattered cloth, bound around his waist. But the most wonderful thing was, that in passing through the wood where he had collected his load, a serpent had seized him by the heel, but his feet were so hardened by toil that they resembled the hoofs of a camel; and he neither felt the teeth of the serpent, nor knew that he was still dragging it after him as he walked. The Caliph marvelled when he beheld this, but Zubeydeh exclaimed, "See, O Commander of the Faithful!

there is the man's wife!" "What!" exclaimed Haroun, with sudden wrath; "is the wife then a serpent to the man, which stings him none the less because he does not feel it? Thou serpent, because thou hast stung me, and because thou hast made sport of the honest poverty of that poor creature, thou shalt take the serpent's place!" Zubeydeh answered not a word, for she knew that to speak would but increase the Caliph's anger. Haroun clapped his hand thrice, and presently Mesrour, his chief eunuch, appeared. "Here, Mesrour," said he; "take this woman with thee, follow yonder wood-cutter, and present her to him as his wife, whom the Caliph hath ordered him to accept."

Mesrour laid his hands upon his breast and bowed his head, in token of obedience. He then beckoned to Zubeydeh, who rose, covered herself with a veil and a feridje, such as is worn by the wives of the poor, and followed him. When they had overtaken the wood-cutter, Mesrour delivered to him the message of the Caliph, and presented to him the veiled Zubeydeh. "There is no God but God!" said the poor man; "but how can I support a wife—I, who can scarcely live by my own labors?" "Dost thou dare to disobey the Commander of the Faithful?" cried Mesrour, in such a savage tone, that the man trembled from head to foot; but Zubeydeh, speaking for the first time, said, "Take me with thee, O man! since it is the Caliph's will. I will serve thee faithfully, and perhaps the burden of thy poverty may be lightened through me." The man thereupon obeyed, and they proceeded together to his house, which was in a remote part of the city. There were but two miserable rooms, with a roof, which was beginning to fall in, from decay. The wood-cutter, having thrown down his bundle, went out to the bazaar, purchased some rice and a little salt, and brought a jar of water from the fountain. This was all he could afford, and Zubeydeh, who had kindled a fire in the mean time, cooked it and placed it before him. But when he would have had her raise her veil, and sit down to eat with him, she refused, saying, "I have promised that I shall not increase the burden of thy poverty. Promise me, in return, that thou wilt never seek to look upon my face, nor to enter that room, which I have chosen for my apartment. I am not without learning, O man! and if thou wilt respect my wishes, it shall be well for thee."

The wood-cutter, who was not natural-

ly deficient in intelligence, perceived from the words of Zubeydeh, that she was a superior person; and judging that he could not do better than to follow her counsel, promised at once all that she desired. She then declared, that as she intended to take charge of his household, he must give to her, every evening, all the money he had received for his wood during the day. The man consented to this, and likewise produced a handful of copper coins, which all together amounted to only one piastre—but you must know, my master, that a piastre in the days of Haroun Al-Raschid, was four or five times as much as it is nowadays. Thus they lived together for several weeks, the wood-cutter going to the forest every day, and paying his gains every night into the hands of Zubeydeh, who kept his miserable house clean and comfortable, and prepared his food. She managed things with so much economy that she was enabled to save two paras every day, out of the piastre which he gave her. When she had amassed twenty piastres in this way, she gave them to the wood-cutter, saying: "Go now to the market and buy thee an ass with this money. Thou canst thus bring home thrice as much wood as before, and the ass can subsist upon the grass which he finds in the forest, and which costs thee nothing." "By Allah!" exclaimed the wood-cutter; "thou art a wonderful woman, and I will obey thee in every thing."

He forthwith did as Zubeydeh ordered, and was now enabled to give her three or four piastres every evening. She presented him with a more decent garment, and added butter to his pillau of rice, but still preserved such a strict economy, that in a short time he was master of three asses instead of one, and was obliged to hire a man to assist him in cutting wood. One evening as the asses came home with their loads, Zubeydeh remarked that the wood gave out a grateful fragrance, like that of musk or ambergris, and upon examining it more closely, she found that it was a most precious article—in fact, that it had been cut from one of those spicy trees which sprang up where the tears of Adam fell upon the earth, as he bewailed his expulsion from Paradise. For at that time the juices of the fruits of Paradise still remained in his body, and his tears were flavored by them—which was the cause of all the spices that grow in the lands of Serendib and India. Zubeydeh asked of the wood-cutter: "To whom dost thou sell this wood?" and from his answer, she found that it was all

purchased by some Jewish merchants, who gave him no more for it than for the common wood with which she cooked his rice. "The accursed Jews!" she exclaimed; "go thou to them immediately, and threaten to accuse them before the Cadi of defrauding a son of the Faith, unless they agree to pay thee for this wood henceforth, twelve times as much as they have paid before!"

The man lost no time in visiting the Jewish merchants, who, when they saw that their fraud had been discovered, were greatly alarmed, and immediately agreed to pay him all that he demanded. The wood-cutter now brought home every night three donkey-loads of the precious wood, and paid to Zubeydeh from one to two hundred piastres. She was soon able to purchase a better house, where she not only gave the man more nourishing food, but sent for a teacher to instruct him how to read and write. He had so improved in appearance by this time, and had profited so well by the wise conversation of Zubeydeh, that he was quite like another person, and those who had known him in his poverty no longer recognized him. For this reason, the Caliph, who soon repented of his anger towards Zubeydeh and made every effort to recover her, was unable to find any trace of him. Mesrour sought day and night through the streets of Baghdad, but as Zubeydeh never left the wood-cutter's house, all his search was in vain, and the Caliph was like one distracted.

One day, as the wood-cutter was on his way to the forest, he was met by three persons, who desired to hire his asses for the day. "But," said he; "I make my living from the wood which the asses carry to the city." "What profit do you make upon each load?" asked one of the men. "If it is a good load I often make fifty piastres," answered the wood-cutter. "Well," said the men, "we will give you two hundred piastres as the hire of each ass for one day." The wood-cutter, who had not expected such an extraordinary offer, was about to accept it at once when he reflected that he had obeyed in all things the advice of Zubeydeh, and ought not to take such a step without her consent. He thereupon requested the men to wait while he returned home and consulted his wife. "You have done right, O my lord!" said Zubeydeh: "I commend your prudence, and am quite willing that you should accept the offer of the men, as the money will purchase other asses and repay you for the loss of the day's profit if the persons should not return."

Now, the three men were three celebrated robbers who had amassed a vast treasure which they kept concealed in a cave in one of the neighboring mountains. They hired the asses in order to transport this treasure to a barque in which they had taken passage to Bassora, where they intended to establish themselves as rich foreign merchants. But Allah, who governs all things, allows the plans of the wicked to prosper for a time, only that he may throw them into more utter ruin at the last. The robbers went to their secret cave with the asses and loaded them with all their spoils—great sacks of gold, of rubies, diamonds and emeralds, which the beasts were scarcely strong enough to carry. On their way to the river below Baghdad, where the boat was waiting for them, two of them stopped to drink at a well while the other went on with the asses. Said one of the twain to the other: "Let us kill our comrade, that we may have the greater treasure." He at once agreed, and they had no sooner overtaken the third robber than the first, with one stroke of his sabre, made his head fly from his body. The two then proceeded for a short distance, when the murderer said: "I must have more than half of the treasure because I killed our comrade." "If you begin by claiming more than half you will in the end claim the whole;" said the other robber, who refused to agree. They presently set upon each other with their swords, and after fighting for some time, both of them received so many wounds that they fell dead in the road.

The asses, finding that no one was driving them any longer, took, from habit, the road to the wood-cutter's house where they arrived safely, with the treasure upon their backs. Great was the amazement of their master, who, at Zubeydeh's command, carried the heavy sacks into the house. But when he had opened one of them, and the splendor of the jewels filled the whole room, Zubeydeh exclaimed: "God is great! Now, indeed, I see that my conduct is acceptable to Him, and that His hand hurries my design more swiftly to its completion." But as she knew not what had happened to the robbers, and supposed that the owner of the treasure would have his loss proclaimed in the bazaars, she determined to keep the sacks closed for the space of a moon, after which, according to the law, they would become her property if they had not been claimed in the mean time. Of course, no proclamation of the loss was made and at the end of the moon she

considered that she had a just right to the treasure, which, upon computation, proved to be even greater than that of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid.

She commanded the wood-cutter to send her at once the most renowned architect of Baghdad, whom she directed to build, exactly opposite to the Caliph's Palace, another palace which should surpass in splendor any thing that had ever been beheld. For the purchase of the materials and the hire of the workmen, she gave him a hundred thousand pieces of gold. "If men ask," said she, "for whom you are building the palace, tell them it is for the son of a foreign king." The architect employed all the workmen in Baghdad, and followed her instructions so well, that in two months the palace was finished. The like of it had never been seen, and the Caliph's palace faded before its magnificence, as the face of the moon fades when the sun has risen above the horizon. The walls were of marble, white as snow; the gates of ivory, inlaid with pearl; the domes were gilded, so that when the sun shone the eye could not look upon them; and from a great fountain of silver, in the court-yard, a jet of rose-colored water, which diffused an agreeable odor, leaped into the air. Of this palace it might be said, in the words of the poet: "Truly it resembles Paradise: or is it the lost House of Irem, built from the treasures of King Sheddad? May kindness dwell upon the lips of the lord of this palace, and charity find refuge in his heart, that he may be adjudged worthy to enjoy such splendor!"

During the building of the palace, Zubeydeh employed the best masters in teaching the wood-cutter all the accomplishments which his present condition required that he should possess. In a short time he was a very pattern of elegance in his manner; his words were choice, and spoken with dignity and propriety; and his demeanor was that of one born to command rather than to obey. When she had succeeded to the full extent of her wishes, she commenced teaching him to play chess, and spent several hours a day in this manner, until he finally played with a skill equal to her own. By this time the palace was completed, and after having purchased horses and slaves, and every thing necessary to the maintenance of a princely household, Zubeydeh and the wood-cutter took possession of it during the night, in order that they might not be observed by the Caliph. Zubeydeh bade the

wood-cutter remember the promise he had made her. She still retained her own apartments, with a number of female slaves to attend her; and she now presented to him, as a harem becoming a prince, twenty Circassian girls, each one fairer than the morning-star.

The next morning she called the wood-cutter, and addressed him thus: "You see, my lord, what I have done for you. You remember in what misery I found you, and how, by your following my advice, every thing was changed. I intend to exalt you still higher; and in order that my plans may not be frustrated, I now ask you to promise that you will obey me in all things for a month from this time." Zubeydeh made this demand, for she knew how quickly a change of fortune may change a man's character, and how he will soon come to look upon that as a right which Allah granted him as a boon. But the wood-cutter threw himself at her feet, and said: "O queen! it is for you to command, and it is for me to obey. You have taught me understanding and wisdom; you have given me the wealth of kings. May Allah forget me, if I forget to give you, in return, gratitude and obedience." "Go, then," continued Zubeydeh; "mount this horse, and, attended by twenty slaves on horseback, visit the coffee-house in the great bazaar. Take with thee a purse of three thousand pieces of gold, and as thou goest on thy way, scatter a handful occasionally among the beggars. Take thy seat in the coffee-house, where thou wilt see the Vizier's son, who is a skilful player of chess. He will challenge the multitude to play with him, and when no one accepts, do thou engage him for a thousand pieces of gold. Thou wilt win, but pay him the thousand pieces, as if thou hadst lost; give two hundred pieces to the master of the coffee-house, divide two hundred pieces among the attendants, and scatter the remainder among the beggars."

The wood-cutter performed all that Zubeydeh commanded. He accepted the challenge of the Vizier's son, won the game, yet paid him a thousand pieces of gold, as if he had lost, and then rode back to the palace, followed by the acclamations of the multitude, who were loud in their praises of his beauty, the elegance of his speech, his unbounded munificence, and the splendor of his attendance. Every day he visited the coffee-house, gave two hundred pieces of gold to the master, two hundred to the servants, and distributed six hundred among the

beggars. But the Vizier's son, overcome with chagrin at his defeat, remained at home, where, in a few days, he sickened and died. These things coming to the Vizier's ear, he felt a great desire to see the foreign prince, whose wealth and generosity were the talk of all Baghdad; and as he believed himself to be the greatest chess player in the world, he determined to challenge him to a game. He thereupon visited the coffee-house, where he had not remained long when the wood-cutter made his appearance, in even greater splendor than before. This was in accordance with the instructions of Zubeydeh, who was informed of all that had taken place. He at once accepted the Vizier's challenge to play, for a stake of two thousand pieces of gold. After a hard fought battle, the Vizier was fairly beaten, but the wood-cutter paid him the two thousand pieces of gold, as if he had lost the game, gave away another thousand, as usual, and retired to his palace.

The Vizier took his defeat so much to heart, that his chagrin combined with grief for the loss of his son, carried him off in a few days. This circumstance brought the whole history to the ears of Haroun Al-Raschid himself, who was immediately seized with a strong desire to play chess with the foreign prince, not doubting but that, as he had always beaten his Vizier, he would be more than a match for the new antagonist. Accordingly he sent an officer to the palace of the wood-cutter, with a message that the Commander of the Faithful desired to offer his hospitality to the son of the foreign king. By Zubeydeh's advice he accepted the invitation, and the officer speedily returned to Haroun Al-Raschid, to whom he gave such a description of the magnificence of the new palace, that the Caliph's mouth began to water, and he exclaimed: "By Allah! I must look to this. No man who has not the ring of Solomon on his finger, shall surpass me in my own capital!" In a short time the wood-cutter arrived, attired in such splendor that the day seemed brighter for his appearance, and attended by forty black slaves, in dresses of crimson silk, with turbans of white and gold, and golden swords by their sides. They formed a double row from the court-yard to the throne-hall where the Caliph sat, and up the avenue thus formed the wood-cutter advanced, preceded by two slaves in dresses of cloth-of-silver, who placed at the Caliph's feet two crystal goblets filled with rubies and emeralds of immense size. The Ca-

liph, delighted with this superb present, rose, embraced the supposed prince, and seated him by his side. From the great wealth displayed by the wood-cutter, and the perfect grace and propriety of his manners, the Caliph suspected that he was no less a personage than the son of the King of Cathay.

After a handsome repast had been served, the Caliph proposed a game of chess, stating that he had heard much of the prince's skill in playing. "After I shall have played with you, O Commander of the Faithful!" said the wood-cutter; "you will hear no more of my skill." The Caliph was charmed with the modesty of this speech, and the compliment to himself, and they immediately began to play. The wood-cutter, although he might easily have beaten the Caliph, suffered the latter to win the first game, which put him into the best humor possible. But when the second game had been played, and the wood-cutter was the victor, he perceived that the Caliph's face became dark, and his good humor was gone. "You are too generous to your servant, O Caliph!" said he; "had you not given me this success as an encouragement, I should have lost a second time." At these words Haroun smiled, and they played a third game, which the wood-cutter purposely allowed him to win. Such was the counsel given to him by Zubeydeh, who said: "If thou permittest him to win the first game, he will be so well pleased, that thou mayst venture to defeat him on the second game. Then, when he has won the third game, thy having been once victorious will magnify his opinion of his own skill; for where we never suffer defeat, we at last regard our conquests with indifference."

The result was precisely as Zubeydeh had predicted. The Caliph was charmed with the foreign prince, and in a few days made him his Vizier. The wood-cutter filled his exalted station with dignity and judgment, and became at once a great favorite with the people of Baghdad. The month of obedience which he had promised to Zubeydeh was now drawing to a close, when she said to him: "Cease to visit the Caliph, and do not leave the palace for two or three days. When the Caliph sends for thee, return for answer that thou art ill." She foresaw that the Caliph would then come to see his Vizier, and gave the wood-cutter complete instructions, concerning what he should say and do.

Haroun Al-Raschid no sooner heard of the illness of his Vizier, than he went

personally to his palace to see him. He was amazed at the size and splendor of the edifice. "Truly," said he, striking his hands together; "this man hath found the ring of Solomon, which compels the assistance of the genii. In all my life I have never seen such a palace as this." He found the Vizier reclining on a couch of cloth-of-gold, in a chamber, the walls whereof were of mother-of-pearl, and the floor of ivory. There was a fountain of perfumed water in the centre, and beside it stood a jasmine-tree, growing in a vase of crystal. "How is this?" said the Caliph, seating himself on one end of the couch; "a man whom the genii serve, should have the secrets of health in his hands." "It is no fever," said the Vizier; "but the other day, as I was washing myself in the fountain, before the evening prayer, I stooped too near the jasmine-tree, and one of its thorns scratched my left arm." "What!" cried the Caliph, in amazement; "the scratch of a blunt jasmine-thorn has made you ill!" "You wonder at it, no doubt, O Commander of the Faithful!" said the Vizier; "because, only a few months ago, you saw that I was insensible to the fangs of a serpent, which had fastened upon my heel." "There is no God but God!" exclaimed Haroun Al-Raschid, as by these words he recognized the poor wood-cutter, who had passed under the window of his palace—"hast thou indeed found the ring of Solomon?—and where is the woman whom Mesrour, at my command, brought to thee?"

"She is here!" said Zubeydeh, entering the door. She turned towards the Caliph, and slightly lifting her veil, showed him her face, more beautiful than ever. Haroun, with a cry of joy, was on the point of clasping her in his arms, when he stopped suddenly and said: "But thou art now the wife of that man." "Not so, great Caliph!" exclaimed the Vizier, who rose to his feet, now that there was no longer any need to affect illness; "from the day that she entered my house, I have never seen her face. By the beard of the Prophet, she is not less pure than she is wise. It is she who has made me all that I am. Obedience to her was the seed from which the tree of my fortune has grown." Zubeydeh then knelt at the Caliph's feet, and said: "O Commander of the Faithful, restore me to the light of your favor. I swear to you that I am not less your wife than when the cloud of your anger overshadowed me. This honorable man has never ceased to respect me. My thoughtless words led you to send me

forth to take the place of the serpent, but I have now shown you that a wife may also be to her husband as the staff, whereon he leans for support; as the camel, which bringeth him riches; as the tent, which shelters and protects him; as the bath, which maketh him comely; and as the lamp, whereby his steps are enlightened."

Haroun Al-Raschid had long since bitterly repented of his rashness and cruelty. He now saw in what had happened the hand of Allah, who had turned that which he had intended as a punishment, into a triumph. He restored Zubeydeh at once to his favor, and to the wood-cutter, whom he still retained as Vizier, he gave his eldest daughter in marriage. All the citizens of Baghdad took part in the festivities, which lasted two weeks, and the Caliph, to commemorate his gratitude, built a superb mosque, which is called the Mosque of the Restoration to this very day. The Vizier nobly requited all the pains which the Sultana Zubeydeh had taken with his education, and showed so much wisdom and justice in his administration of the laws, that the Caliph never had occasion to be dissatisfied with him. Thus they all lived together in the utmost happiness and concord, until they were each, in turn, visited by the Terminator of Delights and the Separator of Companions."

So ended Achmet's story; but without the moonlight, the tall Ethiopian palms and the soothing pipe, as accessories, I fear that this reproduction of it retains little of the charm which I found in the original. It was followed by other and wilder tales, stamped in every part with the unmistakable signet of the Orient. They were all characterized by the belief in an inevitable destiny, which seems to be the informing soul of all Oriental literature. This belief affords every liberty to the poet and romancer, and the Arabic authors have not scrupled to make liberal use of it. There is no hazard in surrounding your hero with all sorts of real and imaginary dangers, or in heaping up obstacles in the path of his designs, when you know that his destiny obliges him to overcome them. He becomes, for the time, the impersonation of Fate, and circumstances yield before him. You see, plainly, that he was chosen in the beginning to do the very thing which he accomplishes in the end. If a miracle is needed for his success, it is not withheld. Difficulties crowd upon him to the last, only that the final triumph may be more complete and striking. Yet with all

these violations of probability, the Oriental tales exhibit a great fertility of invention, and sparkle with touches of genuine human nature. The deep and absorbing interest with which the unlettered Arabs listen to their recital,—the hold which they have upon the popular heart of the East—attests their value, as illustrations of Eastern life.

From Poetry we frequently passed to Religion, and Achmet was astonished to find me familiar not only with Mahomet, but with Ali and Abdullah and Abu-talib, and with many incidents of the prophet's life which were new to him. The Persian chronicles were fresh in my memory, and

all the wonders related of Mahomet by that solemn old biographer. Mohammed Bekr, came up again as vividly as when I first read them. We compared notes, he repeated passages of the Koran, and so the Giaour and the True Believer discussed the nature of their faith, but always ended by passing beyond prophet and apostle, to the one great and good God, who is equally merciful to all men. I could sincerely adopt the first article of his faith: "*la illah il, Allah*,"—"There is no God but God," while he was equally ready to accept the first commandment of mine.

THE LAST POET OUT.

Lyrics by the Letter H. New York: Derby.

SCENE, a solemn office. Two clerks in the distance seated on high stools at a spacious double desk, writing assiduously. An inner room, with door partially closed, through whose dull glass panels one can catch a glimpse of the cloudy form of the great publisher enthroned within, revolving in his august mind the destinies of poets. Enter, author; not timidly and with uncertain glance as of old, but with confident face, jaunty swagger and defiant steps. A paper parcel in his hand, and with unfaltering foot, he marches boldly into the very heart of the publisher's sanctum.

What daring man is he, thus to tread with heedless foot, the awful soil on which Johnson, Savage, Keats and Dryden trembled! Has the Jupiter of print no terrors for him? Is he a Titan of thought thus to scale so fearlessly the empyreal heights of the crowned monarch of copy-right? Sure no common man would dare to stalk with so careless a front through those hallowed regions. He approaches the publisher, apparently unconscious of his divinity. Spreads out his wares before him, as if the whole thing were a business matter; expatiates on their merits, explains this passage, calls attention to that, reads another aloud, and out-Jupiters the Jupiter. The Jupiter nods. He hums and haws. He ruffles the poems—for they are poems, or pass as such—with his hand, and mutters something about "Poetry being a drug." The author laughs the insinuation to scorn. Poetry never stood so

high before. Look at Tennyson, Longfellow, Smith, The Letter A. Don't they sell? He rather thinks they do. And with such examples before him, shall he suffer his poetic fire to be hidden under the bushel of neglect? Never! He will publish or expire in the attempt. The publisher refers mysteriously to "the gentleman who reads for him." He knows nothing of these matters himself; he is nothing more than a business man, but he will consult the aforesaid gentleman on the matter. The author smiles confidently as he assents to this course. There can be little doubt of what that gentleman's opinion will be. The pieces about to be submitted to his judgment have all been published separately in the Mississippi Raft of Freedom, and been fully endorsed by the approval of a discerning public. He intrusts the parcel therefore to the publisher with a lofty air, and withdraws to call again in a week. We think that publisher with all his dignity and power must be an unhappy man. What an awful responsibility rests upon his shoulders! With what terrible cares is he burdened! On his tables day after day, are laid volumes of ridiculous verses about whose publication pertinacious poets periodically persecute him. Now man is but mortal, and though most publishers have a wholesome and well-founded horror of poetry in general, they, like other people, must have their moments of weakness. We think that some such scene as we have just described, must have preceded the publication of the volume under our consideration. Mr. Derby must have

been taken unawares in some soft moment. The author was imperious, the publisher yielding, and the result has been, "Lyrics by the letter 'H.'"

The title is suggestive—of a volume published some time since in London, called "Poems by 'A';" the contents are suggestive of several persons occupying respectable positions in the world of letters. "H" has evidently been a literary whirligig, turning to a different point with every fresh breeze. His poetical changes are distracting. Now he is afflicted with a frenzied desire to be a second Bon Gaultier, on the next page he is squirming with vain efforts to emulate the author of "Miss Kilmansegg." Farther on, under the shield of parody, he rifles poor Poe of his metres. Here and there we find an echo of Tom Moore's elegant bacchanalism; while Charles Mackay and Samuel Lover seem to have contracted for the rest of the volume. We would not for worlds deny to "H" that he may have his sphere. He may write prose excellently. He may be one of "the Berkely men," or even the author of the *Scarlet Letter*; in short, an exceedingly clever fellow in a hundred ways; our exception is alone taken to his writing Poetry—and publishing it.

"H" may not be aware that there are certain mental and physical elements necessary to the formation of a poet. Some imagination is usually required. Strength and boldness are not objectionable. A knowledge of either external or internal life, or both united, is of some advantage, while dramatic fire, and an enthusiasm for the beautiful, add considerably to the excellence of the poetic writer. Now these qualities are not kept bottled up at the stationers, to be bought with one's pens. An ordinary man cannot sit down and pump poetry out of himself; an English banker once showed the world what could be done by perseverance and cultivation; but although public astonishment at such achievements in a business man, was for a while so loud as almost to counterfeit fame, the moneyed author soon sank to his proper level of an elegant man of letters, with much taste and no genius. Without even the slight qualifications of cultivation and elegance, "H" has nevertheless rushed into print. The pieces with which he presents us have, we believe, been nearly all published before in the columns of various newspapers, for which place they were doubtless sufficiently lively, but in which place they ought to have remained. We look in vain through this volume for any evi-

dence of imagination or taste. The parodies, are even more vulgar than parodies usually are, and the serious poems are either bad echoes of other and better strains, or are incomprehensible nonsense. In a poem on the unhackneyed subject of "Time," we find the following cabalistic lines:

"The gray rock of age, whose peak
Time's mounting billows surge and seek."

On reading this, one is led to indulge in a little grammatical reflection. What does "surge" govern? clearly it governs the noun "peak." This verse therefore throws a new light on the nature of peaks in general. People are apt to connect the idea of a peak and solidity together. The peak of Teneriffe for instance. "H" however seems to have a geological theory on the subject which might astonish even the author of the "Vestiges." Billows surge peaks, consequently peaks must be rather light, corky affairs, that go floating like amber about upon the crests of the ocean.

The very next poem is of that peculiar order in which the wit consists of writing five or six very serious verses on a given subject, and in the very last line of the poem introducing an atrocious vulgarity. It is entitled "the Ball-room Belle." The poet first enters on a description of the lady in question. She wears satin slippers and Limerick lace. Why Limerick? As a member of the order of Know Nothings we put the question. The portrait goes on after this fashion:

Her hair was brown, or golden,
It changed, as fell the light,
Her bodice scarce could hold in
Her bosom's heaving white,
Her eyes were gay and merry
As a fountain in the shade,
And her voice was sweet and cheery,
As the thoughts that it conveyed.

This delicious creature goes on to dance, and having probably eaten too much chicken salad at supper, the exercise does not agree with her, for her appearance calls forth from the poet an inquiry as to the state of her health.

"Then she with timid glances,
From lips as sweet as thyme,
Replied—'those Eastern dances
Ill suit our Western clime;
Could you—It might relieve me—'
(I rose upon the hint)—
A glass of water give me,
With a glass of BRANDY isn't?"

There! isn't that touching? Isn't that poetry? Isn't that the sort of thing to bind up in a neat volume and issue at

seventy-five cents to a trusting public? What wit! what spirit! what elegance! We presume "H" has seen Bon Gaultier's parody on the Queen of the May, which, after a number of sweet verses, concludes with the prosaic request,

"Draw me a mug of beer, Mother,
And Mother! draw it mild!"

We merely presume he has seen it, because there is that family likeness between the two poems, that suggests a careful study on the part of "H" of that great master of parody. Inspired by so glorious an example, for true genius is always infectious, we have almost involuntarily dashed off the following stanzas as a *pendant* to "the Belle of the Ball-room." They are entitled,

THE ANGEL OF THE ASSEMBLY.

I met her at the Chinese Rooms,
She wore a wreath of roses,
She walked in beauty like the night,
Her breath was like sweet posies.

I led her through the festal Hall,
Her glance was soft and tender;
She whispered gently in my ear,
"Say! Mose—ain't this a render?"

Our watch is lying on the table, and we find on consulting that faithful chronometer that the composition of the foregoing charming poem occupied us exactly one minute, and three seconds. We can therefore safely recommend it to such of our readers, as may be afflicted with a *cacoethes scribendi*, as a style in which elegance is combined with rapidity, and ease with originality.

As a bacchanal, "H" is one of the most contradictory individuals we have ever met. In a song called "A Winter Lyric," he is painfully anxious to have flagons brimming over with ruby wine, to clink to the glasses, in short, as he briefly but rather sensually sums it up, he requires "dice and drinking—wine and women." Though apparently wedded to those improper sentiments, we find nevertheless a few pages farther on a total reformation in his desires and habits. He has suddenly forsworn "flagons," and "ruby wine," clinking glasses, and ladies of uncertain morals, for he calls enthusiastically to the waiter after this fashion:

"Give me a *pail* of ocean brine,
And fill the *beaker* to the brim!"

We can imagine the agony of the Irish domestic at Windust's, on being thus addressed. We have a vivid picture of that puzzled functionary seeking out the proprietor in order to inform him, that "a

strange gentleman in number two, wants salt an' wather wid his vittles," whereupon the worthy proprietor, never at a loss, immediately sends up a bottle of his best Hock. We, however, who are all-knowing, see through this ruse. H. G. —, or some other prophet of temperance, was seated in the next box, and in such a neighborhood, "H" durst not call for his usual bottle of Asmanhausen. He bethinks himself of a way to escape the vigilance of the apostle, and at the same time earn for himself an undying reputation for temperance. So he shouts to the waiter in a stentorian voice, for the benefit of his neighbor,

"Give me a *pail* of ocean brine!"

But adds, immediately in a whisper, audible only to the Hibernian vassal,

"And fill the *beaker* to the brim."

Thereby meaning either a stiff glass of brandy, or a bottle of his favorite ruby wine. This interpretation, is, we think, perfectly natural. It is self-evident, indeed, if we examine the poem. He demands a *pail* in one line. In the next he wishes the *beaker* to be filled. Now as a *pail* and a *beaker* are two distinct vessels, not to be confounded together in any way, we must look upon the two requests as separate orders, one meant for the public, the other for the private ear of the obsequious servitor.

That "H" at this period drank something stronger and more heady than ocean brine, is fully shown, by the manner in which, some lines farther on, he reverses the operations of nature. The idea is just such a one as might emanate from a man who did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels. He says, alluding we presume to the beauty of the night, when he was standing near a lamp-post with his hat off:

"On such an eve was Venus born
Where Cypris's shore the blue tide laves."

There is in the last line a sublime inversion of the usual course of things. Common-place poets generally make the blue tide lave the shore, but "H," disdaining such an every day proceeding, grandly makes the shore lave the blue tide. The word "lave" being derived from a Latin verb, signifying "to wash," admirably expresses the usual action of the shore towards the sea.

"H's" philosophy is nearly as singular as his physics. We would like to call attention to a fine verse contained in a lyric which is entitled, "A College Song." It runs as follows:

"Comrades! while the earth so alters,
 Wintry frost and blossom spring,
 Foolish he who doubts and falters;
 Pleasure flits on rapid wing,—
 Seize it ere you feel the sting!
 Bow your heart to passion's altars,
 Let your soul its incense fling,
 Ere the gilded pagod falters,
 Ere you feel the hidden sting,
 Of the wing!"

It will be remarked from the above-quoted verse, that "H's" philosophy is of a rapid character. A "touch-and-go" sort of theory of life. No nonsensical lingering above the sad spots. The roses of joy wither quickly; let us seize them ere they fade. The sun is soon overshadowed, so we ought to make our little bundle of hay while he shines. All that's bright must fade, so let us pawn our German silver spoons before they get tarnished, and give a dinner with the money. Time, and Death, and Age, and all that sort of thing, will be here in a jiffy, so our only plan is to eat till we are surfeited, to drink till we are drunk, to love till we are cloyed, before their arrival in the down train. These are the species of images used, and doctrines inculcated by the poets of the fast school. They are continually drowning care in brimming beakers, and seizing joy as he flies. Roses form a great portion of the "properties" of these bards. They wreath bowls with them continually, and are addicted to binding them round their temples. We feel somewhat indebted, however, to "H." for introducing a little new machinery into this species of lyric. He says:

"Bow your heart to passion's altars,
 Let your soul its incense fling,
 Ere the gilded pagod falters."

This last line, we cannot say we comprehend very clearly. We used to have long ago rather a clear idea of a pagod. We regarded it as something between a porcelain old man, with a large stomach and long moustaches, and a lofty tower with tiers of corners like a German student's cap, from which numberless little bells dangled and jangled, while the walls were made of the most beautiful china, painted all over with landscapes out of perspective. We must have been wrong, however, for here we find the pagod "gilded," and also likely to falter. A pagod, then, must be a living thing, with weak nerves, usually dressed in gold leaf. It will take us a long time to get thoroughly reconciled to this new image.

In the next line of the same verse, we meet with rather a curious fact. Having told us that we must fling our soul's in-

cense ere the gilded pagod falters, he adds also, that it were well to do it,

"Ere you feel the sting,
 Of the wing!"

This is a desperate slap in the face for our old theory of stings. We have a vivid recollection of wasps' stings, bees' stings, and we have read something about scorpions' stings, but none of these stings were located in the wing; they lay somewhere else. If "H" has really discovered any insect with a sting so curiously situated, from which he has drawn his novel image, we would seriously recommend him to communicate the fact to some entomological society, and have no doubt but that he will be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

But we are weary of all this. Having laughed so long, it is time for us to become indignant. To demand of "H" by what authority he published this volume. Whether it was his own vanity, or the "desire of friends," that induced the collection, and issuing in book-form of these trashy newspaper squibs? From the beginning to the end there is not a single fresh spot on which the mind can repose with pleasure. There is nothing to charm, nothing to teach in this volume. Every poem in it is reminiscent of the past poems of better writers; faint transfers from spirited originals.

We cannot help feeling melancholy in the end, when we meet such volumes. We cannot help wondering if ever again we shall hail a poet American born. The unborn volumes that yet lie sleeping in Lowell's brain, are no consolation to us. The hope of what Longfellow, Stoddard, and Read may accomplish in a few years more, brings no solace with it. We want a new poet. A sudden, spontaneous, Minerva-born poet; one about whom, when he sings, there shall be no doubt. Not drunk, with youth and animal life like Alexander Smith, whose genius is but the blood-fever of twenty; not the result of a college and classical father, like the Arnolds'; not the offspring of the ill-advised praise of turgid critics, like Mr. Sydney Yendys; neither do we want a Tennysonian poet. Though Tennyson must ever be the great type of that subtlety of thought, which so eminently distinguishes the poetry of the present age; nor a Byronic poet, nor a Mooreish poet. But we want a great American poet, who shall speak grandly to us, and whose nature shall be veined with the aspects, customs, and instincts of his country. There is an opening for such a young

man now—who will take advantage of it?

Not the letter H. We can hold out no hope to that impersonal member of the alphabet, of ever occupying a prominent position in our literature. If he is young, we would seriously advise him to turn his attention to something else than rhyme; if he is old, our advice will be

superfluous, for time will dry up the fountain. We shall always have much pleasure in looking on the letter H as an excellent aspirate, so long as he does not aspire to be thought a poet. It is an unfortunate letter in literature; even Charles Lamb's genius failed him when he wrote his little drama of "Mr. H."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—It was with no expectation of being interested that we opened the "*History of Illinois*" by a late governor of that State, THOMAS FORD, because we did not suppose that the experiences of so new and distant a commonwealth could furnish much matter for a book. But we soon found ourselves mistaken. Not only the incidents narrated, but the style of the narration, elicited a deep and ready attention. Governor Ford says in the preface, with a good deal of naïveté, as well as truth, that "the events of such a government as that of Illinois, and the men of its history, must necessarily be matters of small interest in themselves;" but he adds, "that as history is philosophy teaching by examples, it may teach by small as well as large ones." "Observation of the curious habits of small insects has thrown its light upon science, as much as the dissection of the elephant; therefore, if any one is curious to see what very great things may be illustrated by very small matters, this book will give him some aid. The author has written about small events and little men, for two reasons: first, there was nothing else in the history of Illinois to write about; and, secondly, these small matters seemed best calculated to illustrate what he wanted to promulgate to the people."

Governor Ford was a resident of Illinois from the year 1804 up to the time of his death, in 1850: he attended the first session of the legislature in 1819, and was present at every session afterwards, from 1825 to 1847: he was a successful attorney, who practised in several counties of the State: he was associate justice of the supreme court for a time, and subsequently governor. He had, therefore, not only ample opportunities for becoming acquainted with the prominent events and men, but he himself figured as an actor

on many important occasions. His history was written after his retirement from office, and on his death-bed committed to the care of the Hon. James Shields, of the United States Senate, under whose supervision it has been printed. The senator in his brief introduction touches it daintily, regretting even "the severity of some of the author's judgments and the censure with which he assails the characters of some of our public men," but what the senator regrets, the public will rejoice in, because it is written in evident honesty and independence. We cannot say, how true the statements of the author may be, but we know that we have read them with delight and profit.

The history begins with the efforts of the first settlers of the territory to get admitted into the Union, and then passes to the first organization of the government, giving by the way a lively account of the French villages, the early preachers, and the leading men, and describing at length the protracted struggle between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions, whose struggles resulted in the permanent establishment of Illinois as a free State. Emigrants to Kansas and Nebraska would do well to read this part of the work in order to show them how much can be done by a few spirited and determined men. It is a curious fact that there never has been but one duel in Illinois, which took place in 1820 between Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett; Stewart being shot, Bennett was hung for murder, and since then no one has cared to repeat the experiment. The details of settlement life are described with no little vivacity, though they are not of a nature to induce one accustomed to the luxuries of "the East" to take up his residence in a new country.

The principal events of this history are the Black Hawk war, which the author describes at some length, the difficulties

between the "horse-thieves" and the "regulators," showing an application of lynch-law on an extensive scale; the abolition riots, in which Lovejoy was killed; the expulsion of the Mormons and the financial embarrassments of the government. The governor was himself concerned in the last three, and speaks from personal knowledge. A melancholy history it is, of events inevitable perhaps in an unorganized and semi-civilized region, but insignificant as they are in themselves, illustrating momentous principles. We are not sure, however, that the Mormon civil war can be called insignificant, because the same men who were the occasion of bloodshed in Illinois, are still on our distant frontiers, increased in number and power, and more likely than ever, with their strange religion and customs, to come in conflict with the people and the government. That they have suffered great injustice is undeniable, but it is scarcely less so, that they perpetrated many outrages to provoke it, and unless the federal authorities define their political and civil relations to other settlers, in time, we shall see in Utah a repetition of the scenes of Illinois and Missouri. It is not to be expected of Governor Ford, that he should speak with entire impartiality of the Mormons, and yet we cannot but think his account is fair and just in the main. He evidently regards them as superior to the brutal mobocrats by whom they were so often wantonly assailed. His disclosures as to the coquetting of the various political parties and public men with the Mormons, are not flattering to those concerned. In fact, nearly all the troubles of the State in regard to them, grew out of the meanness and rascality of the politicians, who granted them favors to secure their votes, until they were raised into an impunity and power it was impossible to control. The present Judge Douglas of the Senate is spoken of as among the number of those who made use of the Mormons as convenient tools.

Governor Ford has written like a disappointed man, or rather like one disgusted with the knavery of politics, but with an evident sincerity and faithfulness. He is perhaps too eager to justify his own conduct in the trying circumstances in which he was often placed, but his book is full of materials for thought, while his reflections evince sagacity, uprightness and benevolence. A little more of the actual life of the people, and less of politics, would have improved it in the estimation of the general reader.

—A good, straight-forward, manly

narrative we have, in the "*Records of the Bubbleton Parish, or, papers from the experiences of an American Minister*," meaning a preacher of the gospel, and not a foreign ambassador. Mr. Chester, a young clergyman, is invited to preach at Bubbleton, a famous town of New England, and he does preach, but not to the satisfaction of those who pay him, and he consequently gets into a world of trouble. Mr. Peppery, a red-hot Garrisonian, is angry because he does not thunder against slavery. Mr. Fiscal leaves the church because he favors temperance; and Mr. Allerton, the rich and respectable merchant, hints a gentle rebuke, because he is too earnest and practical. In the end, however, the faithful pastor triumphs, although not until his heart is almost broken, and he is about to abandon the place in despair.

There is much freshness in this book, and we commend it to church-goers. The fiery anti-slavery man Peppery, the decent Allerton, the Plush-street Preacher, the Rev. Hyperion Downy, the noble-hearted blacksmith Harry Hanson, the literary Miss Lark, and the honest Oracular Blunt, are excellent types of classes, not hard to find every where. They are types, and yet possess a decided individuality. Miss Allerton, the heroine of the story, we do not recognize as a faithful portraiture, but it may be. There is a want of skill, too, in the construction of the story; but, on the whole, the tale is well told, and an admirable vein of satire runs through a large part of it, especially the talk of Mr. Oracular Blunt. His sly comparisons between Burmah and Bubbleton, as missionary fields, and Ather-ton's commendations of Downy's eloquent discourses against the sins of ancient Babylon, as not only "immensely popular," but as gratifying "a commendable historical taste and antiquarian curiosity," discover a genuine humor. The writer should cultivate this vein, which is one of the most effective which can be worked in the field of fiction. We have no doubt, from the vividness and fidelity of most of the pictures in this book, that it is a transcript from the actual life of New England.

—Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, who is well known as a successful writer for the ladies' magazines, has made a bolder venture in her "*Fashion and Famine*,"—a novel of New York life. It is a first attempt on so ambitious a scale, and decidedly a creditable one, in many respects. The work exhibits unquestionable power, command of language, vigorous description, strong

passions, and dramatic force,—but it is marked also by considerable defects. The tone of the whole is exaggerated. The characters and scenes are all conceived in too high a key, and the very intensity of the emotions which are portrayed produces weariness. The sobbing and sighing is endless. Every body, with the single exception of Mrs. Gray, the good-natured and excellent huckster woman, goes about with an enormous sorrow at his heart. A runaway wife, who is in perpetual grief over a black scamp of a husband, that she ought rather to have wished in Sing-Sing; her parents, who are heart-broken and poverty-stricken; her daughter, a most lovely creature, forced to sell strawberries through the streets; a strange compound of a Yankee, who is her half-servant and half-protector or lover; the mother of her husband, an old lady in black, very dismal; a stolen Miss from the South, who goes crazy through a disappointment in marriage, and a young merchant's clerk, who gets in debt by gambling, but is saved by his uncle, the aforesaid half-servant, are the persons of the story, and between them they manage to "pile up the agony" rather too much. The young girl, as we said, goes mad, the husband kills himself, the father-in-law is tried and sentenced for murder which he did not commit, and the wife breaks her heart, the only sun-light in the picture being Mrs. Gray, with an occasional beam from her model-nephew the clerk. The characters, however, are well conceived, with the exception of the wife, who is melo-dramatic, and the husband, who is too great a scoundrel to have escaped the gallows till he was of age. Jacob Strong is capital, and a little more sharply defined would make an effective character in a play. The Christian love and resignation of the old couple, are also touchingly described, particularly during the eventful scenes of the trial, when the old man's honest reliance on the truth, contrasted with the vulgar chicanery of the Tombs' lawyer, who suggests the preservation of his life by means of a slight falsehood, easy to be told, gives us a better feeling towards our kind. The low-life is better done than the high-life, because it is more natural and simple. The local descriptions, too, are for the most part accurate, though, we believe, they have no mulatto waiters at the Astor-House, nor is buckwheat in bloom in New Hampshire while the grass is yet too green to be cut. Mrs. Stephens wants art: she has plenty of feeling, a good discernment of character, and a no-

ble Christian sentiment; but she fails in simplicity. Her colors are laid on too thickly, in too positive contrasts—and with a sort of nervous anxiety both to crowd the canvas and to make every touch tell. Had she diversified her narrative, by a few more sketches, such as the thanksgiving dinner, at the homestead on Long Island, it would have been far more interesting. In her desire to be affective she has injured the probability of her events. We quit her book with a certain sense of its unreality in spite of all the familiar places and names introduced, and feeling it to be a relief rather to escape the sultry heat.

—A question of importance is considered in the Reverend AUGUSTUS C. L. ARNOLD'S "*Philosophical History of Free Masonry*," which, as the title imports, is not so much a history of secret societies as a consideration of their causes and effects. He gives a brief account of the mysterious organizations of all ages, such as the Egyptian rites of Isis and Osiris, the institution of Orpheus, the initiations at Eleusis, the Cabiria of Samothrace, the order of Pythagoras, the Hermandad of Spain, the Vehm-gerichte of Germany, the Carbonari of Italy, the association of the Knight-Templars, Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, &c. &c., but he dwells specially upon the objects of these assemblages, which, he contends, were on all occasions the advancement of thought, brotherhood, philosophy and religion. It is certainly curious to note what vast influences these secret organizations have exerted over the affairs of the world, how permanent and pervading they are, and yet, what little attention they have attracted from the general historian. But the very fact of their secrecy, we suppose, is the reason why they are so lightly passed by historians, who are too much engaged in other topics, to enter into the special studies requisite to elucidate the origin and purpose of mysteries.

Mr. Arnold traces the wide extension of the "secret principle" to certain wants, universally felt, to which the public organization of society does not respond. "There are some elements of our common nature," he says, "not represented by our political institutions, and which are the cause and groundwork of all these secret associations. When society and government are oppressive and imperfect, when they are not in harmony with the moral, physical, and spiritual needs and conditions of men,—the earnest, the loving, the hoping, the wise, who invoke the future, being dissatisfied with the pres-

ent,—and the weak, who are crushed to the earth by the oppressive laws which govern all modern industrial arrangements, become disgusted with the outward life of society, and seek consolation and support in secret association." After describing the sorrows of the working classes, he adds, "The suffering thousands find no resource, no relief, no protection, from the desolating arrangements of the outward organisms, but in these secret societies. There, they meet with sympathizing hearts, and warm hands, and honest and upright spirits. There they worship and invoke that ideal of a society which shall represent more truly the Christian doctrine of fraternity, and which shall recognize no distinctions but such as are absolute and everlasting, that is to say, the distinctions of vice and virtue, and confer no honors but on those who merit them."

This is true; secret societies do disclose existence of pressing wants in humanity, which the existing social order does not fulfill, and they shadow forth an epoch when Justice and Love shall become objects of supreme and universal reverence: and thus far, too they are a good: but there is another side to the argument, which induces one to inquire whether any organization, which is secret or separated from the common life of humanity, is not, in the end, injurious to society; whether the labor, time, and money which is expended in keeping up these select circles, would not be better applied in an attempt at the actual reform of political and social abuses. Suppose the millions, who are organized in these exclusive associations, and who are represented to long for a better social condition, should bring their influences to bear directly upon the injustices and iniquities of the old order, would they not be vastly more effective? Besides, is it true, that all the members of them, cherish these ideals of a juster arrangement? If they do, why not go to work at once and bring it about? So far as our own observations extend, however, a majority of the members of these associations do not regard them as traditional to something higher, but as final. Besides, if society is so corrupt, selfish and overbearing, as we are told, why skulk away from it, to lavish our affections upon a narrow class, when our duty is to fight these corruptions and wrongs in their very source?

We have no particular objections to these institutions any more than we have to trade beneficiary societies or to political parties or ecclesiastical sects, but we

entertain this general view: that, in this country, the two great and fundamental institutions are the State and the Church, which are universal and open, and that a man's first duty is to purify and elevate these, by taking an active part in all their movements. Let him do this faithfully, and he will have enough to do, in addition to his ordinary business. In darker ages, and in countries where a rigid despotism envelopes the whole of human existence, it is perhaps inevitable that the more enlightened spirits should join in secret leagues, to animate each other's hopes, and to concert the means of improvement, but in this nation, where the right of assembling for all good purposes is sacred, we can discover small need for secret organizations. They create no interest apart from the common interests of society, and are apt to degenerate into abuses.

Mr Arnold's book contains a great deal of valuable information, and is worthy of an attentive perusal.

—"The Poets and Poetry of Ancient Greece," is a compilation by Mr. ABRAHAM MILLS, giving the history, and an account of the principal works, of the Grecian poets, from the days of Homer and Hesiod to those of Aristophanes and Menander. It is preceded by an historical introduction, which narrates the leading political events of the peninsula, and followed by a brief view of the Grecian philosophers, orators and historians. It makes no pretensions to originality, but it presents in as narrow a compass as the extensive range of the subject admits, the results of the best modern research and scholarship. The authorities relied upon chiefly, are the original Greek authors themselves, and Müller, Schlegel, Mure, Browne, &c., while the translations are taken from Pope, Elton, Merivale, Potter, H. N. Coleridge, Moore, Cumberland and Hodgson. It is executed with judgment and taste, the criticisms generally being of the orthodox stamp, and the analyses of the poems, correct and quite complete. We do not think that the author has always selected the best translations, confining himself as he does, for instance, in respect to Homer, to the artificial couplets of Pope, and the halting blank verse of Elton (not half so good as Cowper or Chapman), and the tragedians from Potter, who was an excellent scholar, but hardly a poet—yet there is not much to object to on this score. Those who are not able to study the Greeks in the original, will find Mr. Mills' account of them as full and accurate as they may desire.

—The "Atherton and other Tales"

of Miss Mitford, of which we have already spoken in a former number, has been republished in this country. They hardly keep the promise of her earlier volumes, but considering the difficulties under which they were written, and the advanced age of this agreeable authoress, they are as good as could be expected. Her racy, homely simplicity never deserts her, and even the vivacity of her earlier works is still present. A beautiful portrait of Miss Mitford, showing a kindly, sagacious, noble old face, accompanies the American reprint.

—The author of a new novel of domestic life, called "*Life and its Aims*," does not give his name, but he need not be ashamed to do so. It is a volume of rare good sense and genial wisdom. The first part, called *Ideal Life*, is a sketch of the youthful days of a party of young and attached neighbors, with their plans and hopes, while the second part, called *Actual Life*, raises the curtain of their future. There is not much local coloring in the picture, though the scenes are laid alternately at Boston, New York and Baton Rouge; nor is there a very marked individuality in the characters, and yet there is enough of both to awaken a deep interest and impart a tone of reality to the story. An air of quiet truthfulness pervades the whole. We have no "thrilling" incidents, no terse and extravagant personages, no intricate wire-drawn plot, but what seems to us infinitely better, an easy narrative of every day people, none execrably bad and none impossibly good, but all sufficiently mixed of both good and bad to resemble the people around us and about us, and sufficiently discriminated to thwart and perplex each other, and get on a better footing at last through the requisite number of chapters.

This novel is in strong contrast with that of Mrs. Stephens, which we have noticed above. It has less passion and brilliancy, but is far more healthful. The atmosphere of that is slightly suffocating in its closeness, but the atmosphere of this is open, breezy, and cool. No one who reads it will be haunted with bad dreams, or go about with an impression of nightmare upon him. On the contrary he will find himself invigorated and cheered by the perusal. We cannot speak of it as a work of high art, and yet there is a simplicity and pleasantness in its pages, which will induce the reader to recur to it more than once. It is just the thing for a group of young folks, summering it in the country, or who feel the hours of a winter's evening hang

heavy on their hands, to read aloud. They will find Henry Seldens, and Frank Cliffords, and Ellens, in their very midst; and we trust, some Fredericks and Marys, too, as well as a kind-hearted old Mr. Gray, to leave one or the other his wealth when he dies. By the way, is Gray a favorite name for good people? We ask, because Mrs. Gray, in "*Fashion and Famine*," and Mr. Gray, in "*Life and its Aims*," are the guardian spirits of all the characters.

—"*Protestantism in Paris*," is the somewhat deceptive name of a translation of six sermons by the eloquent preacher, COQUEREL. They have no special relation to Protestantism, except that they were written by a Protestant. They are earnest and impressive discourses, marked by the liberal sentiments of the author, but here and there traces of the French idiom in the English version, rather mars the effect of his sonorous periods.

—If there should happen to be one among our readers who has a taste for theological discussion, let us say to him, that he may gratify it in looking over a small Boston collection of Mr. Newman's "*Reply to the Eclipse of Faith*," with the rejoinder of the author. It is a good specimen of controversial writing; the student of it getting no clearer notions of the matters in dispute, but quite a solid conviction of the disingenuousness of both the controversialists; for, as in most other disputes, the points at issue are soon lost in personal criminations and recriminations. Take this kind of chaff out of books of disputation, and the wheat left will be small indeed. Mr. Newman having ventured upon a most superficial and untenable position, in criticising the moral perfection of Christ and Christianity, is sharply taken to task for it by the author of the *Eclipse of Faith*, who has the double advantage of writing on the side of orthodoxy, and with more logical power. We cannot agree, however, with the American editor of this book as to the terms in which he characterizes Mr. Newman's speculations on the "Moral Perfection of Jesus." They are eminently erroneous, as we believe, but they are legitimate; i. e., they are invited by the positions of both orthodox and Unitarian writers. If Jesus is only a man, as some of the latter hold, his conduct may be fairly canvassed, like that of any other man; and if he is a moral example, as the former maintain, it is perfectly proper for us to investigate the nature and bearing of that example. The offence of Mr. Newman, therefore, is not in the task he has undertaken, but in

his mode of executing that task. He fails to discern the real character of the Christ (a failure which not a few of his opponents share), and consequently his judgments seem inadequate and blasphemous. The rejoinder of the author of the "Eclipse of Faith," considered from his own standpoint, is effective, and even overwhelming, but we can imagine the same skepticism assailed from a higher point of view. This is, however, not the place for a statement of what that is.

—In the *Money Maker, and other Tales*, by JANE C. CAMPBELL, we are presented with a collection of agreeable stories, all quite interesting, and most of them above the average of such compositions. We should advise the accomplished writer to try her hand at a more elaborate and sustained effort.

—The *Discourses* of ABIEL ABBOTT LIVERMORE are a series of sermons, teaching Unitarian views of Christianity, and written with taste, judgment, and occasional eloquence. There is not much doctrinal instruction in them, but a great deal of valuable practical thought. We are quite sure that no sincere Christian of any denomination can object to their tone, while every man will be able to find in them much that is profitable, encouraging and impressive.

—A new edition of that most thoughtful and instructive book, *Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions*, by SAMUEL BAYLEY, is a proof that severe and honest inquiry finds readers. We remember to have been pleased and benefited by these essays years ago, and are now glad to possess them, with additions and notes, in a fine portable volume. The "Essay on the Pursuit of Truth" ought to be read at least once a year, by all students.

—PYCROFT's *Course of Reading*, of which a new edition is just issued, edited by the Rev. Dr. Spencer, suggests many important things, in a lively way, to those who wish to adopt a plan of self-improvement. It shows not only what books are to be read, but the order in which they should be undertaken. Its recommendations, if pursued, would save a young scholar much time that he might otherwise waste. Dr. Spencer's additions supply the deficiencies of the English author in respect to American history and literature.

ENGLISH.—We referred briefly in our June number to an essay on the plurality of worlds, in which the writer (said to be Dr. Whewell, who wrote a poor book on

the "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences") takes the ground that there is little reason to believe the planets and other stars inhabited. It has received a reply from SIR DAVID BREWSTER, who, in a work entitled, "*More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher, and the Hope of the Christian*," has controverted the point with much plausibility and earnestness. A rejoinder has also appeared, under the name of "*A Dialogue on the Plurality of Worlds*," by the writer of the original essay. We are thus presented with the spectacle of a most elaborate and spirited controversy between two of the most eminent men of science in Great Britain, in respect to a subject on which there are no facts to argue. The most that can be said on either side is analogical, and not a word inductive. As science is generally understood, the question does not fall within the range of scientific discussion, yet one of the highest scientific authorities of the day pronounces the belief in a plurality of inhabited worlds to be as valid as any philosophical deduction, while his title suggests a comparison of it with the validity of revealed truth. This is singular, and prompts one to inquire whether the scientific men have not exaggerated the importance of the inductive method of research. If the evidences of analogy are so potent as Sir David Brewster represents, why are they so cautiously excluded from the doctrines of scientific writers, as we know they are? Why is not analogy made at once one of the grounds of scientific truth? Mr. Whewell is consistent in rejecting it, because Mr. Whewell holds that "induction" is the only true organ of philosophy; but Sir David Brewster, who is of the same school, is not consistent. We certainly agree with the latter in his conclusions,—we are convinced that the splendid masses of Jupiter and Saturn, furnished with the conditions of light, heat, &c., which are necessary to the existence of intelligent creatures, do not roll away through space, in their far but regular circuits, in perfect solitude; but we have no positive proofs for this belief,—no scientific grounds, as science is commonly understood. It is a faith which rests upon other grounds than those of science, but which is still as fixed and valid, as if it were founded on science. The idea given out by Whewell, and some of his English adherents, that we should be cautious in ascribing higher forms of organized life to the planets, lest we should diminish the importance of man in the creation, and consequently depre-

ciate some of the peculiar doctrines of the Christian faith, strikes us as signally absurd. Had they perceived that the *humanity* of man does not consist in that external organism by which he is adapted to his conditions of material existence, but that on the other hand, it is entirely inward or spiritual, they could never have fallen into such gross apprehensions. If the planets are inhabited, we may be sure that they are inhabited by men,—by which we do not mean, beings of precisely the same physical structure with ourselves,—for we know that our physical bodies could not live in many of the planets, but beings of intellect and affections, which are the essence of manhood.

—The "*Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie*," selected from her letters, diaries and manuscripts, by CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL, are more valuable on account of the society into which they introduce us, than of the distinguished subject of them. She was at one time one of the foremost women of the world, but she outlived her fame, and has left nothing to carry her name to posterity. It would seem as if the life of literature resembled that of fashion,—conspicuous personages occupy the scene for a season, become the shining centres of brilliant groups, and then pass away into obscurity and almost utter oblivion. Mrs. Opie, first as the charming and coquettish Amelia Anderson; then, as the learned and attractive wife of the "great portrait painter Opie;"—then as the bewitching and accomplished widow,—was the ornament and delight of a gay, fashionable, and distinguished circle,—she was the friend of Sir James Macintosh, of Sir Walter Scott, of Humboldt, of Sidney Smith, of Mrs. Inchbald, of Sheridan, Rogers, and the Kembles; the entré of the noblest houses was enjoyed by her; and her books attained a wide and profitable popularity. But in a little while, joining the society of Friends, she was lost to the public gaze, and when her death was announced a year ago, every body was surprised to learn that she had not been dead a long while. Her diaries give one many a glimpse into English life, but the letters and sketches of distinguished men, are the more interesting parts of the volume. Among the latter, we notice, letters from Mary Wolstoncraft Godwin, from Sir James Macintosh and Sidney Smith, and sketches of Sheridan, Northcote, Godwin, and a great many other well-known characters. There is not much of incident in the story of her life, and such incidents as are given, do

not cast much light upon the progress and development of her mind.

—The third volume of Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON's "*History of Europe*," is better than either of the volumes that have preceded it; in the first place, because it is taken up almost exclusively with military topics, of which he writes always with more knowledge and spirit than he does of literature and politics; and, in the second place, because a part of it relates to the Russo-Turkish war of 1828-29, the Greek revolution, and other events of those regions of Europe which are just now the focus of attention. It has an immediate statistical as well as remoter historical interest. The official reports of the former war have a bearing upon the causes of the present difficulties; and Alison, in digesting them, often turns aside to illustrate the topography, the manners, and the political affairs of the belligerents. It is curious what coincidences strike the reader of this narrative between the events of that day and those of the present. In the siege of Silistria, for instance, as it is now advancing before our eyes, and as it is described by Alison, we seem to see identical events. It took a whole month to carry the outworks, two weeks more to silence the batteries, and another month to plant the enemy's colors on the central flag-staff. But success came at last, as it will come again, unless the allied armies show themselves more effective than they have yet done. We are not admirers of Alison, as the readers of our review of his first volume may remember, but we are willing to give him the credit of unwearied industry in the collection of his materials, and considerable skill in putting them together. The following sketch of Constantinople, for instance,—tells the story of its historic and natural importance in few words, and is the best passage in the volume:

"Constantinople, one of the most celebrated and finely situated capitals in the world, has exercised almost a more important influence on the fortunes of the species than any other city in existence in modern times. It broke in pieces the vast fabric of the Roman empire, and was the principal cause of the fall of its western division; for after the charms of the Bosphorus had rendered its shores the head of empire, the forces of the West were no longer able to make head against the increasing strength of the barbarians. Singly, by its native strength and incomparable situation, it supported the Empire of the East for a thousand years after Rome had yielded to the assault of Alaric, and preserved the precious seeds of ancient genius till the mind of Europe was prepared for their reception. It diverted the Latin Crusaders from the shores of Palestine, and occasioned the downfall of the Empire of the East by the ruthless arms of the Franks; it attracted afterwards the

Osmanli from the centre of Asia, and brought about their lasting settlement in the finest provinces of Europe. It has since been the object of ceaseless ambition and contention to the principal European powers. A kingdom in itself, it is more coveted than many realms. Austria and Russia have alternately united and contended for the splendid prize; it broke up the alliance of Erfurt, and brought the arms of Napoleon to Moscow; and in these days it has dissolved all former confederacies, created new ones, and brought the forces of England and France to the Bosphorus, to avert the threatened seizure of the matchless city by the armies of the Czar.

"It is no wonder that Constantinople has ever since its foundation, exercised so great an influence on the fortunes of the species, for its local advantages are unique, and its situation must ever render it the most important city in the Old World. Situated on the confines of Europe and Asia, with a noble harbor, it at the same time centres in itself the trade of the richest parts of the globe; commanding the sole outlet from the Euxine into the Mediterranean, it of necessity sees the commerce of the three quarters of the globe pass under its walls. The Danube wafts to its quays the productions of Germany, Hungary, and northern Turkey; the Volga, the agricultural riches of the Ukraine, and the immense plains of southern Russia; the Kuban, of the mountain tribes of the Caucasus; caravans, traversing the Taurus and the deserts of Mesopotamia, convey to it the riches of Central Asia and the distant productions of India; the waters of the Mediterranean afford a field for the vast commerce of the nations which lie along its peopled shores; while the more distant manufactures of Britain and the United States of America find an inlet through the Straits of Gibraltar. The pendants of all the nations of the earth are to be seen side by side, in close profusion, in the Golden Horn: 'the meteor flag of England' and the rising star of America, the tricolor of France and the eagles of Russia, the aged ensigns of Europe and the infant sails of Australia. Here is the only commerce in the world which never can fail, and ever must rise superior to all the changes of fortune—for the increasing numbers and energy of northern, only renders the greater the demand for the boundless agricultural productions of southern Europe, and every addition to the riches and luxury of the West only augments the traffic which must ever subsist between it and the regions of the sun.

"The local facilities, strength of situation, and beauty of Constantinople, are commensurate to these immense advantages of its geographical position. Situated on a triangle, two sides of which are washed by the sea, it is protected by water on all sides, excepting the base, to which the whole strength of the place only requires to be directed. The harbor, called the 'Golden Horn,' formed by a deep inlet of the sea, eight miles in length, on the northern side of the city, is at once so deep as to admit of three-deckers lying close to the quay, so capacious as to admit all the navies of Europe into its bosom, and so narrow at its entrance as to be capable of being closed by a chain drawn across its mouth. The apex of the triangle is formed by the far-famed Seraglio, or Palace of the Sultans, in itself a city, embracing within its ample circuit the luxurious apartments in which the beauties of the East alternate between the pastimes of children and the jealousies of women, and the shady gardens, where, beneath venerable cedars and plane-trees, fountains of living water cool the sultry air with their ceaseless flow. The city itself, standing on this triangular space, is surrounded by the ancient walls of Constantine, nine thousand eight hun-

dred toises, or about twelve English miles in circuit, and in most places in exactly the state in which they were left, when the ancient masters of the world resigned the sceptre of the East to the Osmanli conquerors. The breach is still to be seen in the walls, made by the cannon of Mahomet, by which the Turks burst into the city. In many places, huge plane-trees, of equal antiquity, overbadow even these vast walls by their boughs; and in others, ivy, the growth of centuries, attests at once the antiquity of the structure and the negligence or superstition of the modern masters of the city."

We are reminded by this volume not to put much reliance upon the enormous numbers, and effective preparation of the Russian armies; for, while the strength which she puts forth in war is immense, and her manœuvring brilliant, her successes do not in reality amount to much. During this first war on the Danube, for instance, one hundred and sixty thousand crossed that river in the course of the first campaign,—one hundred and forty thousand more were brought to recruit them in the second campaign, and yet with all this, they could only produce thirty-one thousand men at the decisive battle of Kulefscha, and when their victorious march was stopped at Adrianople only fifteen thousand were assembled. At least one hundred and fifty thousand men had perished during these two brief campaigns, a small part by the sword and all the rest by fatigue, sickness and desertion. What an awful picture of the miseries of war! The prodigious distances which Russian armies have to travel is one main cause of their destruction, and the pestilential climate of the plains and swamps in which they encamp, another; but these causes, which are her weakness in an offensive war, in an attack upon Turkey or Austria, are her strength in a defensive war, for they would keep an enemy off, without much serious fighting. One third of Napoleon's army disappeared before it reached Smolensko, or had been engaged in any battle, and three fourths perished before a flake of snow fell. Thus says Alison, one third of the invaders of Russia die before they reach the country they assail, and one third of the Russians die, before they can get out of it to begin a career of conquest. The best thing the Czar can do, then, as it seems to us, is to cover his whole country with railroads, which would produce other benefits, too, besides the transportation of troops, even if they should not render such transportation wholly unnecessary.

—A much better work than Alison's, on the "*Russian Campaigns in Turkey in 1828-29*," and from which he gets most of his facts and opinions, is the

translation of Baron Van Moltke's German book on the subject. It exhibits the whole question more full from original sources, while the position of the author as a military representative of Prussia at the Porte allowed access to peculiar information. The Baron is not an admirer of Russia, and agrees that her successes in 1828-29 arose not from her own skill or strength, but from the weakness and incompetency of her adversary. Had the Turkish army been well led, or well disciplined, the Russians might have been driven back, while the real secret of Russian advancement is not her armies, but her diplomacy, or in other words, her mendacity and imposture. At the same time, Herr Van Moltke is not sure that an English or French army in Turkey will achieve brilliant things, assigning as a reason, that one half of it is more than likely to fall by diseases and the effect of the climate. The shores of the Danube, along its whole length, in those parts, are exceedingly unhealthy lowlands, in which the natives find it difficult to live, during the summer season, and foreigners are cut off in a short time. The Turks themselves who live there, adapt their clothing, their diet and their habits, to the climate, and survive it. They do no hard work, their meals consist of coffee and a few vegetables, they drink only sherbet, they sit in the shade of a palm-tree all day, and they go to bed at eight o'clock. But how could an English or French soldier be made to endure so simple and tranquil a life?

—A new translation of the "*Iliad*" of Homer, by a Mr. G. T. BARTER, does not meet with much favor among the critics. As Pope had essayed it in heroic couplets, and Cowper in blank verse, and others again, in hexameters, Mr. Barter transfers it to the Spenserian stanza. If the following stanza, which we find quoted in the Examiner, is a good sample of all the rest, we must agree with the critic that Mr. Barter's English is much harder to read than the original Greek:

Deucalion then, where tendons do unite
Of elbow, there through arm brass spear right out
Transfix'd. Arm-hammer'd he with death in sight
Awaited him, who there his neck y-smote,
And helm with head far flung. From spine-joints
spout
The marrow did. And stretch'd on earth he lay.
But he went on 'gainst Peleus' offspring stout,
Erigma, who'd come from gleby Thrace away.
In midriff him he smote, in belly spear did stay.

Think of twenty cantos of such stuff,
put forth, too, as the simple babblings of
Homer.

—A "*History of Wales*" by B. B. Woodward, gives an account of the descendants of the Cimri from the earliest times to their incorporation with England, and presents a mass of information that the archaeologist, antiquarian and historian shape into value. The origin of the people, their many and fierce struggles for independence, the great deeds of their ancient kings and rulers, and the myths and legends of their bards, are discussed and described, with an evident love of the subject, and a most familiar knowledge. Mr. Woodward dwells upon the manners and customs of the old Welsh, but his most entertaining chapter is that on "Bards and Bardism," in which he copiously illustrates, by extracts, the peculiarities of their rhymes. One is apt to associate the name of bard with a person subject to outbreaks of lyrical enthusiasm; but many of the Welsh bards, it seems from this, were mere dabblers in rhyme, who tried to see in how many ways they could make language jingle. One of their tricks was to make line after line commence with the same word, or derivative of the same word,—another was to adopt the same termination for every line, and a third to put the rhyme in the middle of the line. Here is a specimen in which the middle of every second line rhymes with the end of the line preceding it.

"We wisdom seek, and calm content,
They both frequent our dwelling;
From these a deathless comfort springs
The joys of kings excelling.

"There's one who rules this earthly ball
Bestows on all his favors:
His providence we firmly trust
To crown our just endeavors."

This is, however, pleasant reading compared with the following, where the rhyme of the first line occurs in the penultimate part instead of at the end:

"Gwynedd! for princes gen'rous fam'd—and songs,
By Gruffydd's son unsham'd
Thou art; he, hawk untam'd,
Is praised where'er thy glory is proclaimed."

Fair more complicated is the following:

"Fair as flowers at spring's renewal,
Blythe and sportive, never cruel,
Glancing brighter than the jewel;
Alas, the jewels!
Alas, the jewels!
Jewels are a false adorning," &c.

—A translation of Oenschlager's exquisite drama "*Coreggio*," by Mr. THEODORE MARTIN, is much praised by the English critics; but we do not perceive, by the extracts they give, that it is a whit

superior to a translation published anonymously in this country some years ago,—indeed, some passages are not so good. The original itself is so delicate, clear and beautiful, that a perfect translation is quite impossible. We remember to have read it years ago, in the German, in which it was written by the author (as well as Swedish), and regarded it at that time as a touching glorification of a great genius in painting by another great genius in poetry. But a perusal of the English version does not recall our earlier admiration. It is still, however, even under the veil of translation, a sad, pathetic story, tenderly and nobly told, with the characters admirably individualized, and a grand tone of aspiration breathing around its sweet pictures of the struggles and trials of genius. The finest passage in the whole is, perhaps, the soliloquy of Antonio (Coreggio), on entering the grand picture gallery of the Duke Ottavio, a cold, hateful character, by the way, to whom he was carrying a picture for sale. It is a long passage for extracting, but it will repay the reader, especially if he have artistic tastes.

"Antonio (enters, carrying his picture on his back). Arrived at last! Good heavens, how tired I am!

(Puts his picture down, takes a chair, and sits.)

It was so hot, the road so long, the sun
So scorching! Ha! the air's refreshing here.
Ah me, how happy are earth's great ones! They
May dwell in these cool palaces of stone,
That hold, like excavated rocks, at bay
The fury of the sunbeams. Freely rise
The vaulted roofs, broad pillars cast a shade;
Fresh bubbling springs plash in the vestibules,
And cool both air and walls. Heavens! who would
not

Be lodged like this! Well, so shall I be soon.
How smoothly and how pleasantly one mounts
Along the broad, cold marble staircases!
Antiques in every niche,—fine busts, that look
Serenely down with a majestic calm.

(Casts a look around the room.)

This hall, too, is right noble in its style.
Ha! what is this I see? With-paintings fill'd?
It is the picture-gallery. Oh! blessed Virgin,
I'm in a temple, and I knew it not!
Here hang the glorious trophies of your art,
Italia's painters!—will for ages hang,
As rich-embazon'd acutheons o'er the tombs
Of heroes dead, to witness of their deeds.
Oh, all ye saints, which shall I first peruse?
Landscapes, and animals, heroes, and Madonnas!
Min. eye flits round, as does a bee amidst
An hundred different flowers. Alas! I see,
For too much seeing, nought. I only feel
Art's fresh and noble presence move me deeply.
Oh, I were fain to bow me down, and weep
Within this temple of my ancestors!
Look there! That picture's beautiful! Yet no,
'Tis not so fine as first I thought it. Well,
They cannot all be choice. What have we here?
No, that's too merely pretty. In my life

I ne'er saw any thing like this before;
An aged woman, furnishing a pot,
Within her kitchen; in the corner, see!
A cat asleep, and, near, a white-haired boy
Is blowing bubbles through a tobacco pipe.
It never struck me until now, that one
Could make a picture out of things like these;
And yet this kitchen now, it looks so trim,
So bright and clean, 'tis quite a treat to see!
How finely the sun strikes through the green leaves,
In at the window, on the brazen pot!
Who was it painted this? Is that the name
Beneath the picture? *(Reads.)* Flemish, him! Un-
known!

Flemish? What country can that be, I wonder?
Can it be far from Milan? Oh, look there,
At these large pictures! Tables strewn with flowers,
With glasses partly fill'd, and lémons peel'd,
And dogs, and little birds. *(Starts.)* What have we
here?

Why this is exquisite! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Four greedy graybeards—counting o'er their gold!
But what comes next? It is our Saviour's birth.
I know it well, Master Mantegna's work!
How sweetly winds the mountain pathway here;
How fine the three kings bending there before
Child Jesus, and the eternal queen of heaven!
Here is another picture, much the same,
A little quaint, but very nicely felt,
The ox on the Madonna's shoulder lays
His anout, and peers with curious wonder down;
The Moor grins kindly too,—his heart is touch'd.
The small bambino in the casket gropes,
To find a plaything there. By Albert Durer.
He was a German, that I know. One sees
There be good worthy men behind the mountains,
True painters, too. Heavens, what a glorious picture!
A princely dame, young, blooming, full of soul;
How the eye burns, how smiles the little mouth!
How nobly on her sits the rose-hued hat
Of velvet, and the full deep velvet sleeves!
By Leonart' da Vinci. Well might he
Be called Magician;—this indeed is painting!
The next there is a king, which seems to me
Touch'd in the self-same style; perhaps it is
By Leonardo too; he painted it,
When he was young, most probably. *(Reads.)* By
Holbein.

I know him not. I know you there, old friends!
How farest thou, worthy Perugino, with
Thy soft green tone, thy figures ranged to match
On either side, thy still repeated thoughts,
And thy unfailing Saint Sebastian!
Still thou'rt a glorious fellow! Though, perchance,
Some more invention had not been amiss.

There are the mighty throned: yonder hangs
A powerful picture, the full size of life.
A noble graybeard! 'Tis the holy Job.
Grandly conceived, and executed grandly!
That surely is by Raphael. *(Reads.)* No. By—Fra
Bartolomeo. Ah, the pious monk!
It is not every monk can work like this.
Who could find time to look at all that's here?
There at the end a silken curtain hangs:
No doubt behind it is the best of all.
I must see this before Ottavio comes.
*(Draws back the curtain, and discloses Raphael's
Saint Cecilia.)*

This is the Saint Cecilia! There she stands,
And in her down-drooped hand the organ bears.
Scattered and broken at her feet are cast
Mere worldly instruments; but even the organ
Drops silenced with her hand, as in the clouds
She hears the seraphs quiring. Her eye soars!

By whom is this? It is not painting; no,
'Tis poetry—yes, poetry! As thus I gaze,
And gaze, I see not the great artist merely,
But also the great man!

Here is sublime, celestial poesy,
Express'd in colors. Such, too, is my aim,
The goal I strive in my best hours to reach.

(Enter OTTAVIO. ANTONIO, without saluting him,
and wholly absorbed in the picture, asks him)
This picture, whose is it?

"Ottavio (coldly). 'Tis Raphael's.

"Antonio (with joyful enthusiasm). Ha, then I
am a painter too!"

—There is an individual who calls himself Sam Slick, but whose real name is Haliburton, who writes tales and sketches of American life on purpose for the English market. He is a Nova Scotian by birth or residence, and knows about as much of genuine Yankee character as one half the comic actors who attempt to personate it on the stage, i. e., he knows a few enormous exaggerations and nothing more. His representations, however, are received in England as the true thing, and nine out of ten of the current slang expressions, which the English ascribe to Yankees, are taken from his books, never having been heard of in Yankee land. They strike a New Englander as oddly as they do John Bull himself, and are most likely inventions of the author. But Mr. Haliburton's last book is an improvement upon his former volumes. It is called "*The Americans at Home, or By-ways, Backwoods and Prairies*;" and consists of selected original stories, from the press of the several States, illustrating the local life, from a coon hunt to a husking frolic, and presenting the characters of the half-civilized emigrants and hunters of the frontier, in all their bold, hardy, manly, and sometimes picturesque adventures. It is a companion piece to Mr. Haliburton's *Traits of American Humor*, which was compiled in the same way.

—We can hardly hope to keep our readers *au courant* with the course of English novels, for they are issued so rapidly and forgotten so soon, that by the time the large edition of *Putnam* reaches its readers, an entire new batch is on the carpet. Among the best of the most recent, however, we may notice the following:—Mrs. CLARKE'S "*Iron Cousin*," which is the history of a self-willed and nearly spoiled beauty, saved at last by a cousin of inflexible principles, well told, with fine dramatic incidents throughout, but quite too long for the interest; "*Claude the Colporteur*," by the author of Mary Powell, an account of the adventures of a Bible missionary on the continent, effectively narrated, in that minute and

painstaking way, which imparts to all the writings of this author, such a *véraisemblance* and air of naturalness; "*Aubrey*," by the author of *Two Old Men's Tales*, somewhat loose in texture and extravagant in conception, but powerful and exciting; the story turning upon the love of two twin brothers for the same lady—the one a reserved, studious, and intelligent man, and the other a frank sailor, and ending, of course, in the success and punishment of the subtlest not the best of the two suitors; "*Counterparts, or the Cross of Love*," by the author of *Charles Auchester*, not sustaining the promise of the earlier book, with more of the defects and fewer merits; "*Angelo*," a romance of modern Rome, showing up the workings of Jesuitism, as well as the secret movements of the late Revolution, with the requisite machinery of a novel of Italian life, consisting of stilettoes, trapdoors, masks, dungeons, and midnight poisonings, &c.; and last, not by any means least, "*Nannette and her Lovers*," by TALBOT GWYNNE. As the last has been republished here, we may say of it, at greater length, that it is a story of French domestic life during the era of the revolution. The heroine, at the time it opens, is on the eve of marriage with a young countryman, but the ceremonies are interrupted by a mob. The lover is carried off to join the army, rises in rank, but grows selfish and vain as he rises, and when he comes back, is indifferent to his betrothed, who subsequently marries another. The plot is simple enough, but it is artfully told; and in its several incidents portraying with vivid fidelity the aspect of public affairs at the eventful period in which the scene is laid. It is by far the best of any of Mr. Gwynne's novels that we have looked over.

—As the name of Radcliffe is associated with novels of hobgoblins and demons, it strikes us as perfectly natural that JOHN NETTEN RADCLIFFE should write a history of "*Fiends, Ghosts and Sprites*," and an instructive history it is, wanting in research somewhat, but containing many of the best authenticated facts relating to the appearance of goblins, &c., and an intelligent philosophy of them. The belief in supersensual existences is one of the most ancient and wide-spread of all the faiths of the human soul, prevailing in the later ages of civilization as well as in the earlier, and defying all the attempts of philosophy to eradicate it, even in an age of blank materialism. It has been the habit with some to regard it as an evidence of imbecility and barba-

rism; but a sounder view now obtains, and these supernatural tendencies are considered as the protests of the heart against that scientific narrowness which converts nature into a mere mechanism, and confines life to mere visible realities. It gets to be associated with the most monstrous chimeras and superstitions, and has led in times past, to rites inconceivably horrid, and to methods of legislation as atrocious as they were absurd; but lying back of most of its vagaries, are profound and central truths. Mr. Radcliffe traces many of these, through the religions of different nations, but the best part of his book is taken up with Hallucinations, Dreams, Presentiments, &c., which he accounts for on the same principle as Sir David Brewster, Sir Walter Scott, and others who have written on the subject. The volume is often amusing, in the anecdotes it brings together, out of the literature of all nations.

FRENCH.—Mr. Stirling's *Cloister-Life* of Charles the Fifth, is well known by this time to English readers, and supposed to have thrown much new light upon the history of that monarch; but M. AMEDEVICHO, in his *Charles Quint (Charles Quint, Chronique de sa vie intérieure, et sa vie politique, de son abdication, et de sa Retraite dans le Cloître de Yuste)*, has aimed at quite opposite conclusions, contending that he is the first historian who has really obtained a glimpse at the true personal character and domestic life of the hero. But we are wrong in speaking of him as a historian; he claims to be a mere chronicler only; but whatever he is, his book seems to be conclusive as to its subject. Spanish, German, and English authorities are cited in abundance, to say nothing of those of the French archives to which he has had access. The fault of the work is prolixity and superabundance, though the author handles his materials with great freedom and judgment.

—The same author has recently published a book about the Mormons (*Les Mormons*), which is a compilation apparently from the various accounts of them given in the American newspapers and English reviews. It is noticed in the *Revue du Deux Mondes*, which makes itself quite merry over the doctrine of spiritual wives, and attempts to deduce the movement of Joseph Smith from the Protestantism of the 16th century, combined with the doctrines of the Millennarians and Swedenborg, and a touch of the Socialists. Poor Joe, if he were alive now

would be surprised to find what an illustrious descent his craft and impudence had, and how profoundly philosophical his spiritual genesis!

—The seventh volume of the life of Joseph Bonaparte, entitled *Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Roi Joseph*, contains the sequel of the Spanish correspondence down to April, 1811. It has, doubtless, value for the historian, but is without general interest.

—A book is printed by M. GRASSET, to prove that J. J. Rousseau was at a place called Montpellier once—an important fact not mentioned by his biographers. In the first, he shows that Rousseau, then about twenty-five years of age, sojourned at Montpellier, and consulted a physician for a palpitation of the heart with which he was troubled; in the second part, he establishes his relations to certain people and professors; and in the third part he attempts to refute the very poor opinion that Rousseau appeared to have of its inhabitants. The next work we should recommend the author to undertake would be a translation into French of Poole's "Little Peditington."

—We postpone a number of works on French ethics, that we may get in an extract or two from LAMARTINE's latest work, "*Mémoires of Celebrated Characters*," which is a kind in which his brilliant faculties work to the most advantage. As a regular historian, Lamartine has remarkable defects, but as a sketcher of schemes and characters in history he has no superiors. He is not always accurate, it is true, but he is quite sure to be picturesque and impressive. The volumes before us open with Nelson, of whom, and particularly his friend Lady Hamilton, he gives a most striking sketch. Here is the introduction of the latter personage:

"Thus originated, by the combination of events, and the accidental sympathy of an old man, the fatal attachment between Nelson and Lady Hamilton; which, like the passion of Antony and Cleopatra, inflamed the coasts of the Mediterranean, changed the face of the world, and carried on to glory, to shame and to crime, a hero entangled in the snares of beauty. To comprehend, clearly, the infatuation of Nelson, it becomes necessary to retrace the life and adventures of Lady Hamilton, at first the Aspasia, and afterwards the Herodias of her age,—elevated by extraordinary beauty, by fortune and blind affection, from the hovel of her mother, and the suspected dens of London, to the rank of an English ambassador, the hand of a gentleman of distinguished rank and ability, and the close intimacy of a queen of whom she was the protectress and ally, rather than the dependent companion. Supreme beauty is a royalty of the senses, which subjugates even the masters and mistresses of empires. These conquests are the miracles of nature; few have arrived at the do-

minion which Lady Hamilton, the modern Theodora, exercised by her charms.

"Her only name was Emma, for her father remained always unknown. She was one of the children of love, of crime, of mystery, whom nature delights to overwhelm with gifts in compensation for the loss of hereditary claims. Her mother was a poor farmer's servant in the county of Chester. Whether she had lost her husband by death, or, like Hagar, had been abandoned by her seducer, she arrived unknown and reduced to beggary, at a village in Wales, the Switzerland of England. She carried in her arms a female infant of a few months old. The beauty of both attracted the simple mountaineers of the village of Hawarden; the stranger picked up a livelihood by working for the farmers and gleaning in the fields. The marked and noble features of the child served to propagate the rumor that her birth was illustrious and mysterious; she was said to be a daughter of Lord Halifax. Nothing afterwards, either in her fortune or education, gave color to the report. At the age of twelve she was received in a neighboring family as children's servant. The frequent visits of her master and mistress to London, where they resided in the house of their relative, the celebrated engraver, Boydell, gave her the first idea of the impression her figure produced on the crowd in public places, and a vague presentiment of the high fortune to which her beauty would exalt her. At sixteen she made her escape from Hawarden, a field too obscure and circumscribed for her expanded dreams, and engaged herself in the household of a respectable tradesman in London. A lady of superior rank, struck by her appearance in the shop, elevated her to a higher position of servitude. Almost without employment in an opulent family, Emma gave herself up to the perusal of those fascinating romances which create an imaginary world for the love or ambition of youthful minds; she frequented the theatres, and imbibed there the first inspirations of the genius of dramatic expression, of action, and attitude, which she embodied afterwards in a new art, when she became the animated statue of beauty and passion.

"Being discharged by her mistress for some household negligence, her growing taste for the theatre induced her to seek a situation in the family of one of the managers. The irregularity and freedom of that establishment, the constant intercourse with actors, musicians, and dancers, initiated her in the subordinate mechanism of the dramatic art. She was then in the flower of her youth, and the full perfection of her beauty. Her tall and elegant figure equalled in natural grace the studied attitudes of the most practiced figurantes. Her voice was soft, mellow, and capable of expressing deep tragic emotion. Her countenance, endowed with susceptibility as delicate and varying as the first feelings of a virgin mind, was, at the same time, pensive and dazzling. All who saw her at that period of her life agreed in describing her as a resuscitation of *Psyche*. Purity of soul, transparent through elegance of feature, surrounded her even in her dependent position with a respect which admiration dared not overstep. She spread fire without being entangled in the flame herself; her innocence found a safeguard even in the excess of her beauty. Her first fall was not a descent to vice, but a gliding into imprudence arising from a yielding nature.

"A young countryman, of the village of Hawarden, son of the farmer who had first given an asylum to her mother, was seized by a press-gang, and carried in fetters to the fleet at anchor in the Thames. Emma, at the entreaty of the prisoner's sister, accompanied her to the captain of the ship to implore the liberation

of her brother. Won by the beauty of the fair suppliant, he listened to her prayers and tears, removed her from her low though honest station, overwhelmed her with shameful luxury, furnished a house for her, supplied her with masters in every ornamental accomplishment, boastfully displayed his conquest in public, and left her, when the squadron sailed, exposed without safeguard to new seductions. One of his friends, bearing a noble name, and possessed of a large fortune, carried off the faithless Emma to an estate in the country, treated her as his wife, made her the queen of hunting parties, fetes, and balls; and finally, growing tired of her at the end of the season, left her in London, at the mercy of chance, necessity, and crime."

After describing her extraordinary career at length, he draws the curtain from the last scene in these few lines:

"Lady Hamilton, universally reprobated as the instigating cause of Nelson's errors, sank, after his death, into the insignificance from which her personal charms alone had originally elevated her. She fell from the splendor of vice to utter neglect, and from opulence to poverty. Twenty years after the death of the victor of Trafalgar, an unknown female, still preserving the remains of extraordinary beauty, died in a foreign land, in Calais, where, for several years, with reduced means, she had sought an obscure asylum. After her decease, the landlord ascertained from her papers that this impoverished stranger was Lady Hamilton, the widow of an ambassador, the favorite of the Queen of Naples, and the adored mistress of Nelson! She was buried by public charity. Nelson, by naming her in his will, had only bequeathed to her the scandal of his attachment and the indignation of his country."

The life of Nelson is followed by that of Heloise, then comes Christopher Columbus; then Palissy the Potter; then the fabulous hero Roostain, by Madame Lamartine; and then in order Cicero, Jacquard, the inventor of the loom; Joan of Arc, Cromwell, Homer, Göttenberg and Fenelon. The illustrious author intimates that this is the last book he intends to publish, but the announcement we suspect is a ruse to assist his publisher, and is preliminary to more last words. He has grown careless, in his later publications, but we can ill afford to lose his brilliant sentimentalities and idealizations. We prefer, however, that he should dwell upon the Heloises, and the Emma Hamiltons, than upon the Cromwells (whom he cannot comprehend), or better still, to continue the memoirs of his own life.

—The Cossacks of the Bourse, (*Les Cosaques de la Bourse*) is the seasonable title of a little satirical tale by F. DE GROSSEILLIER, in which he exposes the influence of stock gambling. The hero is a simple-hearted Breton, who is gradually inducted into all the mysteries of Parisian life, from dining at the Madrid in the *Bois de Boulogne*, to making a splen-

did fortune by means of the *agens de change*. The sketches of character and the incidents are highly amusing.

GERMAN.—Our readers may remember an article on a new German speculator called Schopenhauer, which appeared lately in the *Westminster Review*, but since then, one of his countrymen, M. JULIUS FRAUENSTAEDT, has published a book named *Letters on the Philosophy of Schopenhauer (Briefe über die Schopenhauer'sche Philosophie)*, in which his system appears more at length. We have spoken of him as a new speculator, but he is only new to the public, his first work having appeared as early as 1813, and he having been born in 1788. Mr. Frauenstaedt is a perfect enthusiast in his behalf, speaks of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel as tyros in comparison with him, while he is said to be the only German who is worthy to wear the mantle of Kant. What the peculiarities of his system are, we are not able to say, nor do we suppose one in a thousand readers cares.

—The Albanian studies of HAHN (*Albanesische Studien*), who was a consul of Austria in Greece for a number of years, residing principally in the oriental part of the kingdom, where he had an opportunity of acquiring the language and studying the manners of the Albanians, is almost the only good work on the subject that we know. It presents a faithful account of that people, who have so long stubbornly maintained their independence of other nations, just as they are. The Albanians have preserved their originality with as much tenacity as the Basque, the Hungarians, or the Finns; they are energetically characterized by their manners, and though not more than two millions in number, are striking evidences of the force of personality in preserving a people. Mr. Hahn is very learned in tracing out their ethnological origin, contending that they are the descendants of the ancient Macedonians, but the most valuable part of his work relates to their popular poetry, their tales, their legends, their language, their proverbs, and their local traditions.

—A monograph on the Jacobin Club (*Der Jakobiner Klub*), by J. W. ZINKER, is a contribution to the history of parties and political morals in France during the revolutionary period, of rare value. The first volume was issued a long time since, but the second is more recent, and together they will form, we think, the standard authority on the

Jacobins. The author has availed himself of a long residence in Paris to consult the most authentic documents, and has left none of the recent memoirs unread that threw the least light upon the secret movements of the famous revolutionary society. Unlike most Germans, he writes in a clear and intelligible style, not confining himself to an industrial detail of events, but filling up a grand general outline with anecdotes, portraits, and other dramatic illustrations.

—VEHSE'S "*Memoir of the Court of Prussia*" is a collection of historical notices of Prussia during the last century and a half. We take from it the following passage, relating to Frederick William I. as a specimen of the details with which it abounds:—

"Frederick William was most outrageously rude and insulting in speaking and writing. The epithets, of 'villain, rascal, scoundrel,' were constantly on the royal lips. If he was displeased with a report or a petition, he used to draw on the margin asses' heads and ears. The noble ministers, who were used to consider idleness as an aristocratical privilege, he ordered about like a parcel of non-commissioned officers. Any minister who, without leave of the king or the excuse of illness, was one hour too late for the sitting, had to pay a fine of one hundred ducats; if he was absent from the whole sitting, he forfeited, in the first instance, the salary of one half year; if the same thing happened a second time, dismissal from office was the unalterable consequence. In his autograph instructions for the General Directorate, he said: 'The gentlemen are to do the work which we pay them for.'

"One of his valets one evening had to read prayers to him. Arriving at the words 'The Lord bless thee,' the silly man, in his habitual subservency, thought he must read, 'The Lord bless your Majesty;' on which the king at once cut him short—'You rascal, read as it is in the book: before God Almighty I am but a rascal like yourself.' The servants were never safe in his presence. He had always two pistols, loaded with salt, lying by his side, which, if they blundered, he would fire at them. In this manner, one man had his feet dreadfully injured, and another lost an eye; notwithstanding all which, he was quite offended that he should be generally considered a tyrant. Terror might be said to go before him. A functionary who was once unexpectedly summoned to his presence, fell down dead from fright. His cane he applied so unreservedly to every body, that one day he maltreated with it a major in front of his regiment; on which the officer at once drew his pistols, fired one before the feet of the king's horse, and with the other shot himself through the head. One day, the king fell in with his court apothecary, to whom, for a consideration of a thousand dollars, he had granted the title of privy councillor. To the usual royal question, 'Who are you?' the proud man of the pestle answered, 'Your royal Majesty's privy councillor, Blank.' Scarcely had he uttered the words, when, with a shower of blows, and a volley of 'rascals and scoundrels,' his royal Majesty was graciously pleased to intimate to him, that in future he was to answer, 'I am called privy councillor Blank.'

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"There never was a more restlessly active man than the king. He was the very type of choleric temper; not the slightest touch of phlegm in him. Being himself so passionately given to busying himself, it came quite natural to him to thrash now and then one of those Berlin lazzaroni, the 'Eckensteher' (ticket-porters standing at the street corners), if he happened to see any one idly lounging about. A no less vigorous application of the same gentle persuasion was bestowed upon the lazy keeper of the Potsdam gate; who, having during his morning slumbers made the country people wait outside the gate, was awakened by his Majesty saluting him with his royal cane, and with 'Good morning, Master Gate-keeper.'

"It was a very awkward thing to meet the king in the street. Whenever he was struck by the appearance of any one, he rode up to him so closely, that the head of his horse touched the man's chest. Then followed the usual question, 'Who are you?' Those whom he took for Frenchmen were sure to be stopped by him. One of them being asked, 'Qui êtes vous?' very wisely answered in German, 'I do not understand French.' Even the French preachers were stopped, and every time asked whether they had read Molière, as an innuendo that he did not consider them as much better than comedians. The son of the celebrated Beaussobre once answered to this Molière question, 'Oui, sire, et surtout l'Avaro.' Such ready answers pleased the monarch, and fortunate were those who were able to give them. Those, on the other hand, fared worst who tried to fly from him. It happened one day that a Jew, seeing the king at a distance, took to his heels; but being soon overtaken by him, the poor fellow confessed that he had been afraid. The king immediately began to cudgel him, with the words, 'Love me, love me you shall, and not fear!'"

FINE ARTS.

THE Edinburgh Lectures of Ruskin, on Architecture and Painting, which have been so severely handled in Blackwood, have been republished in New York by John Wiley, and we learn from them, that it will be a long time before the great critic of art will again publish any thing on the subject of architecture. What he intends doing in the meanwhile he gives no hint of, but such an active and belligerent mind must be doing something; and we wish he might be induced to come over here, and lecture to us in the same spirit in which he has been lecturing the good people of Edinburgh. We need his instructions quite as much, and he would find more objects here to exercise his critical faculty than he found in the Northern capital. Two of his lectures were confined to the architecture of that city, and the other two to Turnerism, and Pre-Raphaelitism, and though they do but repeat the principles which are contained in the Seven Lamps and his other writings, yet they so abound in special applications and new examples, that they are full of freshness and novel-

ty, even to those who are familiar with his previous publications. Even those who cannot comprehend his radical philosophy of the true aims of art, and of course wholly differ from his conclusions, must still be entertained by his originality of thought, and improved by his vigorous and fearless expression of opinions. He often gives utterance to ideas that are most amusingly absurd to those who are not thoroughly imbued with his principles. In a brief episode in one of his lectures on the meaning of Romance and Utopianism, he names an author whom he accuses of having done more to degrade the human mind and paralyze its divine nature, than any other man who has lived in the tide of time. We would like to bet our gold pen, that there is not a moralist living shrewd enough to surmise who that pernicious author is. It is not Voltaire, nor Rousseau, nor any German philosopher, nor English infidel, nor French moralist, nor American democrat, but the immortal Cervantes, whose dire and malignant production is Don Quixote.

Mr. Ruskin's attacks on Greek architecture and the old landscape painters, must appear to the majority of readers very much like Don Quixote's battle with the windmills, and the onslaught upon an innocent flock of sheep; and he doubtless entertains a very warm feeling of sympathy for that mad knight-errantry which has been made the subject of immortal mirth by Cervantes. It would not be a difficult matter to run a very striking parallel between Don Quixote and Mr. Ruskin, and his vehement denunciation of the creator of that marvel of wit, is almost a confession that the Oxford graduate is himself sensible of the likeness which he bears to the knight of La Mancha. The difference between them is, that while the author of the Seven Lamps seems mad only to those who cannot comprehend him, the Don is mad to every body but himself.

The Edinburgh people have long boasted of their architectural splendors, and have absurdly called their small town the Northern Athens; but Mr. Ruskin, with that amusing indifference to the personal feelings and prejudices of his audience, which is characteristic of all earnest and zealous reformers, lectures them in the plainest and most convincing manner with special reference to their weakness, and proves beyond the possibility of dissent, that their architecture is a disgrace to their taste, and that they are destitute of artistic feeling and discrimination. It is not to be wondered at that Blackwood is angry

with the great critic; for, with a few quiet words he has completely demolished the pretensions of Edinburgh to be considered a fine city, and at a few blasts of his critical ram's horn the architectural glories of the New Town have fallen. If the force of his criticisms had not been felt, we should not have seen such an angry reply to them in Blackwood. The two radical principles of the Ruskinian theory of art are that mind is better than machinery, and that truth is better than falsehood. These two ideas lie at the bottom of all of the criticisms and dogmatisms of the Oxford graduate, and it is because the very bases of all his remarkable and startling theories have either been lost sight of, or never comprehended, that he has been so generally misunderstood, ridiculed and abused. But, though we do not anticipate an immediate revolution in architecture, painting, and sculpture, it is not possible that his remarkable writings should fail to give an entirely new direction to the artistic operations of the next generation. The old men will persevere in their old ways; but the new men, who have a career to make, will profit by the profound and sagacious theories which the author of the *Stones of Venice* has elucidated in his various writings. According to him, and we cannot dissent from his opinions, architecture has been a lost art during the past two hundred years. In all that time there has been an immense deal of costly building in Christendom, but nothing that deserves the name of noble architecture.

But, it is not as an expounder of the true theory of art that he is alone entitled to admiration; for even though all he had written on art were false and worthless, there would be enough remaining, interwoven among his criticisms, on the moralities of life, and the religious responsibilities of our nature, to place his writings among the most remarkable and profitable that the century has produced. In one of his Edinburgh lectures on Architecture there is a passage in relation to purchases of works of art, so full of noble thought, and the refined essence of Christian feeling, that we copy it, as much for its intrinsic beauty as, the novel and subtle principle which it evolves.

"There is, assuredly, no action of our social life, however unimportant, which, by kindly thought, may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and, it is impossible to spend the smallest

sum of money, for any not absolute purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it. The object we ourselves covet, may, indeed, be desirable and harmless, so far as we are concerned, but the providing us with it may, perhaps, be a very prejudicial occupation to some one else; and then it becomes instantly a moral question, whether we are to indulge ourselves in it or not. Whatever we wish to buy, we ought first to consider not only if the thing be fit for us, but if the manufacture be a wholesome and happy one; and if, on the whole, the sum we are going to spend, would do as much good spent in this way as it would if spent in any other way. It may be said we have not time to consider all this before we make a purchase. But no time could be spent in a more important duty; and God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it. Let us, however, only acknowledge the principle;—once make up your mind to allow the consideration of the *effect* of your purchases, and you will soon easily find grounds enough to decide upon. Now let us remember, that every farthing we spend on objects of art has influence over men's minds and spirits, far more than over their bodies. By the purchase of every print which hangs on your walls, of every cup out of which you drink, and every table off which you eat your bread, you are educating a mass of men in one way or another. You are either employing them healthily or unwholesomely; you are making them lead happy or unhappy lives; you are leading them to look at nature and to love her—to think, to feel, to enjoy; or you are blinding them to nature and keeping them bound, like beasts of burden, in mechanical and monotonous employments. We shall all be asked one day why we did not think more of this."

The particular application which Mr. Ruskin makes of this principle is, that it is better for the cause of art and humanity to purchase a cheap, original water-color painting, than a high-priced engraving, an opinion from which no man with a heart in his bosom, or a sound idea in his head, will dissent. But if this principle be true in the morals of trade, and we do not see how it can honestly be gainsaid, with what force can it be applied to the case of literary purchases in this country.

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